The Return of Elsie the Cow

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ambassador College
NOV 20 1979

14250

Founded A.° D.! 1728 by Ben

Dec.'79 $1.50

A Courageous Pope Speaks Out for Christendom

10 Ways to Keep Your Christmas Blessed

A Time to Quit: Terry Bradshaw

Jeannie C. Riley: The Gentle Christmas Image of the Madonna

Festive Foods for Family Fitness

Religious Paintings to Frame

10 Ways to Give At Christmas

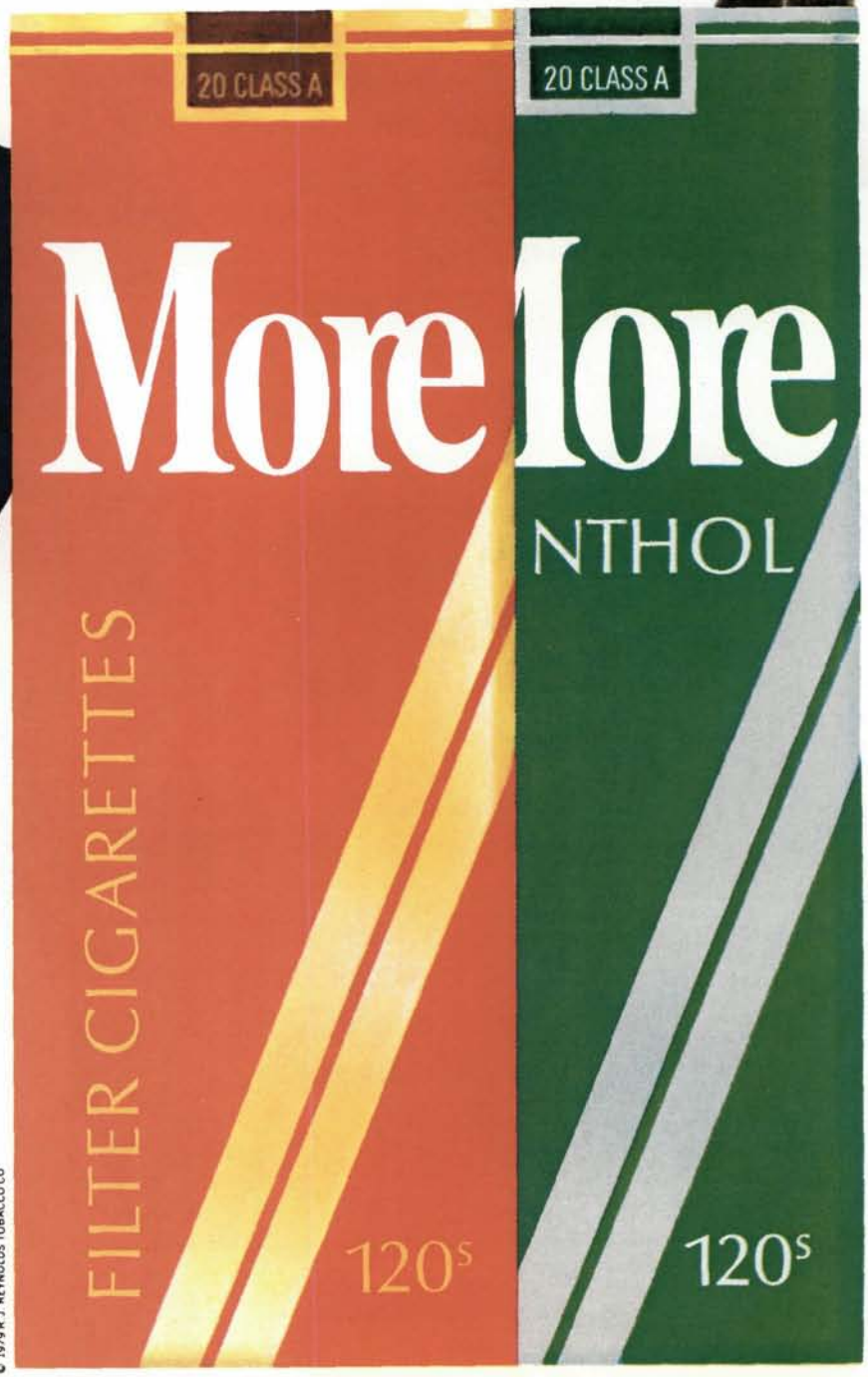
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm More satisfied."

"I really enjoy More's great, satisfying taste. And since More is 120mm long, the great taste lasts longer. That's why I get *extra* satisfaction.

"More also has the style that could only come from a long, slim, brown cigarette. Am I more satisfied with More? You bet."

More. For that extra measure of satisfaction.



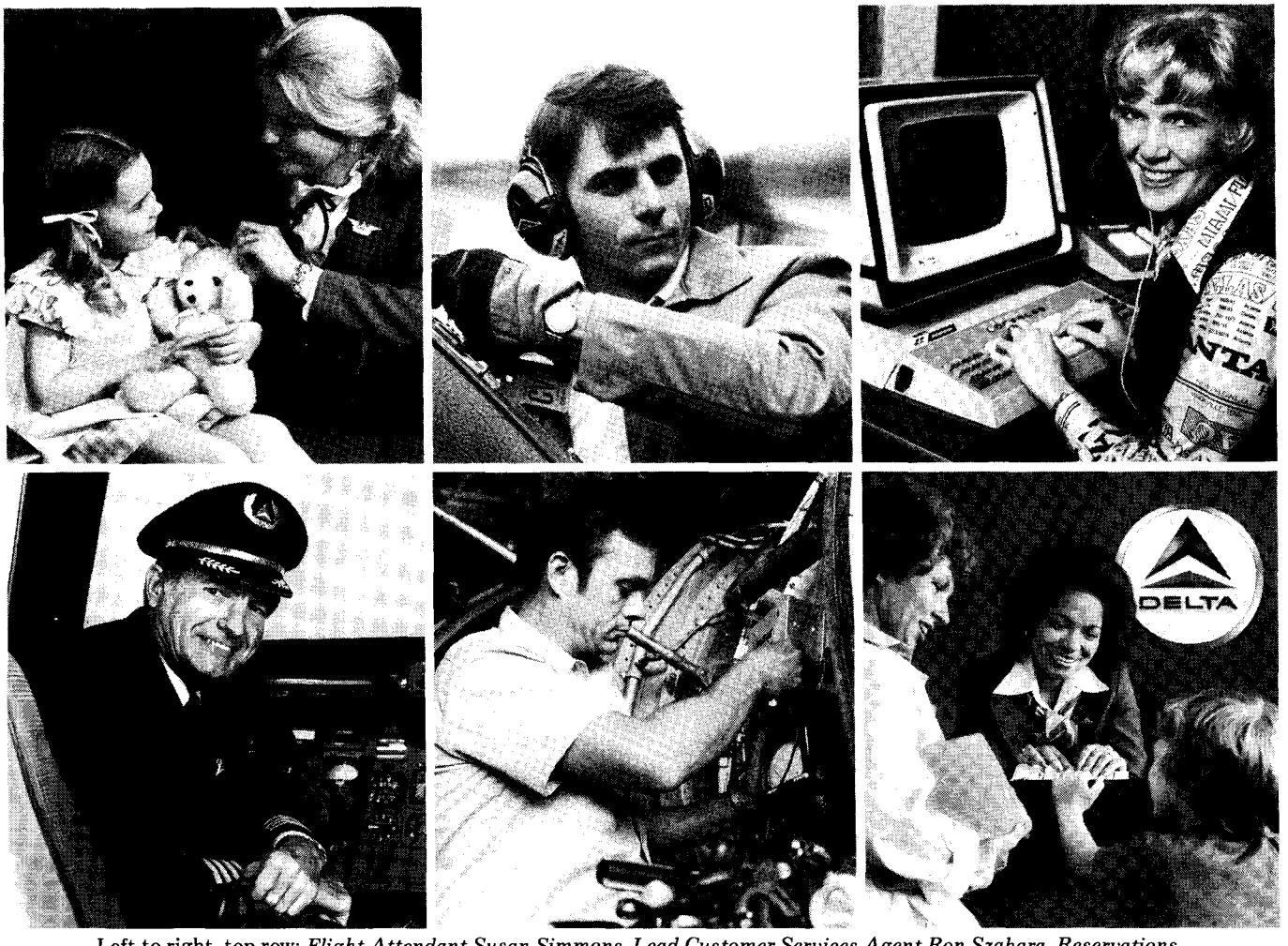
© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

21 mg. "tar", 1.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You never hear a Delta professional say, "That's not my job."

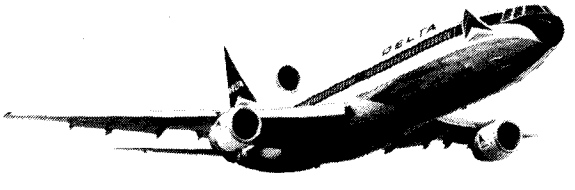


Left to right, top row: *Flight Attendant Susan Simmons, Lead Customer Services Agent Ron Szakara, Reservations Sales Agent Barbara Hastings.* Bottom row: *Captain Frank Moynahan, Mechanic George Sherrer, Ticket Sales Agent Dot Turnipseed.*

You'll find a Delta Marketing Representative handling calls for reservations when the lines get hot. And a Line Mechanic lending a hand with the baggage to get a flight out on time. And a Passenger Service Agent rushing a wheelchair to the gate when all the Skycaps are busy.

Delta is people helping other people help you. It's a family feeling. It's a spirit of service that just won't quit. It's men and women who know their jobs and love their work. And Delta has more than 34,000 of them.

Next trip, go with the Delta professionals and have a great flight. DELTA
The airline run by professionals



Delta is ready when you are®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST CO.
a subsidiary of THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY.
BEURT SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN

Jeannie C. Riley, Better Than Ever

Gone are the boots, miniskirt and sassy image that once were the trademarks of this Harper Valley PTA girl. Today she sings a new song with an equally high-spirited message. Since becoming a born-again Christian in 1972, she has a new career as a gospel singer and songwriter.

50

The Charisma of the Pope

A tribute to a man of God who flourishes as a man of peace in a warring world. He has the intellect to outthink the bureaucracy. He has the courage and resolve to stand by his convictions. And his charismatic leadership qualities so endear him to the people that communist officialdom dares not bring him down.

36

Will Terry Bradshaw Retire?

The super quarterback star of the Super Bowl Pittsburgh Steelers is king of the mountain right now. "All my football dreams have been fulfilled." But '79 is his tenth year in professional football. And he's thinking: "All I hope now is that I will know when it's time to walk away." That takes a special kind of strength: The courage to quit.

8

Oat fiber will lower cholesterol and a high-fiber diet will reduce insulin necessary for diabetics. All this and tasty recipes, too.

68, 114

Food and Medical Sections

Copyright © 1979 The Saturday Evening Post Company, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN 0048-9239) is published monthly in 1979, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June, and July/Aug. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, business and circulation offices are located at 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions: One year, $12.00. Canada: $13.50. All other countries: $14.00. POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, Indiana, and at additional offices.

CONTENTS

December 1979
Vol. 251, No. 9

FICTION

True Grit, *Charles Portis* 38
The Gift of the Magi, *O. Henry* 54

ARTICLES

10 Ways to Keep Your Christmas Blessed 6
The Courage to Quit, *Terry Bradshaw with David Diles* 8
Miss Cowperson for the 1980 Olympics, *Frederic A. Birmingham* 12
Art to Frame: The Gentle Image of the Madonna 18
10 Ways to Give at Christmas 22
Karen Silkwood without Tears, part II, *Nick Thimmesch* 26
Jeannie C. Riley: Peace in the Valley at Last, *Holly Miller* 50
"Calling Brother Sebastian" 56
For Better or for Worse, *Maynard Good Stoddard* 58
God and Dr. Franklin, *Frank B. Jones* 60
Hired for a Song, *Tom Netherton with Marie Chapian* 62
The Trees of Christmas, *Edna Metcalfe* 64
The Birth that Changed the World, *Kenneth Taylor* 80
Tuning into Christmas, *Paul Baker* 82
The Day I Painted Ike, *Norman Rockwell as told to Thomas Rockwell* 102

SPECIAL FOOD SECTION

Festive Foods for Family Fitness, *Lynne Kasper* 68
Christmas Bonuses, *Charlotte Turgeon* 76
Wine: In the Spirit of Health 78

DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editor 4
Editorial: Summing Up at Christmas 84
Speaking Out: Preaching the Gospel of Freedom, *G.E. Synhorst* 36
Post Scripts 86
Name the Photo Contest 104
Travel: Jerusalem, Holy City for All Ages, *Landrum R. Bolling* 106
Where in the World? 110
Medical Mailbox, *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 114
Post People 126

Cover Illustration by Norman Rockwell
Cover photo of Jeannie C. Riley by Dill Beaty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL
Cory SerVaas, M.D., Editor and Publisher
Frederic A. Birmingham, Associate Editor and Publisher
Ron McIntyre, Robert L. Silvers, Associate Publishers
Beurt SerVaas, Foreign Affairs Editor
Janet Kioski, Bruce Kinnaird, Senior Editors
Jenine Howard, Research Editor
Charlotte Turgeon, Food Editor
Ted Kreiter, Patrick Perry, Editorial Assistants

ART
Don Moldroski, Art Director
Ron Ramsey, Art Manager
Steve Miller, Art Associate
Leane Wells, Art Assistant
Lucian Lupinski, Illustrator

PRODUCTION
David M. Price, Director of Production
Dwight E. Lamb, Production Manager
Greg Vanzo, Technical Director

CIRCULATION
Greg Joray, Circulation Manager
Rita Cole, Fulfillment Manager
Lory Lindgren, Customer Service
Robert Deck, Director Single Copy Sales
Anna May Ogle, Assistant Single Copy Sales

GENERAL OFFICES
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 634-1100, Telex 27-440
Donald Sutton, Marketing Director
Linn Layman, Advertising Administrator
Steven W. Frye, Special Sections Art Director
William S. Gardiner, Director of Licensing and Royalties
Linda Stillabower, Director Special Projects
Helen A. Wernle, Permissions Editor

ADVERTISING OFFICES AND REPRESENTATIVES
Andrea Wackerle
Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10022, (212) 371-0400
Bob Bernbach,
15 E. 48th St., Rm. 901
New York, New York 10017
(212) 355-3760

ATLANTA
Miller & Tillman, Inc.
Corporate Commons
4651 Roswell Rd., N.E., Suite 201-C
Atlanta, GA 30342, (404) 252-9588

BOSTON
Lee Arpin Associates
P.O. Box 227
Weston, Massachusetts 02193
(617) 899-5613
George W. Watts III
4 Conifer Drive
Wilbraham, Massachusetts 01095
(413) 596-4747

CHICAGO
William Sullivan, Bob Greco
Sullivan & Greco
1030 N. State St., Suite 5-E
Chicago, Illinois 60610
(312) 664-2994

OHIO
Lawrence O. Dussault
741 Mt. Vernon Avenue
Marion, Ohio 43302
(641) 387-2480

DETROIT
Jack Sterling, Detroit Manager
The Clausen Building
1520 N. Woodward Ave., Suite 111
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013
(313) 645-2620

LOS ANGELES
Jeri Johnson
The Advertising Dept., Inc.
1100 Glendon Ave., Suite 2036
Los Angeles, California 90024
(213) 477-4051

SAN FRANCISCO
Joe Diamond
Advertising Dept., Inc.
500 Sutter St./503
San Francisco, California 94102, (415) 781-7575

TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, ARKANSAS
Richard E. Hoierman & Associates
440 Northlake Center, Suite 203
Dallas, Texas 75238
(214) 341-4774

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Roger Zion
Resources Development, Inc.
900 17th Street, N.W., Suite 300
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 452-8211

SOUTH AFRICA
Charles Vrijens
16th Floor, African Life Centre
111 Commissioner St., P.O. Box 10292
Johannesburg, 2000, Republic of South Africa
23-7188, Telex 570867

The Gorham Gift.

Creative. Imaginative. Prestigious. The "Gallery Birds."

"Double Eastern Bluebirds"

Gorham presents a major new wildlife collection of "Gallery Birds" that transforms bird watching into an art. This is truly a special collection of *over twenty, superbly lifelike bird portraitures. Captured in finest,* hand-painted porcelain with a wealth of detail and definition. Each sculpture is realistic, yet delicate, with the birds gracefully poised on select hardwood bases. A collector's treasure created by the Gift World of Gorham. For you, for a very special gift. Bird watching at finest jewelry-gift stores and giftware departments.

GORHAM TEXTRON
Gorham Division of Textron Inc.

"Cardinal," 6" high, $24.* "Double Canaries," 10" high, $100.* "Hummingbird," 6" high, $24.*
Main illustration: "Double Eastern Bluebirds," 10" high, $100.*

*Suggested retail price, subject to change without notice. Gorham, Providence, R. I. 02907.

GORHAM THE GIFT WORLD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Ladd Tidings

Debra S. Davis did a splendid job on the Cheryl Ladd piece, making what usually is a routine subject (interviewing of a celebrity) very alive and captivating.

Steven L. Buzby
Springfield, Pennsylvania

If Cheryl Ladd is not intending to be sexy she should pull up her zipper.

M.S. Hayes
Placerville, California

Sitting Pretty

Thank you for publishing excerpts from Eugene McCarthy's *Political Bestiary*.

After reading it, I went to sit on the dock at Lake Tahoe. Thanks to your magazine beneath me, I only got one splinter in my "Broad Based Constituency." The result was quicker than the "Dilatory Motion" and led to a slight "Inflation" in said area and a beastly "Filibuster" on the tenderness of certain portions of that "Broad Based Constituency."

Gloria Grabill
Campbell, California

Caper of Good Hope

After reading "The Road to China" by Bob Hope in your October 1979 issue and seeing the telecast on September 16th, I am convinced that Hope is not only a man for all seasons, but for all people. The government should sponsor trips for him in every corner of the world, spreading the good will that appears to exude from his mere presence.

Charles G. Gessner
Bean Station, Tennessee

Pre-election Blast-off

I *shall* vote *for* Senator Kennedy for President.

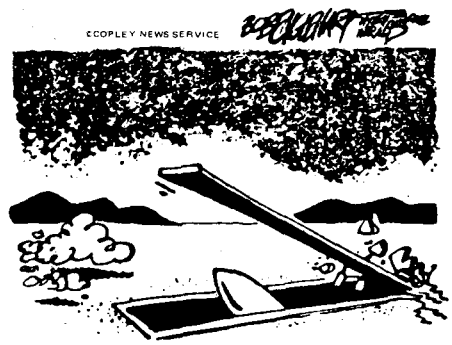
I *shall not* ever again subscribe to the *Post* because of its slanderous article.

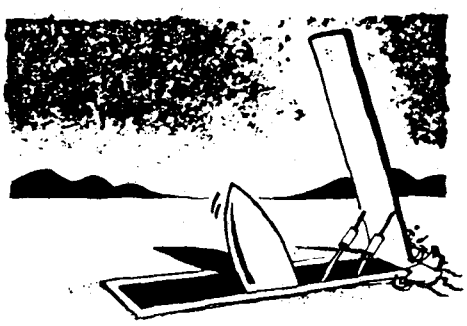
Harold G. Stearns
Helena, Montana

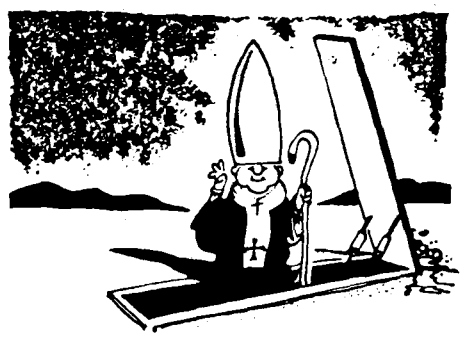
I found your article on Senator Kennedy factual and broad-minded in its handling of facts.

Please continue this practice which to my perhaps small mind is true reporting.

J. Williams
King City, Missouri







The most awe-inspiring responsibility of our President is the one of most deadly potentiality . . . that of coping with a possible atomic attack on us. That could be met only with the instant launching of our every preventative weapon, to bring part of that attack to a halt and thus save millions of American lives.

Rightly, the President alone has the authority to "push that button." And if, God forbid, such an attack ever comes, the President will have a minute or two to make his fateful decision and act.

He will not have nine hours to ponder in the darkness, chewing his nails over whom to call to get him out of trouble.

So far as human beings can measure up to such responsibility, I believe Ronald Reagan, John Connally and Howard Baker have what is needed. I think Jimmy Carter has. Among his hundred visible shortcomings, lack of courage has not been manifest.

Democrats, don't risk the avoidable destruction of millions of your fellow Americans by nominating anyone who has shown yellow.

Carlton G. Ketchum
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I loved William B. Furlong's article "Politics '80." He is a fabulous Jimmy the Greek in style.

Diane C. Collier
Sandy, Utah

Smoke Signals

We are writing to express our appreciation for your article "Kicking the Habit" which appeared in the same issue with our "Adventures of the Mind." The coincidence tickles us, for from February 1978 on, the two Milnes have been consultants in the Schick programs toward freeing people from dependency on alcohol, tobacco and excessive intake of food. Your account of Patrick J. Frawley, Jr., delighted us. Congratulations!

Lorus J. Milne and Margery Milne
Durham, New Hampshire

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reach out. Reach out and touch someone.

Too far away to bring the chicken soup? Well, how about some advice and good cheer by telephone? Wherever you are, you're never too far away to let the patient know you care. Your phone call could be the best medicine there is. Reach out and touch someone. Someone who's waiting to share your day.

Bell System

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEN WAYS TO KEEP YOUR CHRISTMAS BLESSED

A "priceless" collection of meaningful ways to share the spirit of Christmas with family and friends.

So often we look with increasing expectation toward Christmas as a wonderful and renewing time. And so often, when it's over, we look back and think: "Is that all? Was all that—shopping for gifts and receiving sometimes costly presents from others—what Christmas is really all about?"

Of course not, because gifts are the least of Christmas, while enjoying and celebrating the great message of renewed love and peace for all is the deepest meaning of Christmas. And there are many ways—quite small ways, sometimes—which can search out that meaning of Christmas without any expense to speak of at all. These are things to do which linger long in the memory after Christmas, a gift of being together and sharing happy experiences. As we said, they are little things, but they can add up to memories that loom large in life.

Here are a few such thoughts, things to do, suggested by people who seem to already have the gift of enjoyment:

1 A living Christmas tree. How meaningful to have a living tree for the Christmas festival, and then plant it outside to grow, instead of throwing it into sad discard. Here's how: Go to your local nursery and buy a small pine for about $8.95. (An Alberta runs about three feet tall and probably will not grow more, but there are many kinds and some will reach a towering height.) Plant it in a pot big enough to cope with the growing roots. Water it well and don't forget to pack the earth firmly around it. (Air in contact with the roots will kill the whole tree.) Pack it tight. The pot must have adequate drainage, so that the tree will not be standing in mush that will disintegrate the roots. Avoid having it stand in too much heat; a slightly warm porch or breezeway with exposure to the sun is ideal.

Take a waif with you to go caroling and on to Christmas Eve church services. It may become the most enjoyable thing you've done all year.

2 Search for the perfect tree. If you are fortunate enough to live in the country where the forests run for miles, or if you own your own forested acres, it's fun to make a hike of it until you discover the absolutely perfect tree to bring home to decorate. This can be a yearly ritual, a zesty trek over snow-covered slopes, finding a tree always better just over the next hill, until at last the prize is found and borne away in triumph. The larger the searching party, the more the fun—and the greater the pride as the beauty reigns over the household on Christmas Eve. Resolve to plant two replacements in the spring. Nature will actually do the filling in for you in wild country, but you might feel better to plant a couple of tiny sprigs come April and watch them reach for the sky in years after.

3 Find a senior citizen or two to visit. Listening to old folks is a moving experience because they are walking history books. They remember previous generations and have the insights that can be had for the patience in listening to them. Most senior citizens put up a brave front, but as life goes on and old friends fade away, the world seems to have less love and companionship than it used to, and around Christmas, memories make this bittersweet inevitability more poignant. You'd be surprised what you can learn about some of life's most important secrets from a person who has survived the battles and come through the years. . . . That alone is an accomplishment which in many cultures other than ours is considered worthy of honor and praise.

4 Bird watching. Set a bird feeder outside the kitchen window and buy a small illustrated book of our feathered friends so watchers will know who's who—see the yellow spot in the corner of a white-throated sparrow's eye, spy on the way nuthatches go down a tree trunk while brown creepers go up, learn that the crested little gray bird with the orange tint on the sides is not a small cardinal at all, but a tufted titmouse. Start the bird "watch" this Christmas and it will give everyone in the family pleasure for years to come.

5 Tape a Christmas songfest. If there's a piano player or a guitarist in the family, by all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means plan ahead so that the music can center about the Christmas carols your talented member can learn in advance. Some quite simple instruments such as ocarinas, song flutes or ukeleles can actually be learned in a short period of time and be ready for the occasion. If not, there are records of Christmas carols available everywhere, and you can stage a family sing-along with the recording. Most homes have a small cassette recorder, and this can come into use for taping the family songfest, adding Christmas greetings from each member, and then sending the tapes as messages of love to family members and friends too far away to visit.

6 Organize a caroling party on Christmas Eve. Have some eggnog handy to lend a traditional touch to the occasion and—(don't let the kids see!)—more on the side with just a light lacing of rum for members of the family who might need something extra to pit against the nippy weather outside. And, the eggnog will be handy if some other carolers beat you to it and serenade you before you can serenade *them*! Don't forget to bring your caroling group to a nursing home or hospital, and give them plenty of time. One lady we know (who's fine today) was in desperate plight one Christmas, and believed it to be her last. Then, along the street where the hospital room fronted came a small group of carolers, walking slowly in the light evening snow. She was able to stand by her window, and they turned and sang, as if especially for her. Now, she sometimes wonders if some divine influence actually didn't touch her that Eve. For she began to get well from then on. And you may imagine the joy with which she remembers those carolers every year when Christmas arrives. They may not know it, but in her heart they are blessed. And when the caroling is o'er, stop by at a little church around the corner for midnight service, and a hushed moment as The Day begins.

7 Make Christmas dinner the event of the year. Leave no one out for this event, at least at the very start, bringing together great-grandparents as well as tiny tots for the blessing of being together. Hold hands during grace—next year and for years to come it will be a family tradition the children will cherish and want to repeat. Whoever has most recently graduated from fourth grade gets to read the pertinent verses from Luke 2.

8 Get your friends running in fast circles. Throw a roller-skating party. Locate a pleasant roller-skating rink available to most everybody, and send out your invitations with enough lead time so that those who plan to come can sneak away and get in a little practice before the big event. If there is no rink in your neighborhood find an unused parking lot. You'll want to have some competition, of course. Races, for speed. Exhibition of fancy steps. Doubles. Maybe even controlled figure skating within chalk-marked areas. The grand prize can be one of those fantastically comfortable sneaker/shoe combinations, with the big, silent wheels that are probably the main reason for the roller-skating fad sweeping the country right now.

9 Learn a life-saving technique. After Christmas dinner, pretend that Grandmother has just choked on a mouthful of turkey. See how many in your family circle would know what to do. Teach everyone, including the children, to do the Heimlich* maneuver . . . the bear hug rescue. But don't practice on your grandmother or anyone else, please.

**If you don't know how to teach it, write for free directions from the Medical Education & Research Foundation, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202. (Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.)*

10 Keep the home fires burning. Christmas time is family time. Get out the old family photographs and mementoes of the past and set them out for everyone to see, especially the children. Even Mom and Dad's high school yearbooks will do, just as well as snapshots taken when they were kids back on Grandpa's farm. There'll be a bit of kidding about how square this all is, but you'll notice the little ones looking them over very carefully when they don't think you're watching. You'll be surprised how much fun and how many memories they'll get out of this Christmas look into the past.

Perhaps one of the most inspiring stories about Christmas blessings is one we recommend to you and to your community, because it seems to have all the Christmas spirit wrapped up. It is called Clothe-A-Child, because that's precisely what it is.

There's a little story behind it with a touch of Charles Dickens to it. Not a Scrooge in any sense of the word, in fact the very opposite, an Indiana gentleman by the name of Pershing McAllister was accustomed to sending Christmas gifts of various kinds to the customers of the firm he owned, as a gesture appropriate to the season. His gifts were on the generous side, but it became apparent after a time that they were going as a rule to people who already were getting much. And from somewhere came the suggestion that perhaps the money involved might be used for a specific purpose where the gift might have some special meaning to the one receiving it. So Mr. McAllister got in touch with a welfare group, and that very first year, actually 26 years ago, he arranged to give children needed articles of clothing for Christmas. The customers who weren't getting gifts felt so good about the needy children made happy that they joined the effort by contributing so that Mr. McAllister could clothe more children. A woman then in his employ, Mrs. Helen Bales, became the first godmother of the children in his name, and has been with it ever since.

Every Christmas now each of the children selected by the welfare society receives a useful wardrobe, which averages these days about $140 per child. During the shopping tour, which is not done in a group but in singles or in pairs, Mrs. Bales also treats them to a lunch in some fine restaurant, and the day takes on the spirit of

Continued on page 118

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COURAGE TO QUIT

"The best thing I can do for the Steelers and for myself is to be the first one to know when it's time to quit."

by Terry Bradshaw with David Diles

All my football dreams have been fulfilled. I couldn't ask for anything more out of the game, and I've received far more from it than I deserve. All I hope now is that I will know when it's time to walk away.

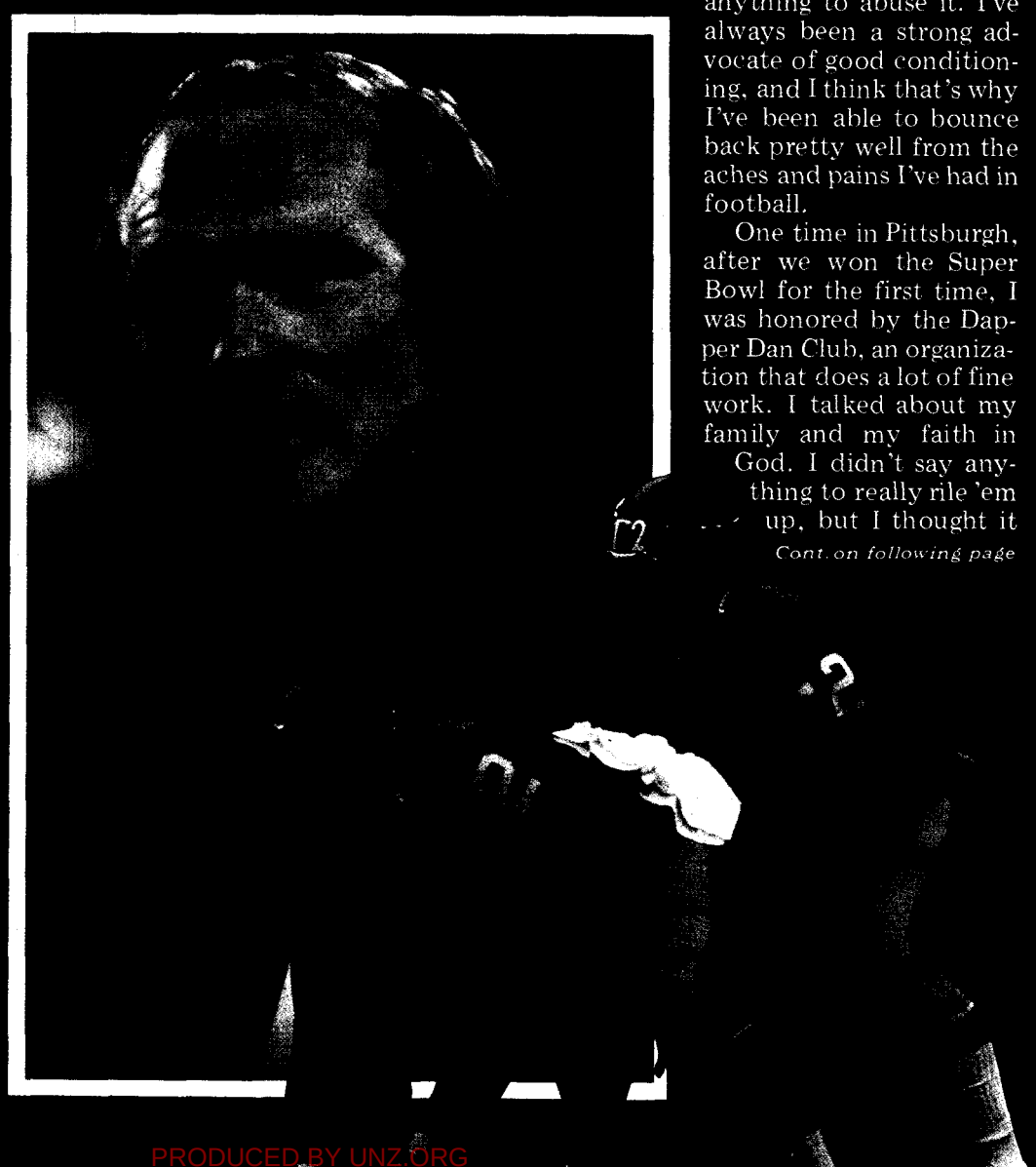
What I dreamed of as a kid was the chance to play. If we can compare this game to the childhood game of "King of the Mountain," then I thought I had climbed to the top when I became the starting quarterback for Lee Hedges at Woodlawn High School.

College was another mountain, and although I went to a smaller school, I received a lot of recognition and from that the opportunity to play with the best players in the world in the National Football League. The fact that our team has done very well is more than anyone had the right to hope for. This isn't to say that we Steelers don't have more goals ahead of us. We have an organization that won't let the team grow old, and there's no reason in the world why we can't continue with the success we've all enjoyed.

Despite all the ups and downs in my career, it's still hard sometimes for me to realize that the 1979 season is my 10th year in professional football. And I'm only 31! Right now I feel as if I'd like to play eight more seasons. That's if I stay healthy. During the past off-season, I had a little repair work done on my left wrist and on my right elbow—nothing dramatic or serious, but just to fix some of the bumps and bruises I've acquired along the way. The Lord blessed me with a pretty sturdy frame, and now that I've developed a skin that's reasonably tough, I don't see any reason why I couldn't play until I'm 38. I firmly believe a person should consider his body a gift from God and shouldn't do anything to abuse it. I've always been a strong advocate of good conditioning, and I think that's why I've been able to bounce back pretty well from the aches and pains I've had in football.

One time in Pittsburgh, after we won the Super Bowl for the first time, I was honored by the Dapper Dan Club, an organization that does a lot of fine work. I talked about my family and my faith in God. I didn't say anything to really rile 'em up, but I thought it

Cont. on following page



On and off the turf, Terry Bradshaw's faith has coached him to many a winning season: In 1978 alone, he was unanimously voted the most valuable player for both the Super Bowl and the Pittsburgh Steelers, and led the NFL in touchdown passes.

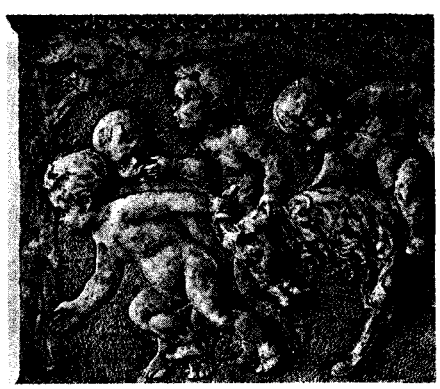
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beauty awaits you. As an example, we've painstakingly recreated the original molding—each bas relief, cornice and mantle . . . throughout the hotel. And every guest room is just as attractive.

The best of everything awaits you now at The Warwick.

Convenience awaits you. We've incorporated special features to make your stay as pleasant and carefree as possible. They include express checkout, unnumbered safety keys, individual guest folders and much more.

Little niceties await you. You'll find unique, pleasant touches at every turn. In your bath, for instance, a crested box opens to reveal a bath size bar of gently-scented, hand-milled soap.



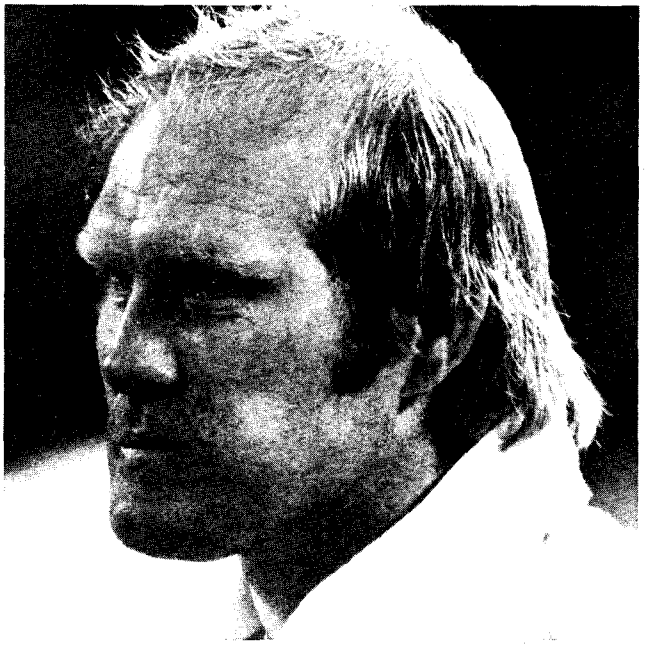
Service awaits you. Our complete professional staff—from concierge to valet—has but one responsibility. That is to see that your every need is met, promptly and courteously. For flowers, dinner reservations or most anything, you need only ask.

Fine dining awaits you. The Warwick provides superb facilities and catering for banquets and business functions. For your private dining we offer a truly unique experience at our spectacular restaurant—élan.

THE Warwick *17th and Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103 • 735-6000*
Another fine building by Frankel Enterprises

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was as good a time as any to tell the people that I understood that the relationship between the fans and a quarterback is a love-hate thing. That's just the way it is, and every quarterback must understand that. But it took this ol' country boy a bit longer to come around to that way of thinking. I told 'em I knew they loved me at that time but that if I fouled up the next season, I'd catch it from 'em. That's the nature of the game and the nature of my position. One more thing—I also told 'em, "I'm not as dumb as y'all think I am."



"Terry Bradshaw is a mighty positive force for professional football and a powerful voice for the Lord. He's rugged and homespun and plain-talking and the type of athlete who makes the game worth playing, and the type of Christian I'm proud to have as a friend."—Roger Staubach, star quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys.

I've never been jealous of another player's salary. Some people tried to get me to say something bad about the money Joe Namath got, but I say, "Hey, he was a very special athlete and his was a very special case. He came in at a very important time in the history of professional football and he deserved every penny he got." Look at Arnold Palmer in golf! Every golfer out there on tour today should get down on his knees each night and thank God for Arnold Palmer. It was Palmer who made it possible for the golfers to be playing for such high stakes today. And they ought to get on their knees, anyway, just to thank God for their special talents.

But all of us in sports have to realize that the skills diminish, the talents get rusty. It's all gonna be over someday. An injury could wipe it all out tomorrow. And if you're the type of individual who's made football your god, then you're in for a rude shock. People like that will be running around in circles, not knowing what to do with their lives. As much as I love football, I have honestly tried to keep it in a proper framework. I've been playing the game for as long as I can remember, and right now the game is still a lot of fun for me. I enjoy training camp. I enjoy working out. I like the games, the confrontations, the duel that goes on out there on the field. Sure, I get paid for it, but it's fun and it's interesting for me. It's like getting ready for a big battle, then going out and doing it. It's a tremendous challenge.

The question is: What happens to Terry Bradshaw when all that is over? Well, I honestly believe I'll be able to handle it. My family and my ranch mean a great deal to me. I'd be just as happy if I never had to leave the ranch. No, I don't want to divorce myself completely from football. I want to play as long as I can do it effectively. I hated to embarrass my teammates when I was a young quarterback in this league, and I sure don't want to embarrass them—or myself—when I get creaky and old. As Kenny Rogers says in that song, "You gotta know when to hold 'em,/Know when to fold 'em."

Now, I'm not suggesting that, when all this day-to-day drama is over for me, the transition will be easy. I'll be walking away from something that was a lifelong dream, something I worked hard to attain. But it won't be the end of the world. I have a great love for the game. I look around and see so many truly great players who may be in the Hall of Fame, but they never got to experience the thrill of being in a playoff situation or of winning a Super Bowl. I really feel I've been more than amply rewarded. I've been blessed. But I have to realize that with all this—with all the trophies and the awards and the recognition and whatever accomplishments there are—this is only the breakfast of my life. Once in a while I may think I'm getting the main course. But the real treat, the dessert, comes when I get my reward from God.

The most assuring thing to me is the knowledge that when I'm through with football, I'll still have my faith in God. I know that when it's time for a decision to be made about what I am to do with the rest of my years. He'll give me the guidance I need, the same way He helped me through crises before.

I'm working now to develop my voice, because I want to pursue a career as a country singer. I grew up with the music, and it's a part of me. It would be easy now for me to jump out and capitalize on my football career, and I think people would come out to hear me sing. I did it a little bit before, but I wasn't ready. I wasn't properly prepared; I didn't have the schooling. I didn't do a very good job and I know it. I was just out having fun and meeting lots of people. But I want to be good at singing when I try it again. It's a lot like football in that it takes a lot of time to develop. I've hired a producer who's working with me, and I've made a commitment so that if it doesn't work, at least I can say I gave it my very best effort.

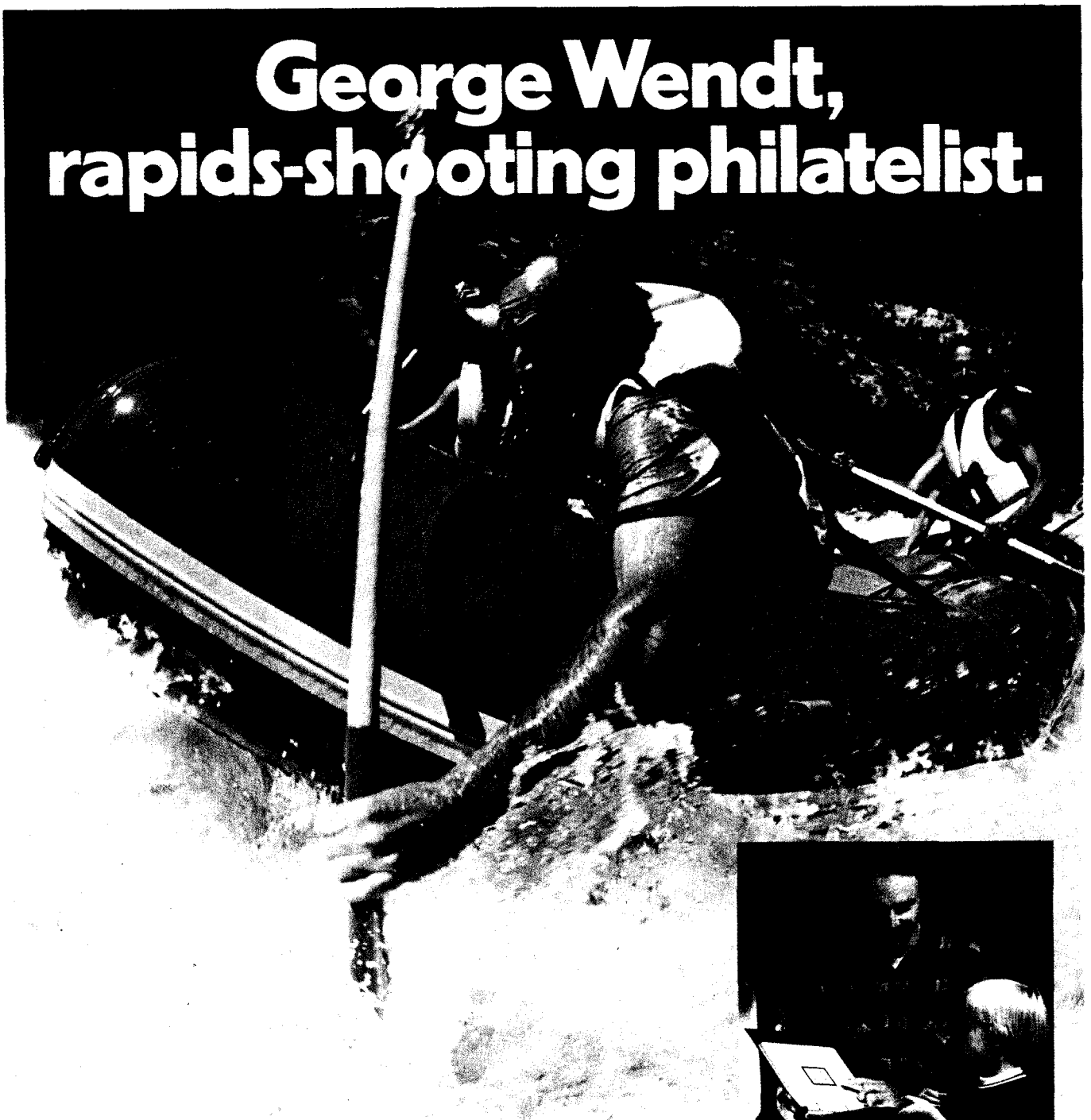
I have tried not to set specific goals. Just one goal is of great importance to me, and that one is eternal life. Maturing as a Christian helps me to understand that we really shouldn't worry about the treasures we might lay up for ourselves on earth. There's a much

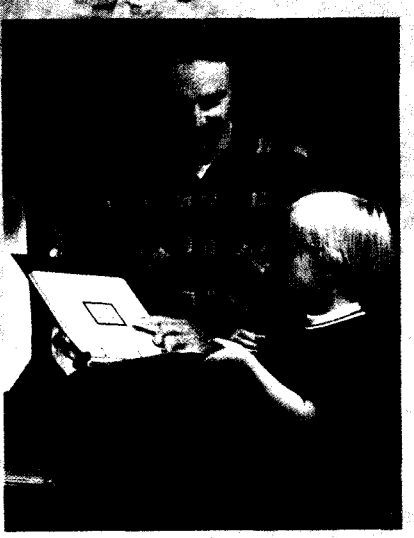
Continued on page 117

From *Terry Bradshaw: Man of Steel* by Terry Bradshaw with David Diles, Zondervan, ©1979.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Wendt, rapids-shooting philatelist.



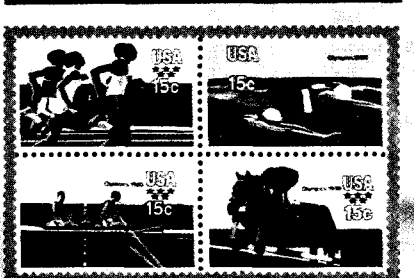


George Wendt, white water expedition guide, has found something exciting to do on dry land. He collects stamps.

George finds that collecting U.S. Commemoratives lets him explore the thrilling panorama of America. He discovers new places and things, meets fascinating people and relives exciting events in our history.

You can start the adventure of stamp collecting with U.S. Commemoratives. It's easy and affordable. Every few weeks, there are new, beautifully designed issues at your local Post Office. You'll also find an informative, colorful guidebook called *Stamps & Stories* to help you get your feet wet. And the new 1980 Olympic Stamps are an exciting place to begin.

"Collecting U.S. Commemoratives is a special kind of thrill," says George. "And it's one adventure I can share with my family."



Olympic Summer Events (Available now.)

U.S. Postal Service

©1979 U.S. Postal Service

Start the adventure of stamp collecting with U.S. Commemoratives.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISS COWPERSON FOR THE 1980 OLYMPICS

Borden's beloved bovine is in tiptop shape to be the spokescow for the Olympics, for the "now" lifestyle of physical fitness, and, of course, for the miracle of milk.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

"*Hello Elsie! Yes, hello Elsie. It's so nice to have you back where you belong.*"

Just a few weeks ago when the gung-ho people behind the 1980 Olympics decided they needed all the clout they could get to support the Olympiad, it was only natural that among other celebrities they would turn to Elsie. As you know, a great many foreign countries not only pay their Olympic athletes in the professional sense, they also provide them with ample funds for expenses and the like.

Elsie, rugged spouse Elmer, and elfin offspring are beloved images throughout the world and have become part of American mythology. Elsie netted $10 million for war bonds in the 1940s.

In the U.S. this support has to come from public contributions.

ABC television is reported as putting up somewhere between $200 million and $250 million to air the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, New York. This will give the winter games exposure on TV throughout the world. An estimated daily exposure of 180 million Americans—or 85 percent of the country's population—will view at least part of the games.

But the athletes from America will still need our voluntary support.

And that's why, when the Olympic officials cast around for some magic to make the winter round at Lake Placid a financial success on the basis of contributions from Mr. and Ms. Public, they had the wisdom to bring in on their side one of the best known and most persuasive characters ever to charm the American Public.

In a word—Elsie.

Her track record is unbeatable.

And perhaps there's a reason. Mickey Mouse has his watch. Elsie has milk, a timeless gift of life bathed in a roseate glow of motherhood, and that fits in with the new American lifestyle of wanting food that will help us to feel good and look even better.

In this regard, since 1936, Elsie has been center stage.

After a few years of appearing in national magazines, Elsie made her "live" debut at the New York World's Fair, draped in a beautifully embroidered green blanket, as the star of a scientific display of a rotalator, a kind of merry-go-round where cows are automatically milked on a 360-degree cycle. Elsie went on stage for a solo bit on the rotolator twice a day for all to see, and millions did. The Borden folks learned something that only a few of them with a rural background might have previously suspected. Most cows are natural hams (if their pig cousins will forgive the mixed metaphor) and Elsie didn't just seem to be smiling at the crowds: She gave every impression of counting the house. And well she might.

That was in 1939. During her 1940 season at the Fair, Elsie outdrew every other World's Fair exhibit, including the multimillion-dollar General Motors Futurama, which had been in first place the year before.

That's what a real live cow can do, when she's in the moo-ed.

Elsie's other triumphs are now history. Traveling in a boudoir set up for her in a freight car, Elsie journeyed to Philadelphia for a three-week winter engagement at Gimbel's in December, and drew 228,000 fans, pushing poor old Santa Claus clear into the rug department.

In the early '40s, the live Elsie sold $10 million in war bonds on personal appearance tours with some of the biggest Hollywood celebrities, promoting a thank-you-ma'am note from the secretary of the treasury, and from that old seadog Admiral Chester Nimitz.

Appearing on stage with a costumed Texas beauty queen, Elsie nibbled at the girl's bustle and stole the show. When she traded hats with Hedda Hopper, she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ate Hedda's.

Elsie was made a Kentucky Colonel, she queened it over the Indianapolis "500," she opened the Wisconsin state fair in 1972 by munching through an alfalfa ribbon, she was saluted by Bette Davis as the "First Lady of Cowdom," Guy Lombardo said she was the sweetest cow this side of heaven, and in 1974, Elsie led the Rose Bowl parade on New Year's day.

One of her best performances was when Elsie appeared in silent dignity on "What's My Line," a watershed moment in television history.

The University of Winconsin made Elsie a Doctor of Bovinity.

The geniuses of mass psychology at Borden's went even further in their creation of Elsie. To begin with, they had indulged in what erudite professors scornfully refer to as "anthropomorphism," which is simply the act of attributing human qualities to animals. Walt Disney proved with Mickey Mouse how wrong professors can be. Elsie went Mickey even one further, though. Not only did she make these fantastically public appearances as herself, a placid Jersey cow (people in cities wanted to touch her, and asked *Is she real? . . . Is she doped? . . . Answers: Yes, No*), but she actually was quite a bit different from the Elsie of the millions of advertisements. There Elsie had undergone a metamorphosis in which she became a young matron with a cow's head, living a life which would have done credit to a series of Norman Rockwell paintings.

Believe it or not, in 1940, the publicity given Elsie in the flesh so intrigued RKO pictures that she was offered a co-starring role with Jack Oakie and Kay Francis in an epic entitled "Little Men." Elsie was to play the role of a cow named Buttercup. But Elsie was tied up at the World's Fair at the time, and besides, she was also just then in what is known as an "interesting condition." So a husband, Elmer, was invented for Elsie. A very meek bull, a show beast formerly staggering under the name of "Sybil's Dreaming Royalist," traveled to Hollywood in her stead.

When Elsie herself traveled she went in style—either in a huge "Cowdillac" trailer, by freight car, or, as recently, in a United 747. Her own quarters usually were tricked out in as many gadgets as a whimsical advertising department could contrive—her boudoir was "Barn Colonial" featuring butter churns used as tables, milk bottles for lamps, a wheelbarrow for a chaise lounge, and a whopper of a four-poster bed. Even portraits of Elsie's ancestors graced the walls. Oil paintings of Great Aunt Bess in her bridal gown and Uncle Bosworth, noted Spanish American War admiral, stared down at visitors.

Elmer played the equivalent masculine role to the hilt. Elsie's boudoir was disarranged overnight to accommodate touches like red underwear hanging over Uncle Bosworth's portrait, a limp towel hanging from the poster, copies of *Esquire* and *The Police Gazette* lying about, and other props suggesting a series of nightly poker parties.

How could all this really happen?

The answer is in the American character, in part. As a nation we like to indulge in fantasy. And, as Will Shakespeare noted, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The Brothers Grimm had the secret, so did Hans Christian Andersen and Walt Disney. And, of late, our automotive manufacturers hire teams of dreamers to wrack their midnight brains for the names of horses, birds and beasts of prey which seemingly transfer their qualities of strength, speed and sleekness to a collection of metal parts on wheels.

Borden got there first with Elsie. They not only shamed the professors of anti-anthropomorthism, but, think closely of the psychological triumph involved in doing *this:* Here was a cow, a living animal, drawing huge crowds all over the country without doing anything but standing there and chewing her cud. Here was another Elsie entirely, the Elsie of the advertisements, an attractive young Norman Rockwell figure, whose bosom had been moved up about four feet, who walked around on her hind legs, shopped in supermarkets, loved her kids and her somewhat bumbling husband Elmer, and all in all was simply a darling young mother such as you'd find in any big city suburb, except that she had a cow's head and waved her front hooves in girlish delight when Elmer brought her breakfast in bed.

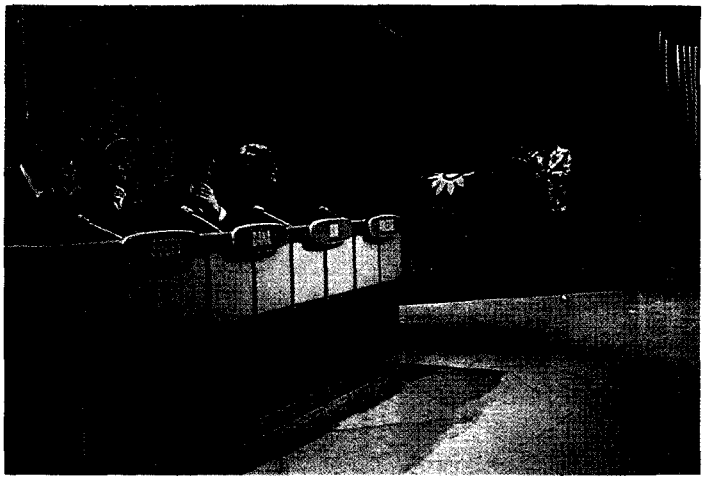
Borden somehow managed to fuse the two images —the living cow and the symbol—and make it all work.

The company was used to getting there first. It had been founded by one of the most remarkable men in history, Gail Borden. He was born in upstate New

Elsie, indomitable patriot that she is, swings out in 1980 to hit the road for the Olympics and bring home the bacon in the form of public contributions to support our team.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York, only twenty-five years after the birth of the country, in 1801. As a youth he helped survey the future city of Covington, Kentucky. He taught school for a while in Mississippi and then moved on to Texas in 1829. He prepared the first topographical map of Texas, helped write the first state Constitution, was co-founder of the first Texas newspaper, and then laid out the city of Houston, a place we shall be visiting again in a moment.



Elsie's grasp of showbiz psycowlogy enabled her to bamboozle the panel of experts on "What's My Line." Performing with silent dignity, she proved that talent can set one apart from the herd.

Today, Borden's company is a multibillion, multinational corporation with an overall production line of many thousands of products, including some things you'd never guess had anything to do with Elsie. Tomato juice, Cracker Jacks, potato chips, sugar, pasta, fertilizers, thermoplastics, plastic packaging, wall coverings, vinyl materials for cars and luggage, petrochemicals, plastic tapes, tin cans, and . . . well, you get the idea.

What we're interested in because of our fondness for Elsie in her new modern role is the dairy division of the huge company, which is even now grooming her for the big Olympic campaign, when she will be spending most of her time on the road raising money for the U.S. Olympic team.

Borden's executive offices are in New York City. Its administrative headquarters stand tall in a gleaming new building in Columbus, Ohio. But Gail would have approved mightily of a recent decision to move the dairy operations to Houston. This came about by a variety of considerations, but chief among them was the idea by Augustine R. Marusi, chairman and chief executive officer, and Eugene J. Sullivan, president, to let Marvin J. Herb, president, Dairy and Services division, put into action his program for modernizing methods to help Elsie sell her milk. Houston was picked partially because Borden helped lay out the city originally, but also because the gung-ho atmosphere of America's 5th largest city appeals to the company as the right place for a re-entry of Elsie and her cohorts.

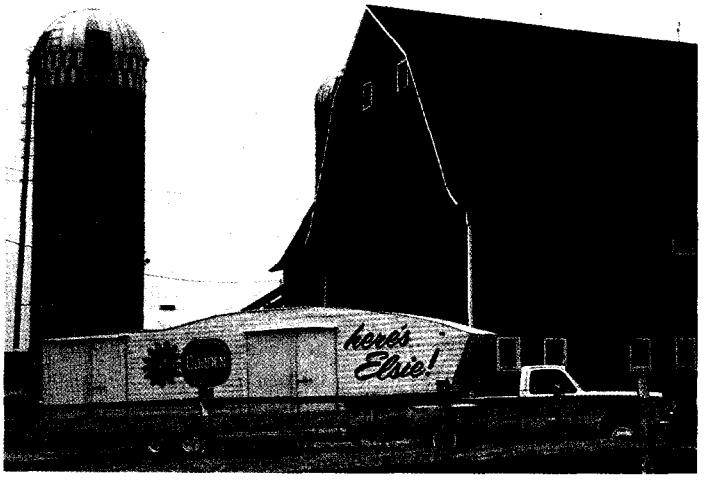
The milk business, as you can imagine, is a colossus. A couple of cows made the sea voyage to Jamestown, Virginia, from England in 1611, and started what now turns out to be the 6th largest industry in America, totaling nearly $30 billion in consumer expenditures. It is probably a good thing that Elsie and her sisters are content not to read, since they might find food for thought in the fact that while milk production per cow 150 years ago was estimated at 1,500 quarts annually, today the average has leaped to an amazing 5,228 quarts per cow.

But, as Marvin Herb points out, the dairy industry has been taking it easy for years, secure in its traditional role as a provider of one of the finest foods in existence. Not quite asleep at the switch, but almost, the dairymen have been complacently watching while the population of the U.S. went up over the past couple of decades, and the drinking of milk went down. Meanwhile, milk's primary competitors—soft drinks, powdered and liquid noncarbonated soft drinks, fruit juices, coffee, tea and alcoholic beverages—have been on the up-and-up. Soft drinks, with a sales increase of almost 50 percent over that of 1970, captured the greatest share of the beverage market, a 25.4 percent, with milk, sadly, in 2nd place. Even among kids from two to twelve years, milk consumption is on the decline. Carbonated soft drinks are most heavily consumed in families with children from eight to eighteen.

Marvin Herb is pretty sure he knows why.

"We have to think about marketing a new profile for the whole dairy industry," he says. "We've been satisfied to sell the 'it's good for you' philosophy of milk. But what will we do when imitation milk comes into the market and it, too, is 'good for you' and will sell for half the price of real milk?"

Borden's is merely one brand in an industry of many brands, and dairymen all over the country without brand affiliation couldn't care less, possibly, about Borden. But lately these men are listening to Marvin Herb, because he's telling them something about how to run a modern business, and about how to pick up that vital market which is slowly draining away from the dairy industry.



When Elsie takes to the road for the U.S. Olympics, she will travel in her luxurious "Cowdillac." Two young "herdsmen" from Ohio State University will escort her to care for her creature comforts.

Continued on page 105

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman Rockwell's

Christmas Trio

Limited First Edition of an Annual Series

Offered Exclusively by Tampa Bay Galleries

Beautifully Handcrafted

$125.00*

*plus $3.00 shipping and handling. Florida residents add 4% sales tax.

Sculptured by Robert L. Hamon

INTRODUCING an important new series of Norman Rockwell works, done in full lead cameo-in-crystal paperweights. The first annual edition, "Christmas Trio," is inspired by the December 8, 1923, cover of *The Saturday Evening Post.* Advance reservations are now being taken for shipment beginning in early December.

Internationally known artist Robert L. Hamon sculptured the figure for this paperweight, which will have a worldwide edition of only 1,000 numbered pieces. Subscribers have the option to continue their collection of Christmas cameo-in-crystal paperweights by reserving the same number each year.

Order now to insure that you receive a low-numbered paperweight, guaranteed to be one of the most exciting Rockwell collectibles ever to be released. A $25.00 deposit for each paperweight must be received no later than December 31, 1979. The balance of $100.00 is due before shipment. Truly a desirable first edition, this cameo-in-crystal will appreciate in value. A similar paperweight was recently advertised in an edition of 2,500 for $250.00!!

Act now! Tampa Bay Gallery is the sole distributor of this exciting new series. Do not wait to buy on the secondary market, where the price will surely go higher. Deadline for ordering is December 31, 1979.

Please accept my reservation for the Norman Rockwell first edition cameo-in-crystal paperweight, "Christmas Trio." Enclosed is $25.00 for each paperweight to be reserved. I understand that I have the option to reserve future Christmas paperweights of this series with the same number. The balance of $100.00 to be charged at the time of shipment to:

☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa ☐ Bill Me

TAMPA BAY GALLERY
12109 WASATCH CT.
TAMPA, FLORIDA 33624

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Credit Card No. _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____ SEP129

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subscribe now to the Post and get

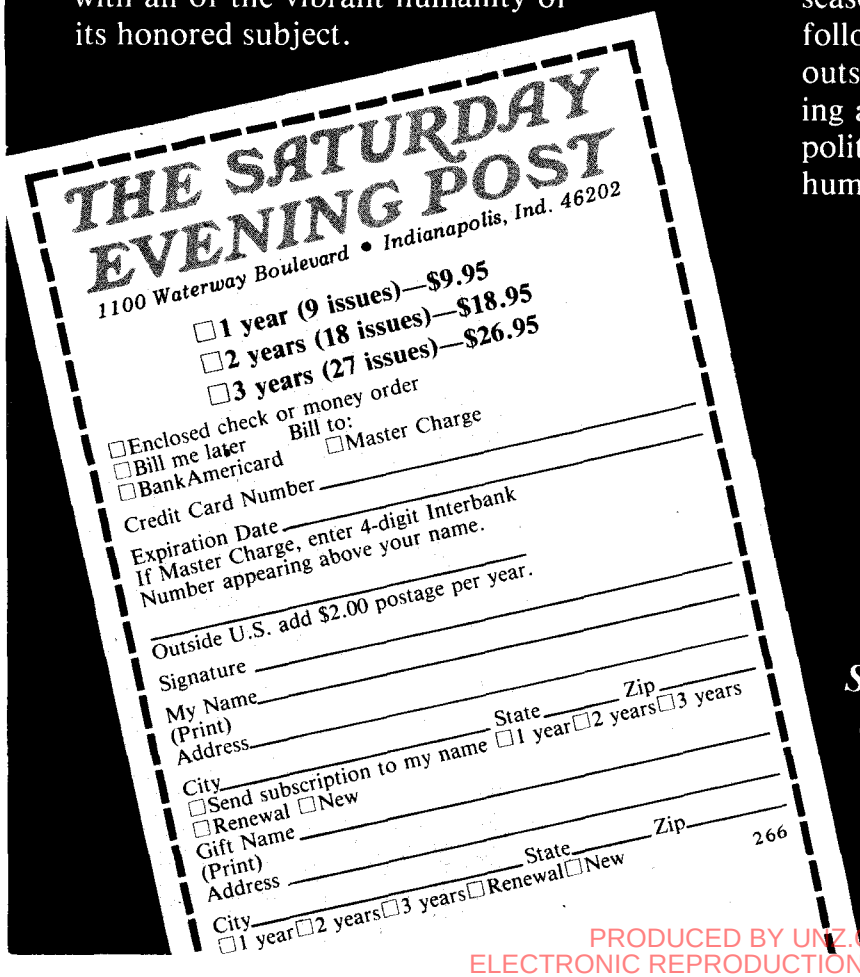
This Keepsake Issue FREE

Your subscription will begin after you receive this historic January issue

No doubt of it, this issue of the Post, graced by the glorious portrait of his Holiness Pope John Paul II, is going to be talked about and treasured for years. The Post commissioned this portrait in honor of the Pontiff's visit to America; and connoisseurs have declared that the work by artist Lucian Lupinski is endowed with all of the vibrant humanity of its honored subject.

The issue will be further illuminated by poetry written during his early years by the Pope himself, although originally published under a *nom de plume*. Other features will go behind the scenes and reveal the man himself as others knew him during his priesthood.

The Post has been called a blessing for all seasons, and this issue - as well as those to follow - will be treasured by readers for its outstanding fiction, its buoyant and interesting articles on medicine, food, travel, sports, politics, personalities, education, science and humor.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

1100 Waterway Boulevard • Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

☐1 year (9 issues)—$9.95
☐2 years (18 issues)—$18.95
☐3 years (27 issues)—$26.95

☐Enclosed check or money order
☐Bill me later Bill to:
☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge

Credit Card Number

Expiration Date

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above your name.

Outside U.S. add $2.00 postage per year.

Signature

My Name
(Print)
Address
City State Zip
☐Send subscription to my name ☐1 year☐2 years☐3 years
☐Renewal ☐New

Gift Name
(Print)
Address
City State Zip
☐1 year☐2 years☐3 years☐Renewal☐New

266

Send in your subscription now and get the historic January 1980 issue free, with all the warmth and uplift of its epochal cover.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded

Jan./Feb. '80

...i. Franklin

$1.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GENTLE CHRISTMAS IMAGE OF THE MADONNA

The tale of The Inn has inspired the art and lifted the spirit of mankind for nearly two thousand years. Three priceless masterpieces on the sacred theme are offered here for matting and framing.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea unto the city of David. To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

—Gospel According to St. Luke

The ancient image of the Madonna is popular as well as religious, in the sense that people in the Western world have found it meaningful and beautiful for nearly 2,000 years.

The known universe was smaller when the beautiful paintings shown here were created, but, in a sense, larger, too. Heaven and earth were intertwined in daily living, and hell was far distant. It was a time which called for heroes. A man lived so noble in deed and character as to be known throughout all lands as the Lion-Hearted. Leonardo da Vinci—artist, engineer, anatomist, poet, sculptor, painter, inventor, philosopher, military scientist—finding a friend he had called upon not at home, could sketch a simple message on the door in chalk, a circle so flawless in symmetry, so perfect in nature, that only one man in the entire world could have drawn it. Even those condemned for heresy possessed a certain magnificence: Joan of Arc prayed amidst the flames for her executioners.

Such was the light which shone also in art.

The Madonna on the opposite page in "The Nativity" by Frederigo Barocci (1528-1612), is a sweet and feminine country girl, abashed by the shining moment in her life, in a scene of poetry and calm. On the overleaf (left) the work of Hieronymus Bosch (1450-1516) shows an earlier artistic preoccupation with the scenes of his native country. He was a master of detail, but the thought is imbedded in his precision. Witness the whippet-like dog in the foreground, in contemplative quiet in the presence of the Child. The third artist, the Spaniard Bartolomé Esteban Murillo (1617-1682), was another mirror of his times and of his people. His Madonna is sentimental and idealized, yet her closeness to the reality of Murillo's world lends a touch of intimacy to the religious theme.

A young singer of religious music, Jeannie C. Riley, portrays a modern Madonna (above), framed in wood crafted by gifted hands circa 1520. Three classic Madonnas for framing follow, by Barocci (opposite), Bosch (overleaf, left), and Murillo (overleaf, right).

So we have this precious heritage preserved in such paintings, to emulate modestly, as best we know how, the eye of photography. We have the inspiring insights of the past—almost but not quite forgotten—threading back to the story of the Madonna. One of the oldest tales of Christmas is that on the Eve, animals once more bespeak the welcome the first occupants of the stable gave to the tiny baby who appeared so miraculously among them. That may or may not be, but it is a fancy which is bemusing. It is not likely that many of us today can reenter the simplicities of nature which were once commonplace among mankind. But if you would touch the storied scenes in the stables, if you would reach out and touch the centuries which went before us, and know something of the mystery of these and all other unforgettable Madonnas, do this: Seek out some gentle animal for the sake of Christmas, and sense more truly the meaning of God by gazing into the innocent eyes of one of His creatures. ✠

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

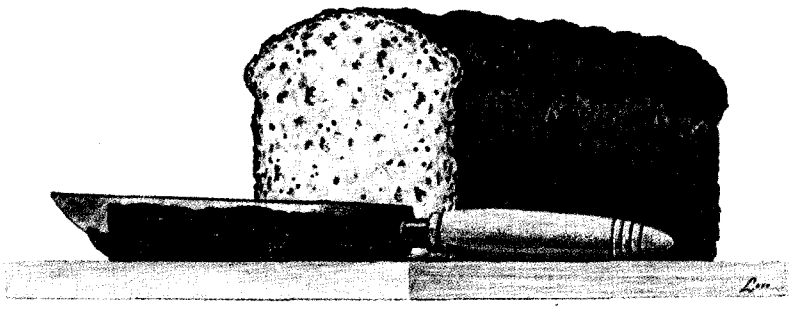
10 WAYS TO GIVE AT CHRISTMAS

If you have already sent your true love two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree, here are more variations on the eternal theme.

The real Christmas truth underlying it all is that the best gift is part of yourself. Do you have an orchard of apples or pears or peaches from which you put up preserves every fall? Put up a few more, then, for Christmas remembrances—pop a piece of holly on the top, write your own name and that of the person receiving it on the label, and you'll be making an offering more welcome than all the crown jewels in Christendom . . . well, almost more welcome. The heart of the matter, giftwise, is the heart.

So let's turn to a few gifts with that personal touch about them that causes a smile as well as a sense of fellowship to bubble up over the Christmas gesture.

1. Rock for all ages. Go down to the nearest brook, river or lake near you and pick up some smooth stones of all sizes to decorate into very personal gifts. If you're lucky, you might find them in funny shapes and come up with a real little whiz of a moonman or a cat, a frog or whatnot. But more generally, you can find round or oblong rocks to decorate with paints in many colors. You can use designs of your own choosing, contrasting circles of rings if you wish, but our thought is paint it into the features of a wise old owl, like the little drawing over yonder. You'd be amazed how Dad or Mom or almost anybody will treasure a little trinket like this, just for the fun and trouble that obviously went into finding and creating it.



A health-giving gift shows you care. It can be as simple as a home-baked loaf of oat-flour bread. Oat flour, which has been proven to lower cholesterol, is easy to make by putting your rolled oats in the blender.

2. Spread the good word—on health foods, that is, by making the idea part of your Christmas giving. For example, let's say you know that Uncle John has a touch of high cholesterol. Whip out your mixing bowl and make him an oat-flour loaf of bread. (Oat fiber is valuable in lowering cholesterol.*) Along with your gift loaf, attach the recipe—this bread has that marvelous old-fashioned flavor and aroma, and Uncle John will want more of it just for the taste alone. It's what is called whole-grain batter bread. The recipe is as follows (makes 2 loaves):

1-1/2 cups boiling water
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/3 cup honey
1 teaspoon salt
2 packages active dry yeast
1 cup warm water
2 cups rolled oats (quick or old-fashioned, uncooked)
5-1/2 to 6-1/2 cups wheat flour
2 eggs
1 cup chopped walnuts

Combine boiling water, butter, honey and salt in large bowl, stirring until butter melts; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in warm water. Stir dissolved yeast, oats, 2 cups flour, eggs and nuts into lukewarm water mixture; mix well. Stir in enough remaining flour to make stiff batter. Place in greased large bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place about 1 to 1-1/2 hours or until double in size. Spoon batter into 2 well greased 9" x 5" loaf pans. Let rise uncovered in warm place 30 to 45 minutes or until nearly double in size. Bake in preheated moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 35 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from pans; cool at least 1 hour before slicing.

**We can all thank Dr. James Anderson of the University of Kentucky for this discovery.*

3. Poor Richard's wisdom on wood. Make wall signs of Benjamin Franklin's most noteworthy sayings as fitting adornments for any workroom, study, kitchen or porch. They'll make good gifts for people interested in Americana and those who appreciate wholesome wit. We suggest Wedgwood blue paint for the background with lettering in white to give the signs an early American character.

You will need: One piece of interior or exterior plywood (depending on expected location of completed sign), 20" x 14" x 1/2"; one 20" x 14" piece of cardboard or heavy paper; stencil for lettering; letters of 3/4" to 1"; Wedgwood blue and white paint; jig saw; medium-grade sandpaper; pencil; scissors or razor blade.

Directions: On the piece of cardboard (with 14" edge on top), draw a grid of six vertical lines spaced 2" apart and nine horizon-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tal lines spaced 2" apart. Next, following the pattern shown in the illustration, draw the curving lines for the base and bonnet of the sign. Using scissors or a razor blade, cut out the shape of the sign and then use the cardboard as a stencil to draw lines on the back of the board to guide your saw. Saw out the base and bonnet of the sign. Round all edges of the board with sandpaper and apply three coats of blue paint to the surface. (For a more distinctive look, you can have the edges routed by a professional woodworker before you paint.) When completely dry, use the stencil to apply lettering in white (again, three coats). If you want to add a creative flair, try decoupaging decorative flower and ivy designs along the borders and in the corners of the plaque.

Some of Ben Franklin's briefer proverbs:

"To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals."

"Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices."

"If you would have guests merry with cheer, be so yourself, or so at least appear."

"We must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

"Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy."

"Learn of the skilled; he that teaches himself hath a fool for a master."

"The busy man has few idle visitors; to the boiling pot, flies come not."

"Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him."

4. Silhouette, anyone? Yes, everybody loves 'em. Not everyone knows that the black outline portrait cut with scissors was named after Monsieur Etienne de Silhouette, a French Minister of Finance in 1759, a bit of trivia you might do well to forget as soon as possible. However, old man Silhouette was such a tightwad that the minimal portrait, made from a shadow with a crayon in his hand, was named in his honor because it was considered meager in the face of full-color painting. Be that as it may, you can create a nifty little gift from a silhouette. Throw a strong light on your subject, who

Who could help but adore a paperweight fashioned of roadside rocks, glued together, and then gaily painted?

should stand about 6" from a vertical drawing board or piece of carding the size of a person's head. Then merely copy the outline of the shadow on the surface of the board or card. If the surface is white, then transfer the image to a piece of black paper, and you have the silhouette image. Cement this on a stiff backing, and you have a true-to-life outline portrait which will be a neat gift for some admirer or family friend. Your profile is a distinctive part of your personality, and that's what this gift is all about.

5. Love in bloom. Flowers in the winter are a joy in the land for everybody.

A pot of narcissus bulbs ready to bloom makes a cheerful gift for Christmas. Be sure to start this project four weeks before you plan to give the gift.

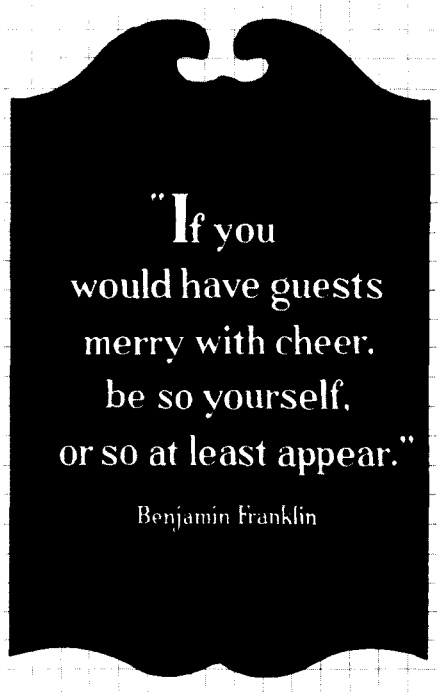
You will need: 3 or 4 narcissus bulbs; 1 large plastic bleach bottle; sand, gravel, and peat moss, if possible; and paint or decorative paper.

Directions:

1. Cut the bottle about 3" from the bottom, and wash thoroughly.
2. Decorate outside with paint or decorative paper or foil. Or, you can leave it white.
3. Put a layer of sand or gravel in the bottom and cover with a little peat moss, if available.
4. Place the bulbs upright, but not touching. Fill in around them with more sand and gravel.
5. Add water to about half the height of the bulbs.
6. Keep pot in a cool, dark place until a large root system forms—about two or three weeks.
7. Then place in a light, sunny window. At Christmas, give the pot with a note that says the narcissus will bloom in time to brighten a gray day in January.

6. Christmas green. Another way to put life into a Christmas remembrance is to plant your own terrarium. The container should be an attractive shape, since there may be many around the house in which fancy foods or candy originally dwelt. At any rate, here is what you do: In the bottom of the glass container, put a layer of pebbles or gravel. Add good soil mixed with a little sand and peat moss. Moisten the soil until it is damp but not muddy. Add small house plants. These are available in many stores. Philodendron, ferns and ivy do well in terrariums. Put a glass or plastic lid over your container. Keep it in a light place, but out of the direct sunlight. The temperature and moisture should remain in balance automatically, but if you notice the glass fogging up, take off the lid for a short time. If the soil dries out, add more moisture.

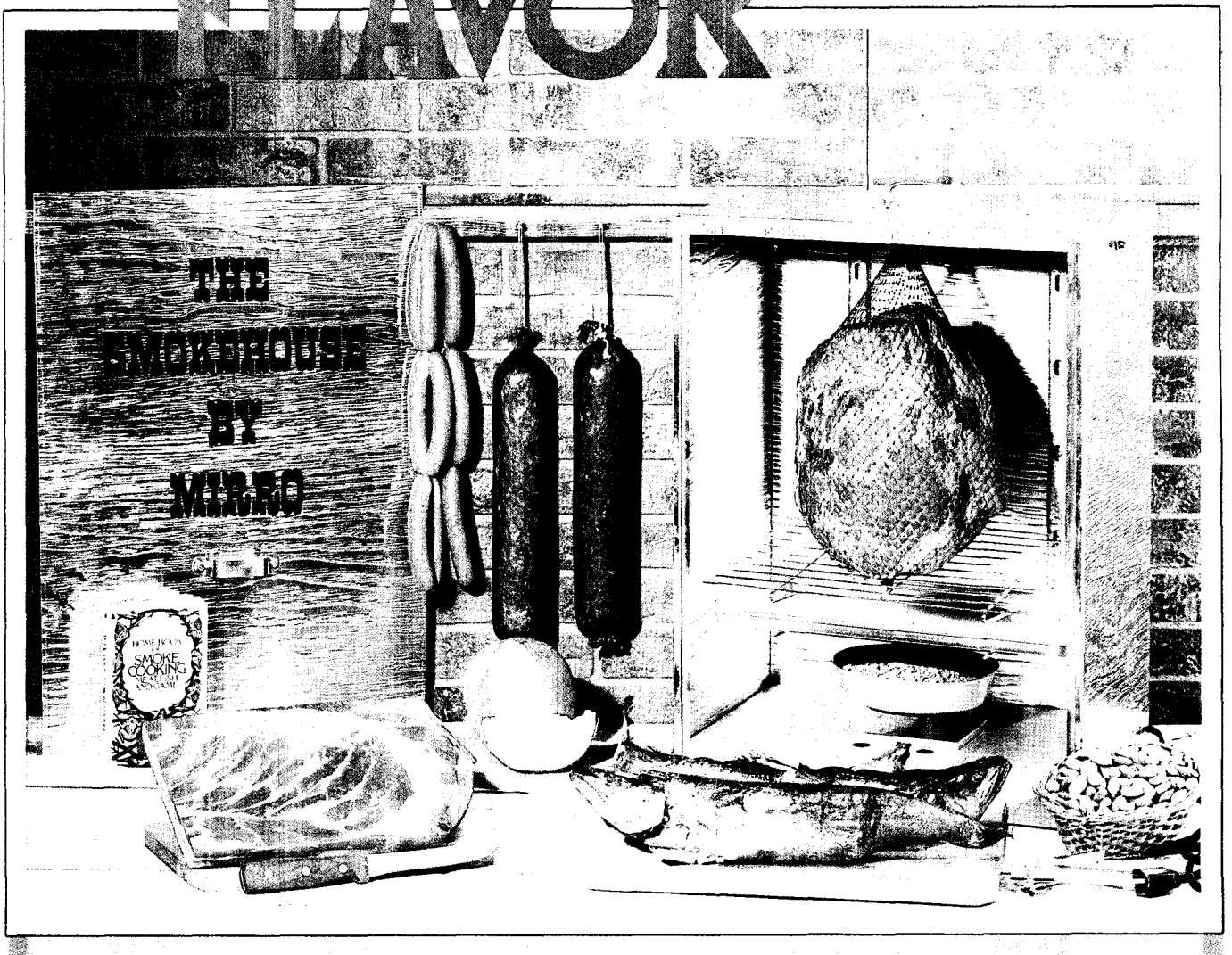
Continued on page 118



Ben penned enough aphorisms to provide plaques for everyone you know.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVOR SMOKED FLAVOR



THE FAST, LOW-COST WAY TO ACHIEVE THE EXPENSIVE TASTE OF NATURALLY SMOKED GOURMET FOOD.

Perfect for the fisherman, hunter and anyone who enjoys the tantalizing taste and distinctive aroma of smokehouse smoked meat, fish and game. Smokes up to 35-40 lbs. of food, *double the capacity* of other units.

- 18 x 13¾ x 24½
- Rugged rustproof aluminum
- 120 Volt—UL listed
- 4 large removable shelves
- Hanging rod for bulky food
- Removable drip tray

ARMCHAIR SHOPPER
P.O. Box 1144
Indianapolis, IN 46206

Please send_____Smokehouse(s) at 59.95 plus 5.00 shipping each unit. (Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery)

☐Check enclosed
☐VISA ☐MasterCharge
Card No. _____ Expires _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax

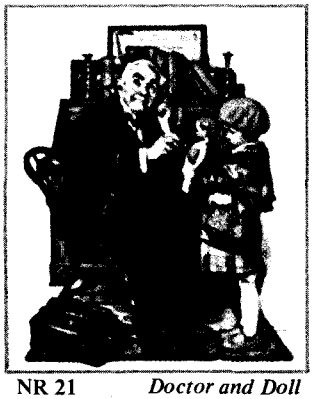
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A selection of
popular illustrations from

The Norman Rockwell Collection

NR 32 *Breaking Home Ties*

NR 33 *Weighing In*



NR 21 *Doctor and Doll*

NR 22 *Weighty Matters*

NR 36 *Three Umpires*

NR26 *At The Vets*

NR 30 *Sunday Morning*

NR 31 *School Teacher*

NR 14 *The Optometrist*

NR 16 *At The Doctor*

Reproduced in full color directly on authentic artist's canvas by skilled craftsmen.

NR 23 *The Runaway*

NR 20 *The Lion's Share*

NR 34 *Girl At The Mirror*

NR 35 *Defeated Candidate*

The Rockwell Collection
Dept. TP
P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send the Norman Rockwell canvas prints as marked below:

Unframed, 11" x 14" @ $5.98 each. Total _____

NR _____ NR _____ NR _____

NR _____ NR _____ NR _____

☐ Check Enclosed
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.
Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KAREN SILKWOOD WITHOUT TEARS

What began as a closed case of accidental death developed into a controversial courtroom drama involving left-wing causists against the multibillion-dollar Kerr-McGee Corporation. Two years after Karen Silkwood's death, a coalition of well-rehearsed lawyers entered into battle with the K-M defense team. The final outcome would be a landmark decision in the future of the nuclear industry.

by Nick Thimmesch

Editor's Note: *In Part I of this article* (The Saturday Evening Post, *November 1979) the author related how the troubled but prosaic life of Karen Silkwood, 28, became the stuff a coalition of activists used to beat down the huge, but vulnerable, Kerr-McGee Corporation in a still-disputed federal court case arising from her alleged radiation poisoning as a result of working for a K-M plutonium plant. The loser was ordered to pay $10.5 million for personal injury and punitive damages to Silkwood's estate. After her lonely death when she ran her car off the road, Karen Silkwood was exploited by a gang of causists often desperate to find an issue to dramatize—in this case, the anti-nuclear movement, the militant feminist cause and even anti-corporate ideology. Was K-M at fault for her sickness? Had there been foul play that night on the road? The court atmosphere in the trial was vibrating with emotion.*

A stream of "no comments" emanated from the 29-story McGee Tower, the gleaming tornado-proof headquarters. K-M was confident that this, too, would pass, as had other difficult moments in the corporation's history.

But to make sure, Dean McGee himself dispatched his security chief, James Reading, on the legitimate mission of investigating the Karen Silkwood affair himself and reporting directly to him. Reading, a retired cop with considerable experience in dealing with vice and homicide, was hardly of the community relations school of police work. He seemed to focus more on people's sins than their human failings, and he uncovered a good deal for McGee.

K-M went hard line in this period, closed its Cimarron plant for one week after claiming that "contrived" accidents were taking place there, citing five contaminations in one day and the discovery of uranium pellets on the grounds. K-M darkly announced that it was looking for trustworthy people. Returning employees were given lie-detector tests. Those who refused were transferred to other jobs. The most celebrated objector was Sherri Ellis who, until this point, had cooperated with K-M's investigation and turned away from the union. (Her behavior became increasingly erratic, and she became alienated from K-M. In July 1975, she was arrested after scaling a 7½-foot fence at the Cimarron plant. Guards said she brandished a .22 caliber rifle, and screamed: "I want to be killed." Sherri was jailed two days, charged with forcible entry, and freed on bond.) K-M, in the public's mind, was rapidly becoming the villain and ogre. Bill Silkwood was offered $1,500 by K-M for the necessary destruction of Karen's effects, held out for $5,000, was refused by K-M, became angry, and never accepted the smaller amount.

So the death of Karen made it seem like the turbu-

Dean A. McGee, described as a genius geologist, must have been wondering what he had ever done to deserve such a fate in the hands of the activist-dominated media. In disbelief, he saw his great corporation defamed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lent '60s all over again—the righteous, sometimes mindless, activists vs. the Establishment which activists often perceived as cold, even brutal. As the war over Karen Silkwood heated up, the government agencies investigating the key questions made their reports.

1. *Was plutonium planted in Karen's apartment?*

The Atomic Energy Commission investigation concluded that the internal contamination of Karen Silkwood on November 7 occurred while she was away from the Cimarron plant. The AEC finding held that the apartment contamination occurred between 7:15 a.m. and 7:30 a.m. when Silkwood was getting ready to go to work.

Karen told the AEC that she had spilled her urine sample in the bathroom that morning. She had placed some bologna on the toilet stool cover just before the spill, and returned it to the refrigerator afterward. Several hours later, the refrigerator showed high measurements of contamination. But a lunch which Sherri Ellis made the previous evening from food taken from this same refrigerator was not contaminated.

Moreover, Karen's urine samples from November 5, 6 and 7 were all "spiked" with plutonium, according to the AEC, and had all been taken at Karen's apartment. Karen's urine samples taken at the plant were normal. Since her urine sample kits were on a shelf at the plant, critics charge that K-M could have "precontaminated" the bottles. But how would such a culprit know which bottles Karen would take home?

The conclusion must be that Karen spiked her own samples, and accidentally inhaled plutonium when she spilled the plutonium source material as she tried to spike her urine sample November 7. The amount of plutonium found in Karen's apartment (3 milligrams) is too small to be detected by monitoring equipment, and she could have easily taken it out of the plant by putting a vial of it in an envelope or secreting it on her body.

Karen had access to such plutonium. Sherri Ellis, in a novel written for a creative writing course at Central State University, Oklahoma City, had a female character who talked considerably about how plutonium could be smuggled from a laboratory. This is circumstantial, to be sure, but Sherri also made remarks of this type to other people.

Karen was under great pressure by the Washington office of OCAW to produce something dramatic which would sway workers back to the union side. Spiking her urine samples could well have been the stunt she thought necessary for this purpose. As for K-M spiking her urine, this ambitious corporation had everything to lose—including its AEC license—in doing something this dumb. K-M could have used legal, if nasty, means to deal with Karen's hectic unionism, including transferring or firing her. The bottom line here, however, is that K-M's plutonium was found in Karen Silkwood's apartment.

2. *Was her car deliberately run off the road, thus murder?*

Pipkin, hired by OCAW, investigated the accident three days after it happened, and concluded that dents in the left rear bumper and in the underpanel of the left rear fender were the result of being hit by another vehicle. Pipkin also wondered why the Honda had gone off the left side of the road, instead of veering right—the usual occurence when a car drifts off the highway—and raised a question about some tracks indicating that it was traveling somewhat sideways. But Pipkin never made his case with much authority.

Ted Sebring, whose wrecker crew pulled Karen's car from the culvert, stated that *before* the work began, he briefly examined the rear end and found no damage on the left side. According to State Patrolman Rick Fagan and members of the wrecker crew, the left rear of the bumper, and the fender below that bumper, were damaged *during* the removal operation.

An FBI examination showed no paint scrapings around the bumper dent, thus the absence of one sort of evidence of another vehicle hitting Karen's. The Justice Department report cast serious doubt on the notion of another vehicle making contact with the bumper, which was only 13 inches from the ground.

Repeated tests at the crash site showed that the Honda Civic Hatchback almost always went to the left when it drifted from the road. A *Consumer Reports* review of this car (June 1974) stated: "The Honda's front-wheel drive affected steering, especially at low speeds; during acceleration the car tended to lunge and pull to the left."

The Justice Department also reported that evidence showed that Karen made no effort to apply the brakes or to turn off her straight path (headed for the concrete culvert) onto the open field or back onto the road, and that "she was under the influence of a sleep-inducing drug."

In short, an alert driver would have fought for control of the wheel, if rammed from behind, and would have tried alternatives other than running into a ditch. The Justice Department's summary comment: "Mr. Pipkin's reasoning seems unsupported by facts."

The conclusion that Karen's fatal accident was a classic, driver-asleep, car-runs-off-the-road type seems to be far more reasonable than the conspiratorial theories. Karen's accident was throughly investigated by the Oklahoma Highway Patrol, local authorities, and the FBI for the Justice Department. The autopsy showed considerable Methaqualone in her blood, stomach and liver. She had run off the road in almost identical fashion just two weeks before, and two weeks before that had to spend the night at a friend's because she appeared to be too intoxicated on drugs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

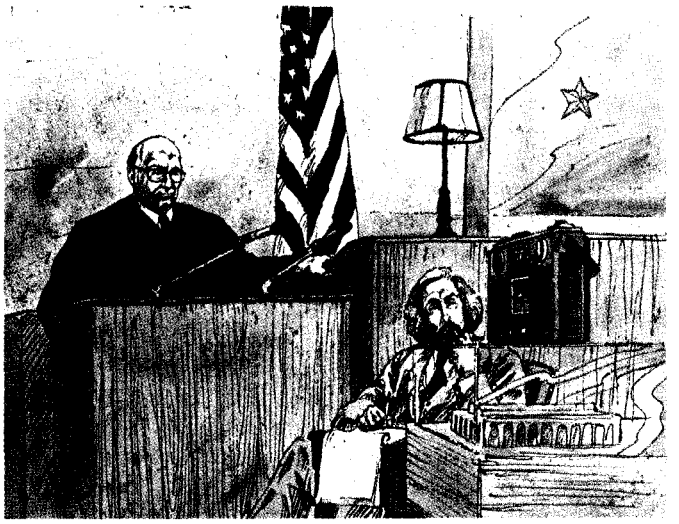
to drive home. The clinical conclusion on Karen's death certificate, unfortunately, was apt: "Driver—Singular vehicular crash."

3. *Did she have solid evidence (the "documents") that K-M manufactured faulty fuel rods and falsified records?*

Steve Wodka claims the same people contaminated and killed Karen because she knew too much. Thus the tell-tale documents she was taking to David Burnham were stolen after the accident and subsequently became the "missing documents."

First off, there is *no* proof that Karen had any such documents on the night she was killed. Jean Jung, sympathetic to the Silkwood cause, testified she saw a manila folder, but the contents were unknown. Officers investigating the accident found papers scattered around, gathered them up, and put them with other papers in the car—all of which were turned over the next day to Drew Stephens in a sealed black box.

For Karen to nail K-M on falsification, she would have had to produce actual records or X-rays of fuel pins, numbered for shipment, which subsequently would have had to be proven defective. Drew Stephens testified in a deposition that, assuming nothing was taken from the car, Karen had no hard information that could damage K-M. He stated he knew of nothing which disappeared, and characterized stories about mysterious disappearance as hearsay.



Federal Judge Frank Theis of Wichita, Kansas, was the third to sit on the case. It was not then realized that a national issue was at stake. One of his predecessors was excused after declaring the case "didn't amount to a hill of beans."

Considering the utter ignorance that Jane Fonda, Dick Cavett and many other Silkwood advocates display in their use of nuclear nomenclature, it is small wonder that a mystery developed. The fact is that Karen worked in the general laboratory adjacent to the metallurgical lab, where, admittedly, she did have access to *photomicrographs.* She did *not* have access to the inspection and assembly room or the fabrication area where fuel rods were X-rayed. Moreover, there was a plant rule that at least two people had to be in the X-ray area at all times; therefore, Karen's presence there, even if unauthorized, would have been noticed.

A photomicrograph is a photograph taken through a microscope—in this case, the surface of test welds to see if the welding machine is properly functioning. An X-ray, as everybody knows, penetrates solids, in this case, fuel pins. These X-rays were shipped with the matching finished pins to the customer, Westinghouse, at Hanford, Washington. Since the claim is made by Silkwood advocates that Karen had obtained such X-rays, they would have had to be missing either from K-M or Hanford. No such X-rays were or are missing. And while David Burnham, the *New York Times* reporter who was to receive the damning "documents," won't go public with his view of this whole episode, he is known to have told friends that, in retrospect, he seriously doubts whether Karen Silkwood had any such documents.

The controversy over the X-rays was compounded when an AEC investigation revealed that a former K-M employee, William S. Dotter, used a felt pen to touch up photomicrographs of test weld samples. He did this because he said some of the negatives had small white spots on them from lint, static particles or defective emulsions, and he wanted to avoid the tedious chore of photographing the test welds all over again. His falsification did not cover up defects in the welds, but in his own photography. Dotter acknowledged under questioning that he did his touch-ups without the knowledge or encouragement of his supervisors.

The ultimate proof of whether K-M produced defective fuel rods is how they perform when the FFTF facility begins operations in early 1980 by Westinghouse at Hanford. Apprehension over this event was voiced in the prestigious *Science* magazine (March 3, 1978) by Deborah Shapley in an article titled "Breeder Reactors: Fast Flux Fuel Rods Subject of Silkwood Charges."

The jury of seven from the Oklahoma City area saw a courtroom duel of contrasts. The K-M lawyers were restrained and almost too polite. Gerry Spence, flamboyantly dressed, released a spate of pyrotechnics which seemed to amuse the jury.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Given the nominal and expected objectivity of *Science*, this article is remarkable because it took up the Silkwood movement cause, and also contained important errors. Shapley correctly reported that Westinghouse received a total of 19,568 plutonium fuel rods from K-M, and that the initial rejection rate was 3.5 percent. Somehow, she then quoted "nuclear experts at the Environmental Policy Center" (a member of the Karen Silkwood Fund), as saying the overall industry rate was 1.5 percent. But Westinghouse Vice-President Ersel Evans (Shapley spelled it "Ursell") says the 1.5 figure is for uranium rods, not plutonium, and that Shapley had "confused apples with oranges."

Moreover, he said that the article was "dead wrong" both in reporting that Westinghouse "terminated" its contract with K-M, and in suggesting faulty workmanship. Evans told this writer that his firm expects the K-M rods to "outperform the original design specifications." K-M's initial 3.5 rejection record came down to 0.4 percent in the end, was better than its competitor and vastly better than records of European nuclear fuel firms, Evans told me.

"I got much of my information from the Environmental Policy Center, in fast conversations," Shapley told this writer. "Westinghouse and Kerr-McGee made a more intelligent defense than I expected. I must say that this article got me permanently enmeshed with the Silkwood people."

What's bothersome about the *Science* magazine episode is that so many professional people, including journalists, read it and believe—even when a writer displays an evident bias.

To hear the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers union tell it, the Cimarron facility was horrendous in terms of health and safety. But when the union put its 39 complaints into writing, the charges, after being thoroughly investigated by the Atomic Energy Commission, resulted in only two actions against K-M for violations. More importantly, two serious allegations on fuel-rod-inspection irregularities and data falsification

Continued on following page

Palm Springs. The Original.

FIND THE MAGIC THAT GABLE AND LOMBARD FOUND.

They could have gone anywhere. But Gable and Lombard honeymooned in Palm Springs, where a sun that was somehow different from any other shone on Hollywood's elite.

Palm Springs has changed since then. Now there are over 200 hotels, from luxurious to reasonable. There are scores of tennis courts, pools and golf courses, shopping, dining, dazzling nightlife and a spectacular Aerial Tramway. Today, the famous arrive in jets. Or follow the freeway from Los Angeles, two hours away. But the sun that was somehow different years ago is still here. And so is the magic. Come find it, in Palm Springs.

Palm Springs Convention and Visitors Bureau
Dept. 7945, Palm Springs, CA 92262
Show me the magic. Send your free colorful brochure.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

CARPETS NEED A DOCTOR?

Symptoms:
- **SICKLY COLOR**
- **HARDENED FLATTENED PILE**
- **LARGE SHADOWS LURKING BELOW THE SURFACE**
- **SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES**

Diagnosis:

THEY'VE BEEN GOBBLING TOO MUCH GOOK!

Whether you have been feeding them wet or dry foam—with no way to get out more than 5 to 10% of either it or the dirt—they can soon get filled up and look mighty peu-trid.

***Rx:* THEY NEED ARGOSHEEN® FAST**

Put it down and let it work. Then take up the thick black sludge by the barrels on your cotton pads or your Argomop—because no vacuum ever made can do it. Guaranteed safe for all fibres. Delta Air Lines say they have never found a spot ARGOSHEEN would not remove!

Instant Recovery:

• NEW COLOR • NEW TEXTURE • NO SPOTS • NO SHRINKING • NO FADING
THEN KEEP YOUR CARPET LOOKING NEW WITH LESS EFFORT THAN VACUUMING
IF YOUR CARPET'S NEW—START YOUR ARGOSHEEN PROGRAM NOW!

Write for information including tests which allow you to prove to yourself that no shampoo can mix with the soil and dry to a powder which a vacuum can remove; how to prove whether a cleaner is safe before using it; and how to avoid rapid resoiling. Also included are tips for cleaning some of the new carpets with severe soil-release problems.

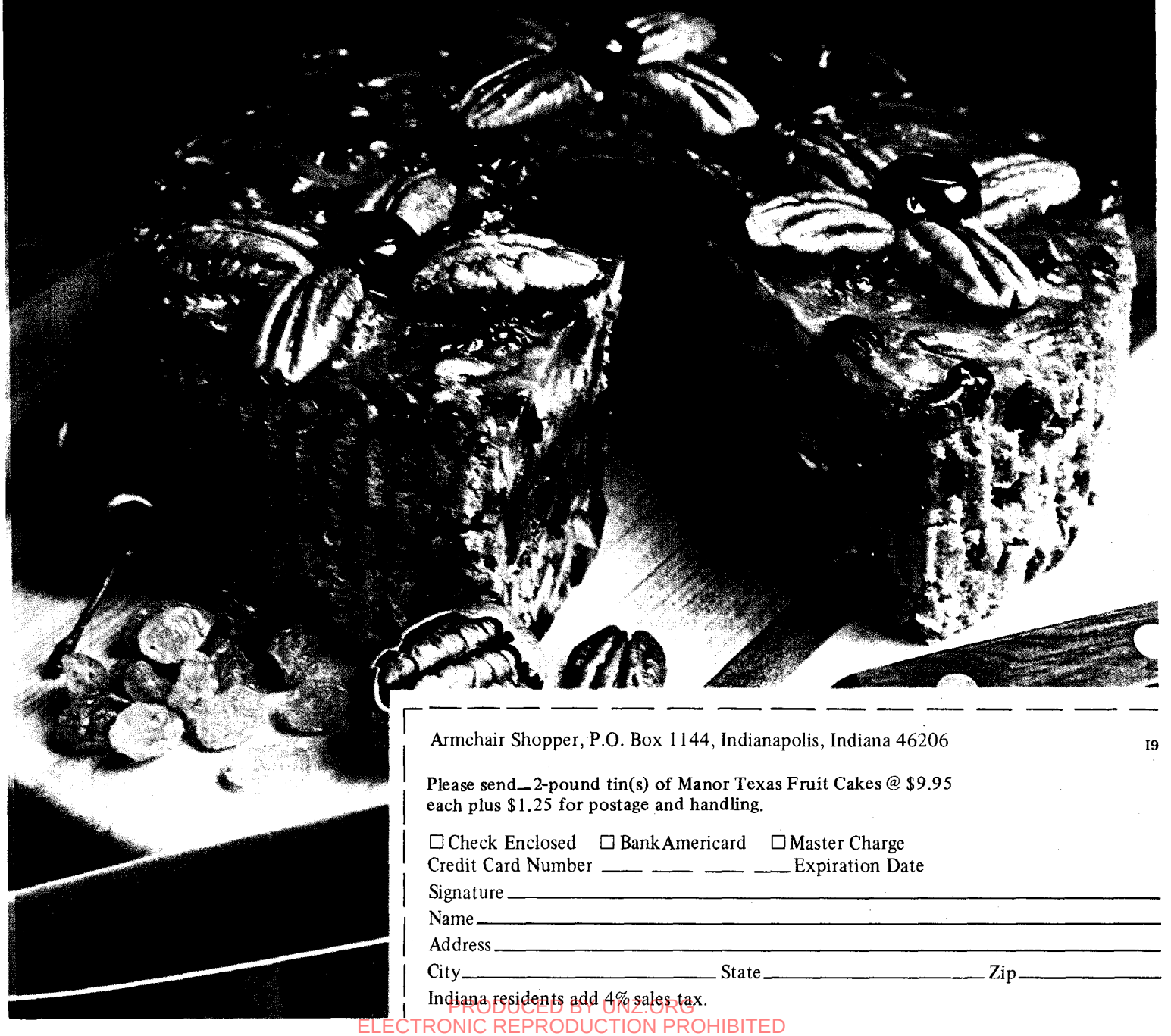
Two quarts of **ARGOSHEEN** with its all-purpose spotters will clean more carpets than a gallon of any other known carpet cleaner. For guaranteed to please, prepaid shipment, send check with order; Gallon **ARGOSHEEN** $10.98; Quart $4.50; 20 oz. Aerosol $4.60; ARGO Rug Mop $6.98. Tub $1.80 or Special 2 Quarts, Mop and Tub $15.98. VISA and Master Charge Welcome. Give full number and expiration date. Dept. SP, ARGO & COMPANY, INC., P.O. Drawer 2747, 182 Ezell Street, Spartanburg, South Carolina 29304.

Ask for Argosheen from your favorite Interior Designer or Carpet Store.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Master's Touch

Real creamery butter, no shortening, California raisins, Hawaiian pineapple, French and domestic cherries, native pecan halves, no peel nor citron, no spices, the best of natural ingredients goes into the one and only world famous Manor Texas Fruit Cakes.



Armchair Shopper, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206 19

Please send_2-pound tin(s) of Manor Texas Fruit Cakes @ $9.95 each plus $1.25 for postage and handling.

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card Number ____ ____ ____ ____ Expiration Date
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were not substantiated by the AEC. The Dotter "felt tip pen" incident hardly won brownie points for K-M, but it was more a case of individual failing than a corporate plot. So Karen Silkwood's celebrated undercover work really produced nothing.

Still, the union-instigated AEC investigation served to improve health and safety at Cimarron, if only to remind management that the nuclear industry will now and forever have to be above Caesar's wife. K-M learned nuances and subtleties in health and safety as a result of the investigation.

Employee training and education on nuclear materials was a problem at K-M, as it can be at any nuclear facility. The union's claims about high turnover, a preponderance of inexperienced employees, inadequate training, and hiring 18-, 19-, and 20-year-olds (as though they were cannon fodder) without their knowing and understanding nuclear hazards, were "not substantiated," the AEC ruled.

But the AEC did substantiate charges that a contamination measurement was misread, that there was an incident of incomplete survey of a contaminated worker, that workers weren't properly advised of required wearing of respirators, and that respirators weren't properly surveyed. Conflicting instructions were given on how to respond to emergency evacuation alarms.

The union charge that employees were never advised of the "cancer" danger in plutonium turned out to be semantical. K-M health physics staffers and K-M printed material referred to the danger of "malignancy" from plutonium. And K-M did put new employees through 40 hours of training, and gave them follow-up lectures. K-M official Morgan Moore observed: "Many employees feel that there is nothing so boring as another lecture on radiation."

Moreover, K-M held health and safety meetings every morning, and accumulated a meticulous log of notes and observations about possible problems—information which, ironically, K-M's enemies later used against the company.

Continued on following page

Get Carried Away

Whether you're a scholar or a sybarite, you will find plenty of ways to use this attractive carry-all. Stuff the *Saturday Evening Post* bag with copies of Shakespeare, suntanning supplies, frisbees, roller skates, or love letters. It is made of sturdy washable canvas measuring 21"x14"x5". For those who have everything, now they will have a place to put it.

Armchair Shopper
P.O. Box 1144
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send_____ Post bags at $6.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling.
☐ Check enclosed Bill to: ☐ BANKAMERICARD (VISA)
☐ MASTERCHARGE
Card no._____ Expiration date_____
Signature_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____ 19

Her father gave her away when she was three years old.

He had to. Her mother is dead. He is incurably ill and can no longer give Angelina food and shelter.

For just $15 a month, you can help care for a child like Angelina.

Through our "adoption" program, you can help provide a child with medical attention, nourishing food, education, warm clothes and hope.

But please hurry. There are so many who need you. And somewhere, right now, a child is dying from starvation and neglect.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381, Dept.SP12T, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

☐ I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐, girl ☐, in ☐Asia, ☐Latin America, ☐Middle East, ☐Africa, ☐USA, ☐Greatest Need.
☐ I will give $15 a month ($180 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.
☐ I can't "adopt," but will help $ _____
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify.

Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

U.S. gifts are fully tax deductible.
Annual financial statements are available on request.

CHILDREN, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We collected the nits and lice," a K-M official later lamented, "and got blamed for doing it."

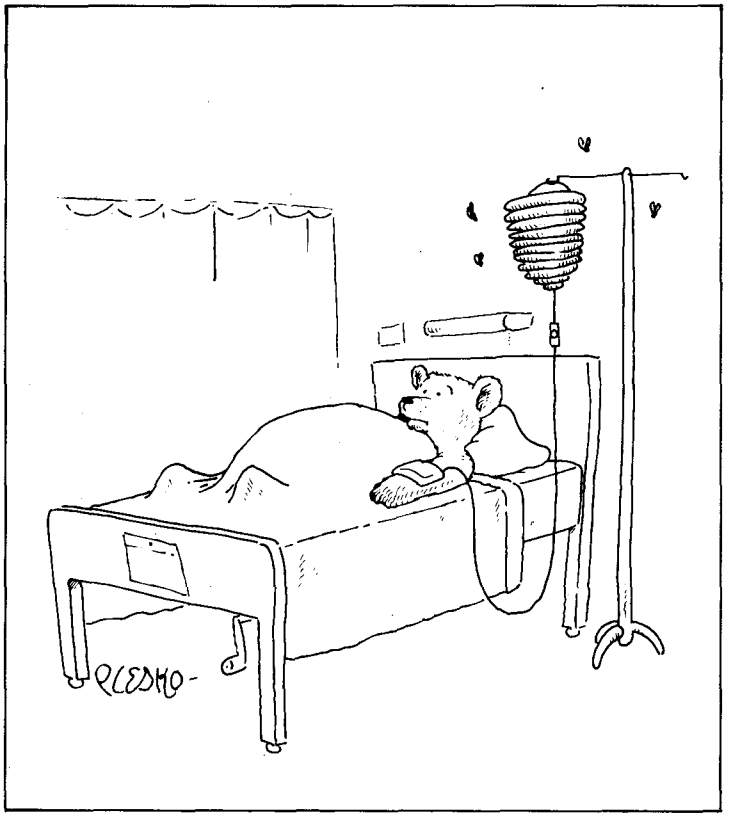
The AEC reported that there were 22 incidents of "overexposure" at K-M's Cimarron plant in the 1970-75 period which resulted in 90 "overexposures" of employees. But the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (present successor to the AEC) refuses to make a comparative judgment about this record, perhaps because it would involve an intricate explanation which would leave the ordinary citizen bewildered. The union maintains that 90 is a dangerously high number of "overexposures." An "overexposure," of course, usually results in no harm to the employee because decontamination processes almost always succeed, and even when a "body burden" results, the level rarely becomes critical.

While K-M's record of compliance with the strict regulations federal agencies impose is a good one, that isn't the whole story. In December 1974, when the AEC readied its report on K-M, Jan Strasma, an AEC spokesman, said, on the record: "Last year, we had problems with Kerr-McGee, particularly with management's lack of response in correcting violations. There were many contaminations and leakage incidents at the plant and it wasn't until the beginning of this year (1974), when we met with top Kerr-McGee officials, that things improved."

The serious charges which the AEC substantiated were that 1) K-M failed to report an overflow of plutonium into a work area, causing some operations to be shut down 40 hours, and 2) the "safe operating" limit for the amount of plutonium allowed to be in a room at one time was twice exceeded. One other serious violation was found, but not as a result of union charges. And, after Karen's death, the AEC charged that the voiding dates and identity of two of her urine samples were not known by K-M. Response by K-M was that Karen was asked to supply the dates but replied that she couldn't recall them, so the samples were dated on the dates of their receipt.

In retrospect, it is important to be reminded that K-M had serious difficulties in the areas of labor and employee relations, discipline, and keeping morale up among senior supervisors who knew that the future for plutonium fuel wasn't as good as it was first advertised.

"Our contract never guaranteed we would break even," explained



Wayne Norwood. "We went ahead on the basis there would be a commercial breeder-reactor program, one that would have been kicked off two or three years ago.

"Employee morale was good in most areas of the plant, but we had problems in the lab area where Karen worked. We had a drug problem there, and what we might call a generational problem —the difference between younger and older workers. These are problems of the times."

Bill Silkwood, Karen's father, felt K-M was stingy in offering him $1,500 for her personal effects. Sara Nelson and Kitty Tucker, the militant NOW officials, were angry that the government investigations had, in effect, cleared K-M of wrongdoing to Karen. The situation smoldered.

Daniel Sheehan talked hard and fast to Silkwood to get him to go along with a suit against K-M on behalf of Karen's estate, since Karen had left her $40,000 insurance money to her parents and not to her children. Bill Meadows, the children's father, says that Karen, "being bitter toward me, made sure her parents would get the money, not her children."

Moreover, Meadows was resentful that Karen rarely took time to visit her children or even keep in contact with them. "Karen's children had forgotten much about her until the death," he told this writer in late July 1979. "Kathy [his wife] is their mother as far as they are concerned. They were barely old enough to remember Karen and rarely saw her. All these stories about Karen Silkwood and her three children—I just consider the source. I don't get angry about it. I had the children all these years and we're all doing pretty well."

So Sheehan had to do a lot of fast-talking to get Meadows to agree to sue K-M on behalf of the children, and the deposition Meadows gave for the trial reflects how little he knew about the facts in the case and how small his actual interest was.

Sheehan is an intense young lawyer who brushed aside a conventional career to plead for activists like the Black Panthers and Daniel Ellsberg. He lived communally in Arrupe House in Washington, D.C., with leftist Jesuit priests, and told friends he was going to enter a Jesuit seminary one day. But when Sara Nelson moved into Arrupe House with him, his interest in becoming a priest waned. He was not married to Sara when she bore him a fine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son, Daniel Paul, who was destined to spend many days in his mother's lap during the *Silkwood vs. Derr-McGee* trial.

A determined, even angry, Silkwood squad was formed by late 1975, with two of its more important enlistees, James Ikard and Arthur Angel, both activist lawyers, doing the heavy legal research. Since there is a two-year statute of limitations in Oklahoma, Ikard and Angel had until November 1976 to file the suit.

Originally, Sheehan wanted to wage an all-out assault on K-M for violations of Karen's civil rights, asking for only $15,000 in personal and punitive damages, upped later to $25,000 personal damages and $140,000 punitive. But with jaw firmly set, Dean McGee, through his legal department, said, in effect, we'll spend millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.

Ikard, the "smart jock," and Sheehan got the case filed just under the deadline. Bill Meadows was dropped as the plaintiff because in order for the case to have standing in federal courts, it had to include parties from more than one state. So Bill Silkwood, a resident of Texas, was listed as principal plaintiff and as administrator of Karen's estate instead of Meadows. Having one party from Texas (Silkwood) and another from Oklahoma (K-M) provided the necessary complete diversity for the case.

Ikard is a lanky Oklahoman, a tall former college basketball star and an agreeable person besides. He pored over dozens of cases involving the theories of "strict liability, absolute negligence and negligence." In short, Ikard cited many cases, including the historic 1978 *Rylands vs. Fletcher*, to argue that K-M was liable for the contamination of Karen though it occurred off their property. Given the facts, the plaintiff's brief was effective.

Angel, only 28 at the time, had worked in Washington, D.C., where he directed the Federal Trade Commission case against the funeral industry. He finessed the details and strategy and, with Ikard, decided that neither they nor Sheehan should plead the case in court. Their activism and appearance made them seem like hippies to the Oklahoma plain-folks jury. (Ikard's hair and beard are flowing and white, Angel is an accented easterner.)

So they hired Gerry Spence, 50, who looks more like a cowboy from from his home state of Wyoming than a lawyer. As one accustomed to earning at least $1 million a year, Spence sniffed at the $50,000 retainer, and immediately argued that the suit should be for $70 million. So it was.

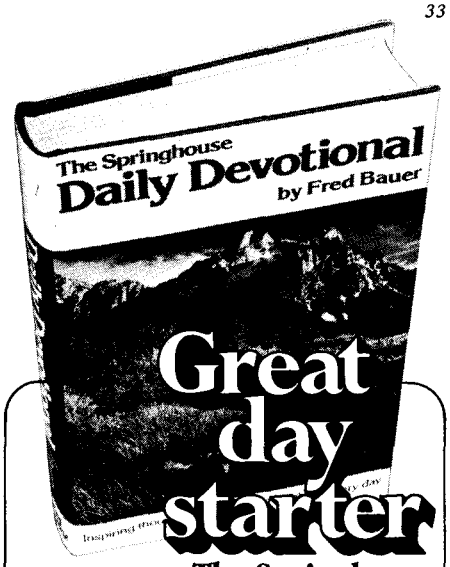
Before the trial began in the federal courthouse in Oklahoma City, two judges disqualified themselves—the first because Sheehan provoked him to sputter that the case "didn't amount to a hill of beans," and to call Sheehan a "magpie"; and the second when Ikard argued that he was appointed through the intervention of the late Senator Robert Kerr, McGee's founding partner.

Finally, Judge Frank Theis of Wichita, Kansas, was selected. He soon threw out two of the three counts, those dearest to Danny Sheehan's heart namely that K-M had conspired to deprive Karen of her civil rights and had also conspired with the FBI and an informant to cover up illegal surveillance.

This left the defendants to prove that they were not responsible for Karen's contamination and consequent nine days of mental anguish. The plaintiffs had a parade of witnesses who testified about alleged bad conditions at Cimarron, but even more effective were their witnesses who spent hours telling frightening stories about the danger of getting cancer from plutonium.

Lawyer Spence, wearing cowboy boots and a western look, was as down-home as Johnny Cash. He depicted K-M as a ruthless, cold, profit-driven and careless nuclear enterprise, and shouted the word *cancer* whenever he could; at one point, he wrote the dreaded word, in big letters, on a blackboard for the jury to see. The jury virtually squirmed. Dr. John Gofman, "The father of plutonium," who started a new career as a professional skeptic of nuclear, testified that

Continued on following page



The Springhouse Daily Devotional

Inspiring thoughts to enrich and brighten every day

by Fred Bauer

"These devotional thoughts fill me with heart happiness and deep soul satisfaction. They're just terrific."

— —Helen Steiner Rice

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE $7.95

Springhouse Publishing, Inc.

"Help Lord—the devil wants me fat!"

DR. C. S. LOVETT'S BEST SELLING BOOK

A 3 STEP plan offering the most powerful help God has for His people today!

Real help in not only taking weight off, but **KEEPING IT OFF** for life. **Christians everywhere are losing weight with this plan—where other methods have failed!**

30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

OVER 200 PAGES OF POWERFUL HELP IN FULL-SIZED QUALITY PAPERBACK.

ONLY **$4.95** each. (94 illustrations)

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

mail to: **PERSONAL CHRISTIANITY**
Box 549, Dept. 5043
Baldwin Park, California 91706

Please send me _____ copies of Dr. C. S. Lovett's new book "HELP LORD—THE DEVIL WANTS ME FAT!" at **$4.95** ea.

Enclosed is my check or money order of _____.

NAME _____

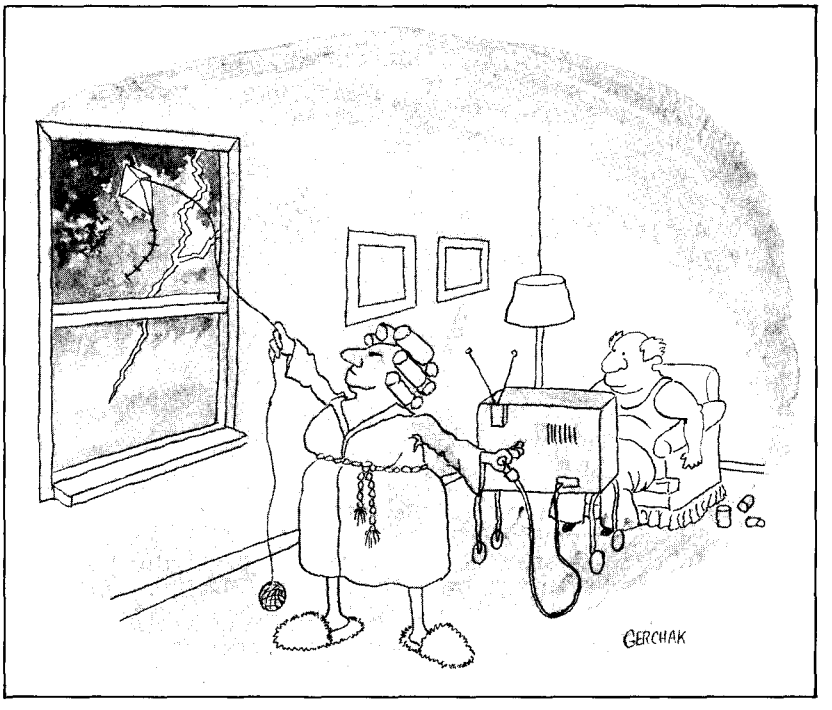
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

K-M's license was a "permit to murder," and that Karen Silkwood was "married to cancer." By this maverick's estimate, though she didn't actually have cancer, the contamination absolutely guaranteed she would get it one day; hence, her mental anguish.

On the first day, Bill Meadows, on instructions, brought Karen's children into the courtroom where Spence introduced them and told the jury that "this is what the trial is all about." The children left shortly thereafter, not to be seen in the courtroom again. Spence provided other drama. Once, he had a professional actress give a moving reading of Jean Jung's deposition about seeing and talking with Karen in the last hour of her life. Another time, he extracted from Wayne Norwood the acknowledgement that his college degree was in poultry husbandry, a cheap shot, because when Norwood attended college in the mid-'30s there were no nuclear health-physics programs to study. He did take graduate work later in this field.



The K-M legal team of five conservatively dressed lawyers were restrained and almost too polite. Spence drawled a spate of insults their way, and appeared to amuse the jury and, possibly, Judge Theis in the process. K-M struggled manfully to argue, with the aid of expert witnesses, that the firm was in full compliance with the plethora of regulations required by all government agencies; that it was in the union's interest to make trouble for K-M; that Karen had been well treated, and promptly, when her contamination was discovered; that she was responsible for her own contamination; and that the Workman's Compensation laws should apply in this case, not "strict liability."

But the K-M legal team got bogged down in complicated testimony, often laced with statistics and terms arcane to the jury. Its case was even the more difficult to argue because the person who would have been the prime witness was dead, and those who might have information leading to the whole story did not testify, namely, Drew Stephens and Sherri Ellis.

Finally, Judge Theis, invoking the "403" rule, excluding the defendant's evidence on Karen's use of drugs, her suicide attempts and her troubled sex life—to K-M's way of thinking—thwarted the attempt to show her "state of mind" (the anguish) was affected more by her personal life than any contamination. Judge Theis did not strictly prohibit the defendants from presenting evidence of a pre-existing emotional distress, such as what her doctor might describe, but they could not tell *why* and *how* she got into this condition. "Silkwood's lifestyle is not on trial in this case," he warned.

Unfortunately for K-M, concurrent with the trials was a series of highly publicized events reflecting badly on the nuclear industry. There were news stories of nuclear dangers involving truck wrecks, the closing of five nuclear power plants in the East due to reports they were not earthquake-proof, and finally that extravaganza called Three Mile Island. The jury was not sequestered through most of the 11-week trial, and while instructed by Judge Theis not to read or view anything to do with the case or what might relate to it, one would have to be an ass to think jury members did not read news stories (including big ads for Jane Fonda's *China Syndrome*) and view TV accounts of what was going on in the courtroom. (Spence tried to connect K-M with the Three Mile Island accident.)

So with down-home Gerry Spence's thunderous denunciation of plutonium contamination ("IF THE LION GETS AWAY, KERR-MCGEE HAS TO PAY!") ringing in their ears (he also wrote it on the blackboard), the jury retired and then came up with its verdict: K-M guilty and to pay $500,000 personal damages to Karen's estate plus $10 million punitive. So K-M, the billion-dollar corporation, had been vanquished, for the moment anyway, by the Silkwood team, fiercely inspired and financed with $300,000 raised mostly by young Americans and older ones who identified with the youth culture.

There was screaming for joy, great honking of horns by VW buses, vans and a motley gathering of cars—all bearing bumper stickers reading BETTER ACTIVE TODAY THAN RADIOACTIVE TOMORROW. To them, Karen Silkwood had become the nuclear Joan of Arc.

There was one curious aspect to the verdict: In his instructions, Judge Theis told the jury that even if K-M complied with all government standards on health and safety, the jury was free to decide for itself what K-M's standards really should be—a sort of post-facto discipline, then, imposed by the jury on K-M. The *Washington Post*, which has been critical of the nuclear industry, editorialized that "the future of the nuclear in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dustry should not, after all, be decided by the courts as a matter of torts law"; rather, that Congress should decide that future.

Though *Silkwood vs. Kerr-McGee* has been appealed—and could be reversed—there are large implications for the beseiged nuclear industry in the U.S. One is that operators of nuclear facilities, plutonium or whatever, now feel that they must have the right to get government-level security background clearances on people they would like to employ. Since *Silkwood*, there has already been one case involving attempted sabotage of a nuclear power plant in Virginia by two employees who felt they were answering to a higher calling. U.S. firms can argue that, to ensure security, they must be able to do checks on job applicants' backgrounds and emotional stability, just as European nuclear operators are allowed to do.

Another is that nuclear operators must consider themselves vulnerable to all manner of suits from alleged damages resulting from materials—or possibly even radiation—*off* their own premises.

Yet another is that nuclear operators cannot cite their compliance with government regulations as an *absolute* defense against charges they did not maintain safety and health standards.

All this is enough to give the nuclear industry the fits, and the anti-nuclear movement great feelings of joy. Already, Danny Sheehan and Sara Nelson are out raising money to appeal Judge Theis' rejection of the two counts involving alleged violations of Karen's civil rights. Other activists are preparing suits against nuclear plants.

Meanwhile, there is some friction in the inner reaches of the Silkwood camp about who will get what piece of that $10.5 million—if that award survives various appeals. Gerry Spence has already barked out that he wants a bigger fee than bargained for. Spence has small use for feminist, union and anti-nuclear groups.

And down here in Duncan, Oklahoma, Bill Meadows and his five children (two sons by his second wife) are all but unnoticed. He isn't too happy with the way the

Continued on page 83

life·style

You gotta have heart in this here life if you're going to get with what it's all about. SO. . . .get a little love message up front, but keep in the back of your mind (and on the back of your T-shirt) the idea that with CPR and a little savvy on your part, you might even save a life next time someone has a heart attack. Life and love, baby—wear that, and let the rest take care of itself!

The Medical Education and Research Foundation, Inc.
1000 Waterway Blvd.—Indianapolis, IN 46202

Please send _____"Start a Heart" T-shirt(s) at $5.00 plus 50 cents for postage & handling each shirt. (Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery)

☐ Small _____ ☐ Medium _____ ☐ Large _____
☐ Check enclosed
☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax

19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM

Pope John Paul II, Defender of the Faith, takes up a new cause—the defense of liberty—on a worldwide, whirlwind mission.

by G.E. Synhorst

It's been just a little more than a year since Karol Wojtyla of Poland became Pope John Paul II. In that short year he has emerged as one of the strongest leaders of the world today. One of his most impressive achievements has been the thoughtful delineation between the spiritual realm of the church and the affairs of state. Again and again, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, he has stated his pure and simple theme: Socialism in its atheistic version is not acceptable. By the millions, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, the people have shouted back, "We want God."

His first major journey away from Rome as Pope was to Latin America. He clearly told Catholic priests there that he did not approve of the clergy being so involved in affairs of government. There has been a long tradition in Latin America of priests joining with revolutionaries in hopes of overthrowing right-wing regimes. Pope John Paul II nudged his clergy back to its rightful role of spiritual ministration to the people. Without saying so outright he made it known that he was very concerned over Marxist infiltration into the clergy of Latin America.

More recently, in Poland, it was the other way around. Communist goverments have long tried to substitute Marxist dogma for the teachings of Christ and the tenets of Christianity. The Pope was gentle and polite. But the message was vigorous and clear as a bell on a cold morning. The management of government affairs might belong to the communist state but the people want and demand the spiritual guidance of the church.

Millions of Eastern Europeans massed to see Pope John Paul. Communist governments did what they could to downplay the visits. They controlled the itinerary, denying the Pope access to certain places and setting up competing events. The press is controlled completely by the various governments in Eastern Europe. Consequently, advance publicity of the Pope's visit could be substantially curtailed. All was to no avail. The people came by the millions. In one place, a grassy meadow in Krakow, two million souls helped him celebrate Mass, the largest Mass celebrated in history. And the multitude shouted, "We want God." The lesson was unmistakable: Next to the power and traditions of the church in Eastern Europe, communist governments seem small and transitory. Not once did John Paul try to insert his church into the role of government. What he did was convincingly demonstrate to the communists and the world that Marxist governments cannot take the place of religion.

The communist governments behind the Curtain were troubled. To the outside world they put on the best face they could. After all, this great leader rising in popularity in the world was a Pole, one of theirs. Inside, though, it was a different story; the Polish government cracked down hard on those who had greeted John Paul with too much enthusiasm. Certain special favors were withdrawn. No one does that better than the communists. Strict censorship of religious periodicals were reasserted. But of Poland's 35 million, 90 percent are practicing Christians. They reacted to the Pope with enthusiasm. Christianity in all Eastern Europe became stronger. Throughout the far expanse of Russia, Christians were given new hope.

The recent visit of the Pope to the United States answered another question. There is little real danger in America of government insinuating itself too far into the realm of the church, or of the church trying to take over government. The question can rightly be asked though—Has the wealth of America tempted us away from our spiritual traditions? The outpouring of warmth for Pope John Paul II proved that religion in all its varied splendor is alive and well in America.

For a man of God to flourish and grow

The Pontiff travels with a message for humanity that transcends national boundaries, established religions and political ideologies.

Continued on page 83

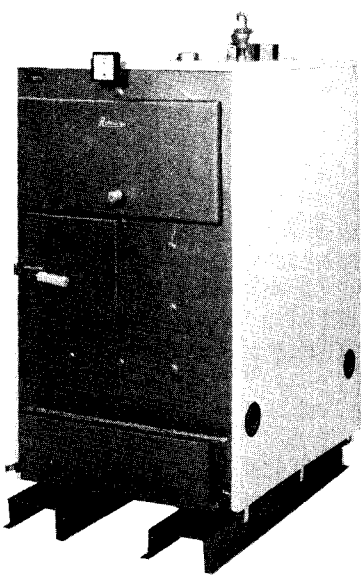
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T GET BURNED!

DECLARE YOUR FREEDOM TODAY...

. . . from crippling fuel prices and shortages! Your family can stay warm and comfortable all winter long with a Riteway wood heater or one of our multi-fuel furnaces or boilers (they burn wood, coal, gas or oil in the same unit and change automatically from one fuel to another!)

We heat homes – not rooms. You get 40 years of energy technology for a price that won't burn a hole in your pocket!



RITEWAY MFG. CO., DEPT. SP
P.O. BOX 153, HARRISONBURG, VA 22801
(703) 434-7090

RITEWAY

BUILT TO KEEP AMERICA WARM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True Grit

Powerless to assist, Mattie and Laboeuf watched with horror as Rooster charged toward the band of outlaws!

by Charles Portis

Illustrated by Stan Galli

SYNOPSIS: With the help of U.S. Marshal Rooster Cogburn and Texas Ranger LaBoeuf, 14-year-old Mattie Ross searches for her father's murderer, Tom Chaney, who is riding with Lucky Ned Pepper's gang. The trio tracks the gang into Indian Territory and ambushes them. Four men are killed, but Chaney is not among them. Mattie, Rooster and LaBoeuf pursue the rest of the gang late into the night. The following morning Mattie goes down to a nearby stream to wash. On the opposite bank she sees none other than Tom Chaney!

Part Four You may readily imagine that I registered shock at the sight of that squat assassin. He had not yet seen me, nor heard me either because of the noise made by the horses. His rifle was slung across his back on a cotton plowline. I thought to turn and run but I could not move.

Then he saw me and gave a start. He held the rifle on me and peered across the little stream and studied me.

He said, "Well, now, I know you. You are little Mattie. Isn't this something." He grinned and took the rifle from play and slung it carelessly over a shoulder.

I said, "Yes, and I know you, Tom Chaney."

He said, "What are you doing here?"

I reached into the bucket and brought out my dragoon revolver. I dropped the bucket and held the revolver in both hands. I said, "I am here to take you back to Fort Smith."

Chaney laughed and said, "Well, I will not go. How do you like that?"

"There is a posse of officers up on the hill who will force you to go."

"That is interesting news," said he. "How many is up there?"

"Right around 50. They are well armed and they mean business. If you refuse to go I will shoot you."

He said, "Oh? Then you had better cock your piece."

I had forgotten about that. I pulled the hammer back with both thumbs. When it was ready I said, "You will not go with me?"

"I think not," said he. "It is the other way around. You are going with me."

I pointed the revolver at his belly and shot him down. The ball struck Chaney's side and knocked him into a sitting position against a tree. I heard Rooster or LaBoeuf call out for me. "I am down here!" I replied. There was another shout from the hill above Chaney.

He was holding both hands down on his side. He said, "I did not think you would do it."

I said, "What do you think now?"

He said, "One of my short ribs is broken. It hurts every breath I take."

I said, "You killed my father when he was trying to help you."

"I regret that shooting," said he. "Mr. Ross was decent to me but he ought not to have meddled in my business. Nothing has gone right for me. Now I am shot by a child."

"Get up on your feet and come here before I shoot you again. My father took you in when you were hungry."

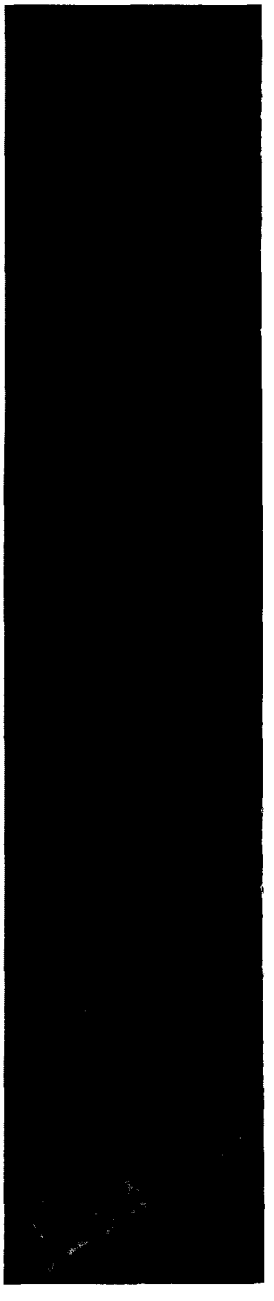
He made a quick move for a chunk of wood and I pulled the trigger and the hammer hit a bad percussion cap. I had no time for a second try. Chaney flung the heavy piece of wood and it caught me in the chest and laid me out backwards.

He came splashing across the creek and he jerked me up by my coat and commenced slapping me and cursing me and my father. That was his cur nature, to change from a whining baby to a vicious bully as circumstances permitted. He stuck my revolver in his belt and pulled me stumbling through the water. The horses were milling about and he managed to catch two of them.

I heard Rooster and LaBoeuf crashing down through the brush behind us and calling out for me. "Down here! Hurry up!" I shouted.

I must tell you that the slopes rose steeply on either side of the creek. Just as the two peace officers were running down on one side, so were Chaney's bandit friends running down the other, so that both parties were converging on the stream.

The bandits won the race. There were two of them and one was a little man in woolly chaps whom I rightly took to be Lucky Ned Pepper. The other was taller and a quite well-dressed man in a linen suit and a bearskin coat, and his hat tied fast under his chin. This man was the Mexican gambler who called himself The Original Greaser Bob. They broke upon us suddenly and poured a terrible volley of fire across the creek with their Winchester repeating rifles. Lucky Ned Pep-



"One of the smaller snakes approached my hand and rubbed against it. I felt a sting and I saw the little snake pulling his head away. . . . He had bitten me!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

per said to Chaney, "Take them horses and move!"

Chaney did as he was told and we started up with the horses. Lucky Ned Pepper and the Mexican remained behind and exchanged shots with Rooster and LaBoeuf while trying to catch the other horses.

Lucky Ned Pepper and Greaser Bob overtook us 30 or 40 yards of the way up. They were pulling two horses. I supposed the fifth horse had run away or been killed. The leads of these two horses were turned over to Chaney and Lucky Ned Pepper said to him, "Get on up that hill quick!"

The bandit chieftain took me roughly by the arm. He said, "Who all is down there?"

"Marshal Cogburn and 50 more officers," said I.

He shook me like a terrier shaking a rat. "Tell me another lie and I will stove in your head!"

Thinking it best, I said, "It is Marshal Cogburn and another man."

He shouted out, "Rooster, can you hear me?" There was no reply. Lucky Ned Pepper shouted again, "You answer me, Rooster! I will kill this girl!"

Rooster called up from below, "The girl is nothing to me! She is a runaway from Arkansas!"

"That's very well!" said Lucky Ned Pepper. "Do you advise me to kill her?"

"Do what you think is best!" replied Rooster. "Think it over first!"

"I have already thought it over! You get mounted double fast! If I see you riding over that bald ridge to the northwest I will spare the girl! You have five minutes!"

"There will be a party of marshals in here soon, Ned! Let me have Chaney and the girl and I will mislead the posse for six hours!"

"Too thin, Rooster! I don't trust you!"

"I will cover you till dark!"

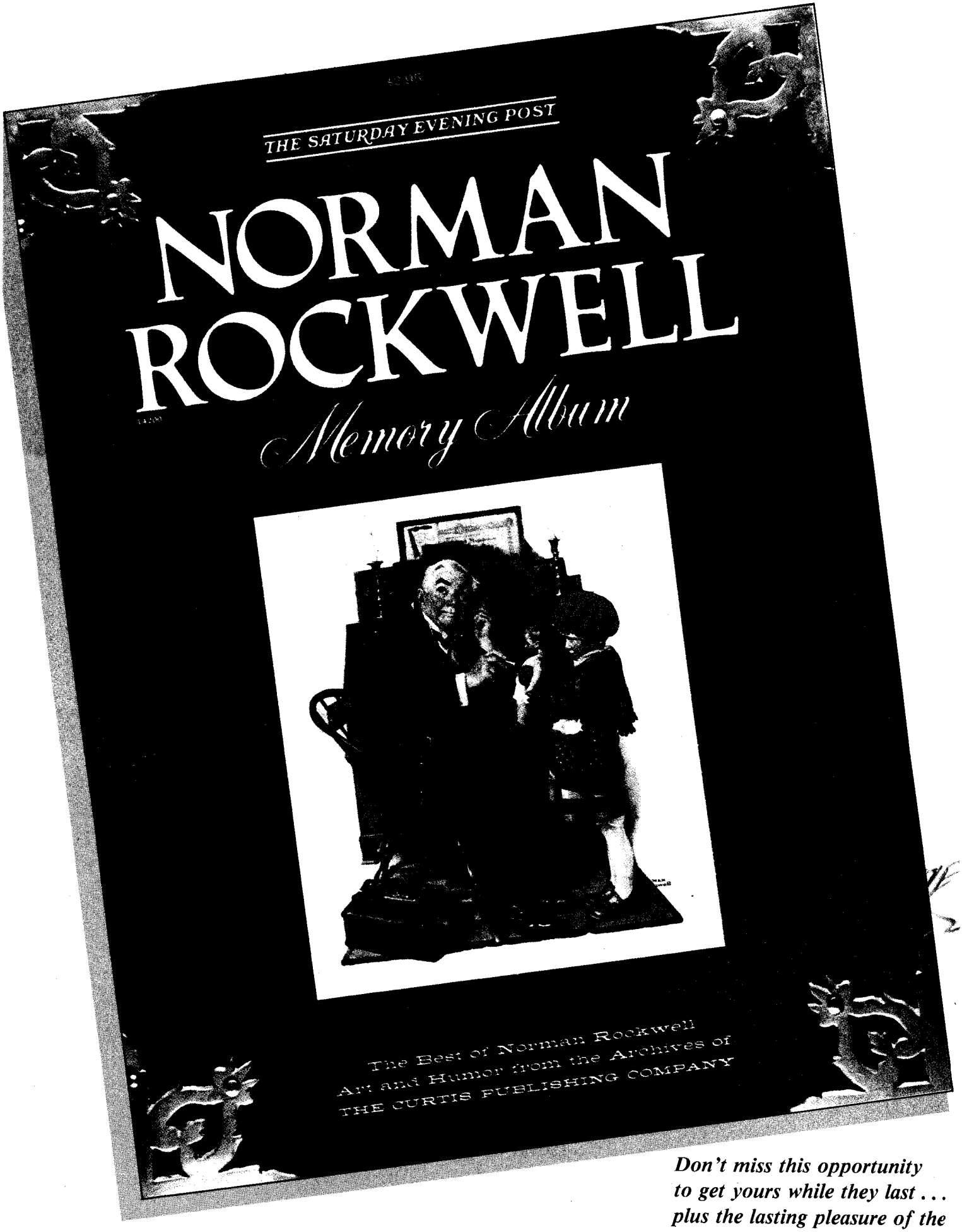
"Your five minutes is running! No more talk!"

Lucky Ned Pepper turned to me and said, "Your life depends upon their actions. I have never busted a cap on a woman or anybody much under 16 years but I will do what I have to do."

I said, "There is some mix-up here. I am Mattie Ross of near Dardanelle, Arkansas. My family has

Continued on page 42

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
NORMAN ROCKWELL
Memory Album
The Best of Norman Rockwell
Art and Humor from the Archives of
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Don't miss this opportunity to get yours while they last . . . plus the lasting pleasure of the* Post *reaching you regularly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subscribe now to the Post and

ENJOY THIS MEMORY ALBUM FREE

Not only an artistic but a literary event! No one but *The Saturday Evening Post* could possibly fashion such a comprehensive and loving collection of the cover paintings and inside features Rockwell lavished on our pages since 1916. Here in one limited-edition keepsake volume is a sunburst of glorious Rockwell color, humor, and the unforgettable scenes of America that have made him our most famous and beloved artist. It is your private gallery of life as Rockwell saw it—oldsters and kids, lovers and spoofers, portraits of the world's greatest figures—all aglow with the magic of his special touch. Bring this collection into your home free (it sells for $2.95 separately) with your paid 2- or 3-year subscription to the new *Post*. The quality of both will ensure their being cherished for years as treasured heirlooms.

1 year (9 issues)—$9.95
2 years (18 issues)—$18.95
3 years (27 issues)—$26.95

☐ Enclosed check or money order
☐ Bill me later Bill to:
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above your name.

_____ _____ _____ _____

Outside U.S. add $2.00 postage per year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
1100 Waterway Boulevard • Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Signature _____

My Name _____
(Print)
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ Send subscription to my name. ☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

Gift Name _____
(Print)
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

266C

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

property and I don't know why I am being treated like this."

Lucky Ned Pepper said, "It is enough that you know I will do what I have to do."

We made our way up the hill. A little farther along we came across a bandit armed with a shotgun and squatting behind a big slab of limestone. This man's name was Harold Permalee. I believe he was simple-minded. He gobbled at me like a turkey until Lucky Ned Pepper made him hush. Greaser Bob was told to stay there with him behind the rock and keep a watch below.

Lucky Ned Pepper pushed me along in front of him through the brush and we ascended to the bandits' lair. They had made their camp on a bare rock shelf some 70 yards or so below the crest of the mountain. Pine timber grew in abundance below and above and on all sides. No apparent trails led to the place.

The ledge was mostly level, but broken here and there by deep pits and fissures. A shallow cave provided sleeping quarters. It was quite windy up there and the little cooking fire in front of the cave was protected by a circle of rocks. The site overlooked a wide expanse of ground to the west and north.

Tom Chaney was sitting by the fire with his shirt

Cogburn! *The gabbing, drunken fool had made a mistake and led us directly to the robbers' lair!*

pulled up and another man was ministering to him, tying a pad of cloth to his wounded side with a cotton rope. The man laughed as he cinched the rope up tight and caused Chaney to whimper with pain. "Waw, waw, waw," said the man, making sounds like a bawling calf in mockery of Chaney.

This man was Farrell Permalee, a younger brother to Harold Permalee. Harold had participated in the train robbery and Farrell had joined the bandits later that night.

When Lucky Ned Pepper and I gained the rock ledge Chaney jumped up and made for me. "I will wring your scrawny neck!" he exclaimed. Lucky Ned Pepper pushed him aside and said, "No, I won't have it. Let that doctoring go and get the horses saddled."

He pushed me down by the fire and said, "Tell me what you are doing here."

"I will be glad to tell you," said I. "You will see I am in the right. Tom Chaney shot my father to death in Fort Smith and robbed him of two gold pieces and stole his mare. I do not see her here. I was informed Rooster Cogburn had grit and I hired him out to find the murderer. A few minutes ago I came upon Chaney down there watering horses. He would not be taken in charge and I shot him."

Chaney said, "I was shot from ambush, Ned. It was one of them officers that got me."

I said, "How can you stand there and tell such a big story?"

Chaney picked up a stick and pitched it into a big crack in the ledge. He said, "There is a ball of rattlesnakes down there in that pit and I am going to throw you in it."

"No, you won't," said I. "Your boss will not let you have your way."

Greaser Bob called up from below, saying, "They are gone, Ned! We had best make a move!"

Lucky Ned Pepper replied, "Hold fast for a while!"

Then he said to me, "Was that Rooster and his partner, Potter, that waylaid us last night?"

I said, "The man's name is not Potter. It is LaBoeuf. He is an officer from Texas. He is looking for Chaney, too."

"Is he the one with the buffalo gun?"

"He calls it a Sharps rifle."

"He shot my horse. A man from Texas has no authority to fire at me."

"I know nothing about that. I have a good lawyer at home."

"Did they take Quincy and Moon?"

"They are both dead. It was terrible to see. Do you need a good lawyer?"

"I need a good judge. What about Haze? An old fellow."

"Yes, he and the young man were both killed."

Farrell Permalee made a whooping noise like that of his brother and said, "There they be!"

I looked over to the northwest and saw two riders approaching the top of the ridge. My pony, Little Blackie, was tied behind them. When they reached the crest they paused and turned our way and Rooster fired a pistol in the air. Lucky Ned Pepper pulled his revolver and fired an answering shot. Then Rooster and LaBoeuf disappeared over the hill.

I think it did not come home to me until that moment what my situation was. I had not thought Rooster or LaBoeuf would give in to the bandits so easily. It was in my mind that they would slip up through the brush and attack the bandits while they were disorganized, or employ some clever ruse known only by detectives to bring the bandits to heel. Now they were gone! I was utterly cast down and for the first time I feared for my life.

Who was to blame? *Deputy Marshal Rooster Cogburn!* The gabbing, drunken fool had made a mistake of four miles and led us directly into the robbers' lair. A keen detective! Yes, and in an earlier state of drunkenness he had placed faulty caps in my revolver, causing it to fail me in a time of need. That was not enough, now he had abandoned me in this howling wilderness to a gang of cutthroats! Was this what they called grit in Fort Smith? We called it something else in Yell County!

Lucky Ned Pepper shouted out for The Original Greaser and Harold Permalee to leave their watch post and come to the camp. The four horses were saddled and in readiness. Lucky Ned Pepper looked over the mounts, then at the spare saddle that lay on the ground.

He said, "That is Bob's saddle."

Tom Chaney said, "It was Bob's horse that we lost."

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The First Christmas Ornament

"THE MASSING ANGEL"

commemorating the birthplace of Berta Hummel

COVERED WITH
GLEAMING 22kt GOLD

- ★ **A strictly limited edition available at original issue price only until Christmas, December 25, 1979.**
- ★ **Each 22kt gold-covered metal ornament is hallmarked, registered and beautifully gift packaged.**
- ★ **Priced at only $19.50 — not available in stores.**
- ★ **Guaranteed shipment for Christmas delivery on all orders received by December 3, 1979.**
- ★ **Available only in the United States and Canada.**

Approximate Height 3⅛"

The Winton Collection is privileged to offer the first gold-covered Christmas ornament in an exclusive limited edition, to commemorate the birthplace of the world famous Berta Hummel. This exquisite metal ornament was selected by Mrs. Victoria Hummel, mother of the late Berta Hummel.

This beautiful metal ornament is covered with gleaming 22kt gold electroplate and is produced by one of America's most prestigious and oldest silversmiths — The Reed & Barton Company.

This charming Christmas ornament is the first in a series of ornaments to be envisioned by the heirs of Berta Hummel. It will become a treasured heirloom in your family and a unique and cherished gift for Christmas, 1979.

The Pleasantville Plan, Ltd.
Dept. SEP8
1100 Waterway Blvd.
Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Available at original issue price only for orders postmarked by December 25, 1979.

Please enter my order for the **Massing Angel** 22kt gold-covered metal Christmas Ornament. I have enclosed my remittance as follows:

_____ **Ornament(s) at $19.50 each** $_____

Shipping and handling at $1.25 per ornament $_____

Total amount enclosed* $_____

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please check if you wish to have any ornament shipped to a different address, and indicate specific shipping instructions on a separate sheet of paper. Also include any message for a gift card which we will provide if requested.
Make check or money order payable to **The Pleasantville Plan Ltd.**
*New York residents add $.98 per ornament for sales tax.

Call toll-free 800-228-2029 any hour to order.
Nebraska residents call 402-571-4900

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That *you* lost," said the bandit chieftain. "Unsaddle that gray and put Bob's saddle up. I want you to wait here with the girl. When we reach Ma Permalee's house I will send one of the boys back to fetch you with a fresh mount. You will be out by dark. We are going to The Old Place and you can meet us there. Do you know the crossing at Cypress Forks, near the log meetinghouse?"

"I know the place."

"You will take the girl there and leave her." Then to me, "There is a dummy called Flanagan who lives about two miles up the creek. He will see you to McAlester's. Tom will not harm you." Then to Tom, "Do you understand that? If any harm comes to this child you do not get paid."

Chaney said, "Nothing is going right for me."

Lucky Ned Pepper said, "Make yourself agreeable to this child. We will see you tonight." Then they departed.

I was alone with Tom Chaney!

He sat across the fire from me, my pistol in his waistband and the Henry rifle in his lap. I stirred up the fire a little and arranged some glowing coals around one of the cans of hot water.

Chaney watched me. He said, "What are you doing?"

I said, "I am heating some water so that I may wash the dirt from my hands. They are filthy from climbing."

"A little smut will not harm a person."

"Yes, that is true, or else you and your chums would surely be dead."

"Don't provoke me. You will find yourself in that pit."

"Lucky Ned Pepper has warned you that if you molest me in any way he will not pay you. He means business, too."

"I fear he has no idea of paying me. Nobody is coming up here with any horse. They are not going to The Old Place. I am not so easily fooled. Now keep still while I think over my position."

I said, "If you will let me go now I will keep silent as to your whereabouts for two days."

"I can do better than that," said he. "I can have your silence forever."

The water was not boiling but it had begun to steam a little and I picked up the can with a rag and flung it at him, then took to my feet in frantic flight. He yelped and gave immediate pursuit. Just as I came to the edge of the rock shelf, Chaney grabbed my coat and pulled me up short. He was cursing me and he struck me on the head with the pistol barrel. The blow made me see stars and I concluded I was shot, not knowing the sensation caused by a bullet striking your head.

Suddenly I heard a familiar voice, and the words were hard with authority. "Hands up, Chelmsford! It is all up with you!"

It was LaBoeuf the Texan! He had come up the back way and was standing not 30 feet away with his rifle trained on Chaney. Chaney let go of my coat and dropped the pistol.

LaBoeuf said, "Are you hurt, Mattie?"

"I have a painful knot on my head," said I.

LaBoeuf said, "Rooster is down below watching the front door. Let us find a place where we can see. Move with care, Chelmsford!"

We proceeded to the northwest corner of the rock shelf, skirting round the pit which had figured in Chaney's ugly threats.

From the far corner of the ledge we had a clear prospect. The timbered slope dropped off sharply below us and led to a level and open meadow.

"Hand me that whatchamacallit on your desk, will you?"

No sooner had we taken up our vigil than we were rewarded with the sight of Lucky Ned Pepper and the other three bandits emerging from the trees into the meadow. There they mounted their horses and headed them west, away from us. They had hardly started their ride when a lone horseman came out of the brush at the western end of the field and stopped in the middle of the open space, so as to block their passage.

Yes, it was Rooster Cogburn! The bandits checked up and faced him from 70 or 80 yards' distance. Rooster had one of his Navy revolvers in his left hand and he held the reins in his right hand. He said, "Where is the girl, Ned?"

Lucky Ned Pepper said, "She was in wonderful health when last I saw her! I cannot answer for her now!"

LaBoeuf stood up and cupped his hands and shouted down, "She is all right, Cogburn! I have Chelmsford as well! Make a run for it!" Rooster made no reply and gave no sign of leaving.

Lucky Ned Pepper said, "Well, Rooster, what is your intention? Do you think one on four is a dogfall?"

Rooster said, "I mean to kill you in one minute, Ned, or see you hanged in Fort Smith at Judge Parker's convenience! Which will you have?"

Lucky Ned Pepper laughed. He said, "I call that

Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now—Serve wine at its most agreeable temperature from this unique wine bucket that chills without ice.

No ice to melt. Bottle and label remain dry. Wine stays at constant temperature for as long as 5 hours!

It took a true wine lover to conceive of this incredible wine (or champagne) serving bucket that cares for a wine with all the thoughtfulness and attention that a mother cares for her baby.

1. It chills wine to its most agreeable temperature.
2. It chills it without ice – so that both bottle and label remain dry.
3. It takes a wine to perfect serving temperature in just 10 minutes – and will keep it there for as long as 5 hours!

No longer need you keep wine in your refrigerator – where it can become over-chilled. No longer need you worry about the label's becoming soggily unsightly or slipping off. And, because the bottle does stay dry, no longer need you wrap it in a napkin when you serve it.

And now you can de-cork the bottle and let the wine "breathe" before chilling it – the best way to bring it to its fullest flavor.

This unique wine chiller is superbly crafted by Glacierware – the company that makes a number of iceless chillers for spirits and beer as well as wine. Full directions for proper use accompany every bucket.

The bucket and its patented chilling units are guaranteed to remain intact for as long as you use them – or they will be replaced. Buckets come in Burgundy, Ebony or Wedgewood Blue. Use coupon below to order.

glacierware wine chiller

THE PLEASANTVILLE PLAN, LTD., Dept. 91, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

Send me a Glacierware Wine Chiller in Burgundy ( ), Ebony ( ), Wedgewood Blue ( ). I enclose check ( ), money order ( ) for $24.95 plus $2.00 each for shipping. (New York residents add 5% sales tax.) Or – charge to my VISA ( ), Amex ( ), Master-charge ( ) Card No._____ which expires_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____.

Or order toll free 1-800-243-5676 – 24 Hours per Day – 7 Days per Week
(Connecticut residents call 1-800-882-5577)

Western, Central, Eastern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bold talk for a one-eyed fat man!"

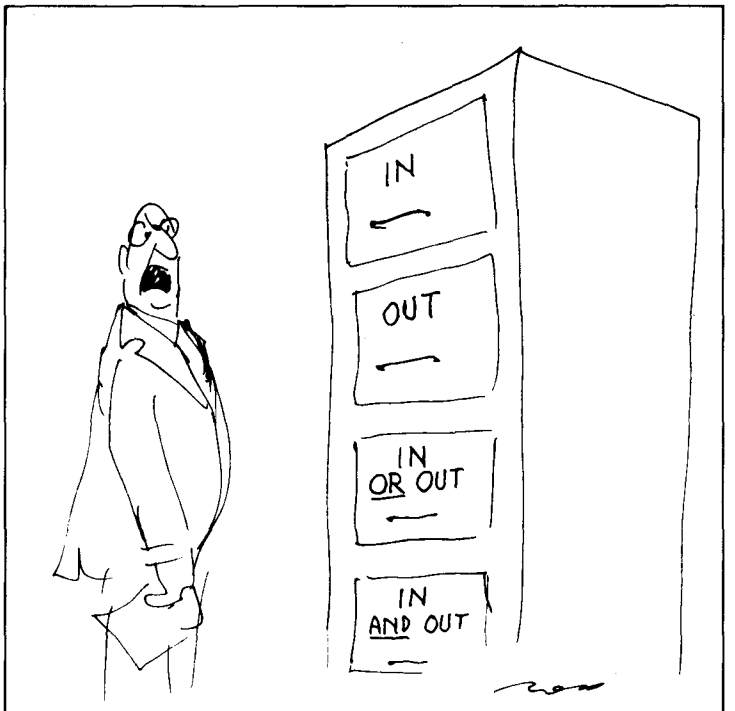
Rooster said, "Fill your hand, you son of a bitch!" and he took the reins in his teeth and pulled the other saddle revolver and drove his spurs into the flanks of his strong horse, Bo, and charged directly at the bandits. It was a sight to see. The four bandits accepted the challenge and they likewise pulled their arms and charged their ponies ahead.

It was some daring move on the part of the marshal whose manliness and grit I had doubted. No grit? Rooster Cogburn? *Not much!*

LaBoeuf instinctively brought his rifle up, but then he relaxed it and did not fire. He said, "They are too far and they are moving too fast."

I believe the bandits began firing first, although the din and smoke were of such a sudden, general nature that I cannot be sure. I do know that the marshal rode for them in so determined and unwavering a course that the bandits broke their line ere he reached them and raced through them, his revolvers blazing, and he not aiming with the sights but only pointing the barrels and snapping his head from side to side to bring his good eye into play.

Harold Permalee was the first to go down. He flung his shotgun in the air and clutched at his neck and was thrown backward over the rump of his horse. The Original Greaser Bob rode wider than the others and he lay flat on his horse and escaped clear. Farrell Permalee was hit and a moment later his horse went down with a broken leg and Farrell was dashed violently forward to his death.



"Miss Fenton!"

Rooster, as we thought, came through the ordeal with no injury, but in fact he had caught several shotgun pellets in his face and shoulders, and his horse was mortally struck. The big horse fell to the side and Rooster under him.

The field remained to Lucky Ned Pepper. His left arm hung limp and useless, but he held a revolver in his right hand. Rooster had lost his revolvers in the fall, and he was struggling to pull his belt gun, which was trapped to the ground under the weight of horse and rider.

Lucky Ned Pepper nudged his pony forward in a trot and bore down on the helpless officer.

LaBoeuf quickly stirred beside me and assumed a sitting position with the Sharps rifle, his elbows locked against his knees. He took only a second to draw a bead and fire the powerful gun. The ball flew to its mark like a martin to his gourd, and Lucky Ned Pepper fell dead in the saddle. The distance covered by LaBoeuf's wonderful shot at the moving rider was over 600 yards. I am prepared to swear an affidavit to it.

"Hurrah!" I joyfully exclaimed. "Some bully shot!" LaBoeuf was pleased with himself and he reloaded his rifle.

LaBoeuf (and I, too) was distracted for a dangerous moment in appreciation of the timely rifle shot that saved Rooster Cogburn's life. Tom Chaney, seizing the occasion, picked up a rock about the size of a new cooking pumpkin and broke LaBoeuf's head with it.

The Texan fell over with a groan. I screamed and hastened to my feet and backed away, bringing my pistol to bear once again on Tom Chaney, who was scrambling after the Sharps rifle.

I hurriedly cocked the hammer and pulled the trigger. The charge exploded and sent a lead ball of justice, too long delayed, into the criminal head of Tom Chaney.

Yet I was not to taste the victory. The kick of the big pistol sent me reeling backward. I had forgotten about the *pit* behind me! Over the edge I went, then tumbling and bouncing against the irregular sides, and all the while I was grabbing wildly for something and finding nothing. I struck the bottom with a thump that fairly dazed me. The wind was knocked from my lungs and I lay still for a moment until I had regained my breath.

I had thought myself to be lying down, but when I made to get up I found I was stuck upright in a small hole, the lower part of my body wedged in tight between mossy rocks. I was caught like a cork in a bottle!

My right arm was pinned against my side and I could not pull it free. When I tried to use my left hand to push myself out of the hole I saw with a shock that the forearm was bent in an unnatural attitude. The arm was broken and I had but little grasping power.

It was cold and dark down there, though not totally dark. A slender column of sunshine came down from above and ended in a small pool of light some three or four feet away on the stone floor of the cavern.

I saw on the rocks about me a few sticks and bits of paper. I also saw the corner of a man's blue cotton shirt, the rest of it being obscured by shadow. There were no snakes about. Thank goodness for that!

I summoned my strength and cried out, "Help!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LaBoeuf! Can you hear me?" No word or reply came. I did not know if the Texan were alive or dead. All I heard was a low roaring of the wind above and dripping noises behind me and some faint cheeps and squeaks.

I renewed my effort to break free but the vigorous movement made me slip a bit farther down in the mossy hole. I stopped maneuvering lest I drop right through the hole to what depths of blackness I could only imagine. My legs swung free below and my jeans were bunched up so that portions of bare leg were exposed. I felt something brush against one of my legs and I thought: *Bats!*

Surely someone would come. The thing was to hold tight. At least there were no snakes. I settled on this course: I would give cries for help every five minutes. I told numbers to measure the time.

I had not counted far when my body slipped down appreciably and with panic in my breast I realized that the moss which gripped me in a tight seal was tearing loose. I looked about for something to hold to, broken arm or not, but my hand found only slick and featureless planes of rock. I was going through. It was a matter now of time.

A wedge! That was what I needed. Something to stuff in the hole with me to make the cork fit more snugly. Or a long stick to pass under my arm.

I cast my eyes about for something suitable. The few sticks lying about were none of them long enough or stout enough for my purpose. If only I could reach the blue shirt! It would be just the thing for packing. With a stick I managed to bring the shirttail within reach. Weakened as my hand was, I got a purchase on the cloth with thumb and finger and pulled it out of the dark. It was unexpectedly heavy. Something was attached to it.

Suddenly I jerked my hand away as though from a hot stove. The *something* was the corpse of a man! Or more properly, a skeleton. He was wearing the shirt. I did nothing for a minute, so frightful and astonishing was the discovery.

I soon recovered my wits. *I am falling. I need that shirt.* Thus I took hold of the garment again and snatched it toward me with such sharp force as I could muster. My arm seized up with a stab of pain and I let go.

One more pull and I would have the body close enough so that I could work the shirt free. As I made ready for the job my eyes were attracted to something—movement?—within the cavity formed by the curving gray ribs. I leaned over for a closer look. *Snakes! A ball of snakes!* I had disturbed their sleep in their curious winter quarters and now, more or less conscious, they had begun to move and detach themselves from the tangle.

I felt some more of the binding moss give way and at the same time I saw that some of the snakes were crawling out through the man's ribs. *Lord help me!*

I set my teeth and took hold of the bony hand that stuck forth from the blue shirt sleeve. I gave a "yank" and pulled the man's arm clean away from the shoulder. I grasped it at the elbow and proceeded to use it as a flail to keep the snakes at bay. "Here, get away!" said I, slapping at them with the bony hand. This was well enough except that the agitation only caused them to be more active. In trying to keep them away, I was at the same time stirring them up!

I heard noises above. A shower of pebbles came cascading down. "Help!" I cried out. "I am down here!" I saw drops of something spattering on a rock in front of me. It was blood. "Hurry up!" I yelled. "There are snakes and skeletons down here!"

A man's voice called down, saying, "I warrant there will be another one before spring! A little spindly one!"

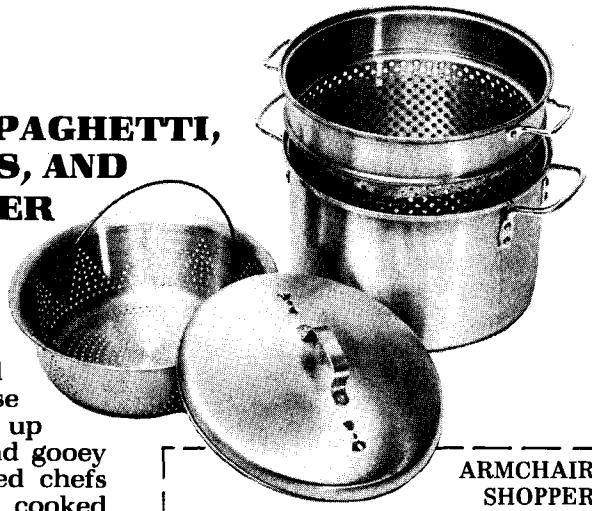
It was the voice of Tom Chaney! I had not yet made a good job of killing him!

"Throw me a rope, Tom! You cannot be mean enough to leave me!"

"You say you don't like it?"

Then I heard a shout and the sounds of a scuffle and a dreadful crunch, which was Rooster Cogburn's rifle stock smashing the wounded head of Tom Chaney. There followed a furious rush of rocks and dust. The light was blocked off and I made out a large

TASTIEST SPAGHETTI, VEGETABLES, AND RICE YOU EVER COOKED



Meet the culinary challenge of rice and spaghetti, both, those devils which come up soggy and heavy and gooey even for experienced chefs on occasion when cooked in water. Steam results in fluffy, tasty, dry-but-not-too-dry, rice or spaghetti retaining all the natural flavor and nutrients. You'll be hailed as the masta of the pasta and the spice of the rice! Four-piece set, capacity 8 quarts, weight 4½ lbs., made of heavy-guage aluminum. Price: $22.95

ARMCHAIR SHOPPER
P.O. Box 1144
Indianapolis, IN 46206

Please send ____ Gourmet Steamer Pan(s) at $22.95 each plus $2.50 postage & handling. (Allow 3 weeks for delivery.)

□ Check enclosed □ Visa □ Master Charge

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax I9

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

object hurtling down toward me. It was the body of Tom Chaney.

He fell directly upon the skeleton, scattering the puzzled rattlesnakes every which way. They were all about me and I commenced striking at them with such abandon that my body dropped free through the hole. *Gone!*

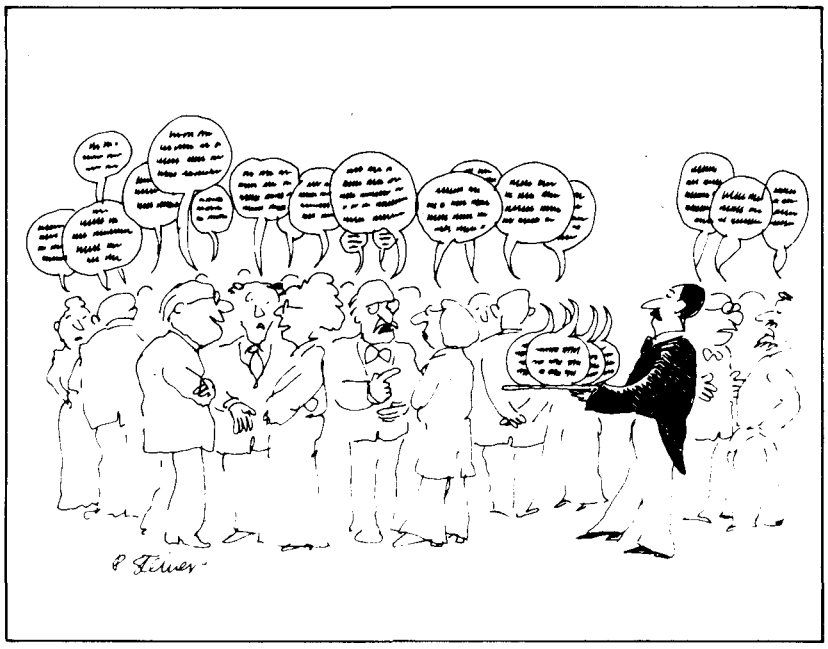
No! Checked short! I was shakily suspended in space by the bone under my armpit. Bats flew up past my face and the ones below were carrying on like a treeful of sparrows at sundown. Only my head and my left arm and shoulder now remained above the hole.

Rooster's voice came booming down, saying, "Are you all right?"

"No! I am in a bad way! Hurry up! There are snakes all about my head!"

"Hold on! Hold on!" came another voice. It was LaBoeuf. The Texan had survived the blow.

One of the smaller snakes approached my hand and rubbed his nose against it. I felt a sting and I saw the little snake pulling his head away from my hand, an amber drop of venom on his mouth. He had bitten me.



Now here came Rooster with a rope looped around his waist and his feet against the sides of the pit, descending in great violent leaps. He landed with a heavy bump and then it seemed he was doing everything at once. He grasped the collar of my coat and shirt behind my neck and heaved me up from the hole with one hand, at the same time kicking at snakes and shooting them with his belt revolver. The noise was deafening and made my head ache.

Rooster harnessed the rope tightly under my arms and shouted up to the Texan, saying, "Take the rope, LaBoeuf! Mattie is hurt! I want you to pull her up in easy stages!"

LaBoeuf replied, "I will do what I can!"

In a matter of minutes he had fastened the rope to a pony. "I am ready!" the Texan called down to us. "Take a good hold!"

"Go!" said Rooster.

He had looped the rope about his hips and once around his waist. He held me with the other arm. We were jerked from our feet and went up in bounds.

Sunlight and blue sky! I was so weak that I lay upon the ground and could not speak. I blinked my eyes to accommodate them to the brightness and I saw that LaBoeuf was sitting with his bloody head in his hands and gasping from his labors in driving the horse. Then I saw the horse. It was Little Blackie! The scrub pony had saved us!

Rooster looked at my hand and pulled his dirk knife and cut the place around the snake bite to scarify it. He squeezed blood from it and took some smoking tobacco and hurriedly chewed it into a cud and rubbed it over the wound to draw the poison. Then he tied the cud of tobacco on top of my hand with a rag. He said, "Can you walk?"

"Yes, I think so," said I. Rooster helped me along and placed me in the saddle astride Little Blackie. He bound my feet to the stirrups and with another length of rope he tied my waist to the saddle. Then he mounted beside me.

He said to LaBoeuf, "I will send help as soon as I can. Don't wander off."

I said, "We are not leaving him?"

Rooster said, "I must get you to a doctor, sis, or you are not going to make it." He said to LaBoeuf as an afterthought, "I am in your debt for that shot, pard."

The Texan said nothing and we left him there, holding his head. Rooster spurred Blackie away and the faithful pony stumbled and skidded down the steep and brushy hill where prudent horsemen led their mounts.

Despite the load, Blackie held his head high and ran like the wind, perhaps sensing the urgency of the mission. Rooster spurred and whipped him without let. I soon passed away in a faint.

When I regained my senses, I realized we had slowed. Heaving and choking for breath, Blackie was yet giving us all he had. I cannot say how many miles we had ridden full out. Poor lathered beast! Rooster whipped and whipped.

"Stop!" I said. "We must stop! He is played out!" Rooster paid me no heed. Blackie stumbled and made to stop, but Rooster took his dirk knife and cut a brutal slash on the pony's withers. "Stop it! Stop it!" I cried. Little Blackie squealed and burst forth in a run under the stimulation of the pain. I wrestled for the reins but Rooster slapped my hands away. I was crying and yelling. When Blackie slowed again, Rooster took salt from his pocket and rubbed the wound with it and the pony leaped forward as before. In a very few minutes this torture was mercifully ended. Blackie fell to the ground and died, his brave heart burst and mine broken. There never lived a nobler pony.

No sooner were we down than Rooster was cutting me free. He ordered me to climb upon his back. Now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rooster himself began to run, or jog as it were under the load, and his breath came hard. Once more I lost my senses.

I have no recollection of the stop at the Poteau River where Rooster commandeered a wagon and a team of mules from a party of hunters at gunpoint. Night had fallen when we reached Fort Smith. We rode into town in a drizzle of cold rain and I remember being carried into the home of Dr. J. R. Medill.

I was in a stupor for days. The broken bone was set and an open splint was fixed along my forearm. My hand swelled and turned black, and then my wrist. On the third day Dr. Medill gave me a dose of morphine and amputated the arm just above the elbow with a little surgical saw.

I remained in the doctor's home for something over a week after the operation. Rooster called on me twice but I was so sick and "dopey" that I made poor company. He told me the posse of marshals had found LaBoeuf, and that the officer had refused to leave the place until he had recovered the body of Tom Chaney. He left for Texas with the corpse of the man on whose trail he had camped for so long.

As I say, I was quite sick and it was not until I had been home for a few days that I fully recovered my faculties. It came to me that I had not paid Rooster the balance of the money I had promised him when I hired him. I wrote a check for $75 and put it in an envelope and asked Lawyer Daggett to mail it to Rooster.

I wrote Rooster a letter and invited him to visit us. He replied with a short note that looked like one of his vouchers, saying he would try to stop by when next he took prisoners to Little Rock. I concluded he would not come and I made plans to go there when I had the use of my legs.

But I never got the chance to visit him. Not three weeks after we had returned from the Winding Stair Mountains, Rooster found himself in trouble over a gun duel he fought in Fort Gibson, Cherokee Nation. Pressure was brought and Rooster made to surrender his federal badge. He took his cat, General Sterling Price, and went to San Antonio, Texas, where he found work as a range detective for a stockmen's association.

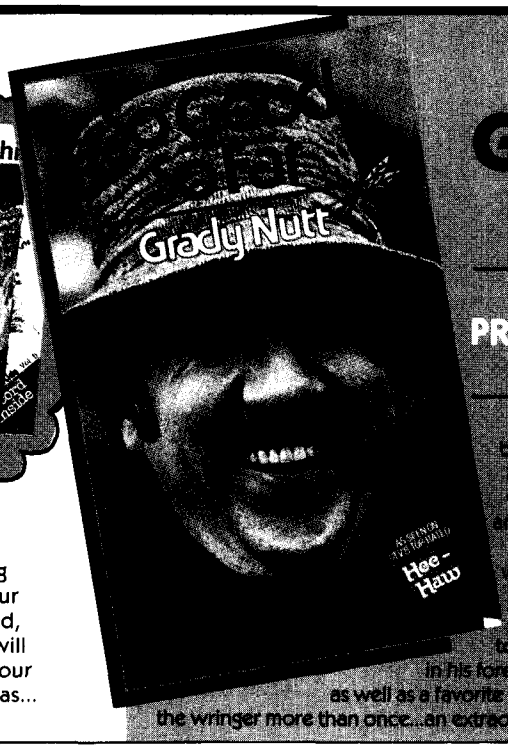
From time to time I got bits of news about him, not directly but only by rumor. Twice I wrote the stockmen's association in San Antonio. The letters were not returned but neither were they answered. Then in the early 1890s, when I was beginning to make good money from the bank I owned, I learned he had gone north to Wyoming with a reckless character named Tom Smith, where they were hired by stock owners to terrorize thieves and people called nesters. It was a sorry business, I am told, and I fear Rooster did himself no credit there.

In late May of 1903 my brother, Little Frank, sent me a cutting from *The Commercial Appeal* in Memphis. It was an advertisement for the Cole Younger and Frank James Wild West show that was coming to play in the Memphis Chicks' baseball park. Down in the smaller type at the bottom of the notice Little Frank had circled the following:

Continued on page 88

WHILE VISIONS OF SUMMERTIME DANCE IN THEIR HEADS...

...with Dottie Rambo's new Creek Bank Kids books. Based on the children's musical, **DOWN BY THE CREEK BANK,** The Creek Bank Kids books will bring back all the warm sunny days of summertime to your child. Bright lyrical tunes on the 45 rpm enclosed, colorful illustrations, and games and puzzles will combine to enchant your child. Give your children a gift of summer this Christmas... give them the Creek Bank Kids books.



MEET GRADY NUTT

HEE HAW'S PRIME MINISTER OF HUMOR!

For Grady Nutt, life has been **so good, so far.** In this "progress report," Grady unshells in candid and witty ways his life and the very special people who have made it what it is—FUN! Ralph Edwards, who introduced Grady to national television, says in his foreword: "This book wears as well as a favorite shirt that's been through the wringer more than once...an extraordinary autobiography."

New by IMPACT Books A division of The Benson Company • Order now! Or purchase through your local bookstore.

_____**Down By The Creek Bank** M0501 Vol. 1 $3.95
_____**Being Me** M0506 Vol. 2 $3.95
_____**Germs** M0500 Vol. 3 $3.95
_____**Fill In The Blanks** M0624 Vol. 4 $3.95
_____**Is There Anything I Can Do For You?** M0607 Vol. 5 $3.95
_____**Puzzles** M0608 Vol. 6 $3.95
_____**So Good, So Far** M0510 $5.95

(Add 50c postage for each book ordered)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

MAIL TO: The Benson Company /365 Great Circle Road/Nashville, Tennessee 37228

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music madonna Jeannie C. Riley's fondness for children (and her soft touch with a lullaby) kept our baby model Krista Lyn Beaty in good humor while posing for our Christmas cover. Her newest album, "Wings to Fly," is "taking off" with gospel fans.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACE IN THE VALLEY AT LAST

Gone are the boots, miniskirt and sassy image that once were the trademarks of this Harper Valley PTA girl. Today Jeannie C. Riley sings a new song with an equally high-spirited message.

by Holly Miller

Jeannie C. Riley sipped a mug of black coffee in a futile effort to revive herself from a grueling road tour that had paused the day before and would resume the next. Her voice was husky from "doing more shows than a human being ought to," and she apologized for the "tired lines" between her eyebrows, invisible to everyone but herself.

Outside the window, Nashville, Tennessee, sweltered as Indian summer played its swan song in Music City, U.S.A. Inside the Benson Company's spacious offices—Jeannie's recording home since she launched her gospel record career a few months ago—the muffled sound of a piano came and went with the opening and closing of a door to some distant practice studio.

The time was September, but the subject was Christmas . . . not just any Christmas, but that one favorite year that occurs in everyone's life and stands apart from all others . . . that special Christmas when everything comes together and seems just right. Even perfect.

For Jeannie, the most important gift under the tree that year —her year—was a camera. Once unwrapped, it was pressed into immediate service because every moment deserved a picture and every action was too important to be left to memory.

"It was 1974," recalled Jeannie, whispering into a tape recorder to preserve vocal cords left raspy from four months of solid road bookings with five performances weekly and hundreds of miles separating each concert.

"Most people would probably choose as their favorite Christmas one from childhood, when they went over the river and through the woods on a sled to grandmother's house," she laughed. "Mine wasn't like that. Mine was a redemptive Christmas."

Offstage, but still in the spotlight, Jeannie chats with another country lady, Rosalyn Carter. Her soon-to-be-published autobiography, From Harper Valley to the Mountaintop, *will recount her experiences as a celebrity.*

But the roots of Christmas 1974 actually wind back to grandmother's house and to earlier holidays spent in the small town of Anson in the dusty flatlands of West Texas. In those days, Jeannie Carolyn Stephenson, her sister and parents used to travel not by sled but in an old pickup truck to celebrate Christmas with Grandmother and Grandfather Moore and an assortment of passersby. World War II was over, the Great Depression had left behind a wise and frugal populace, and the southern Bible Belt had spawned a bumper crop of itinerant preachers to lend a hand and a word during the country's rebuilding period. Grandpa Moore was one of them.

"My mother's daddy was a Nazarene minister and the Lord blessed him with a lot of children, a good wife, good health and plenty of food for the table. He didn't pastor a church; he just kind of thumbed around to what he called the 'highways, byways and hedges.' Somehow we always were fed well. The bowl was never quite empty and there was usually enough to go around with some to spare. At Christmas time my grandparents drew extra people who didn't have any family. Everyone involved in that kind of ministry knew each other and whenever they hitchhiked through town they'd land at Grandpa Moore's house."

She laughed. "It was fun, but I remember the food was always cold by the time Grandpa got through praying."

If Jeannie's religion is rooted in her early childhood, so is her mu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sic. Bedridden at age ten with rheumatic fever, she entertained herself by listening to the radio and memorizing lyrics to the up-tempo bluegrass standards and plaintive country ballads that were the mainstay of the local station's programming. Her ability to belt out a song was kept under wraps until high school when she began participating in amateur-night get-togethers around Jones County. The response? Audiences loved Jeannie and she returned the compliment.

But thrilling folks in Anson, Texas, is not synonymous with wowing the sophisticated fans in Nashville, Tennessee, hub of the country music industry. Could she make the transition? Her high school sweetheart whom she married shortly before graduation thought she could. It took him three years to convince her to find out. In 1966, Jeannie and Mickey Riley shoehorned their meager possessions into a U-Haul, tucked a baby bed into the back seat of their 1957 Chevy for daughter Kim, and headed North.

What followed were two years of taking one professional step forward and two back. Just when she was assured a job as female vocalist with a road show bound for Europe, the tour was cancelled. When a recording contract seemed only a signature away, a company executive had second thoughts. Finally, while Jeannie was working as a secretary on Music Row and Mickey was pumping gas at a local service station, the break came. A record producer decided to mix two unknown quantities—the voice of Jeannie C. Riley, which he had heard on a demo record, and a song by Tom T. Hall called "Harper Valley PTA"—and see what would happen.

The result was simultaneous combustion.

"I knew I had cut a hit before I ever left the studio," recalled Jeannie. "I phoned my mother in Texas and told her I'd just recorded the nation's next number-one single. The following night I called her back and told her to forget what I'd said about 'Harper Valley' selling a million—it was going to sell at least three!"

Her estimate was conservative. The sock-it-to-'em tale of a mini-skirted feminist exposing the hypocrisy of Harper Valley's upper crust struck a chord with Americans, and some five million rushed out to buy copies. Jeannie was packaged and touted as the personification of the girl in the song . . . brassy, bold and sexy.

"I felt uncomfortable with the sassiness, the mini-skirt, boots and sex-object thing, but I fell into the rut of that image because I had nothing better to give at the time."

Success brought offers for guest shots on major television shows, concert dates and more recording sessions. Suddenly the girl who remembered her mother waiting "twenty years for the GE steam-and-dry iron to be marked down to $6.98 before she bought one," could afford to press the wrinkles out of the entire west side of Texas.

But there were casualties, too. Her marriage foundered and finally ended in 1971. Looking back, she claims she was caught in the "glory trap" which often accompanies the kind of fame that comes too fast and too soon.

"When I was at my busiest I didn't have time to live with myself. I could push consciousness aside, saying, 'I don't have time to think about it; the camera's rolling, the microphone's turned on.' Once I slowed down I couldn't face the void that was there."

Holidays were the hardest. Even in booming Nashville, cameras grind to a halt and microphones are silent at Christmas. It's a time when tour buses head home and the most recognizable celebrities seek the rejuvenating anonymity of home and family.

"Christmas was the worst time of all. Even though I loved the candles, the smell of the tree and the excitement of rushing around with packages, there was a real void in my life. Holidays represent a time when a family should be together in celebration, and my family was apart. I was always glad when the season was over and I could get back to normal and not be reminded of what I didn't have in my life."

Jeannie and Mickey remained close friends after the divorce. Both were devoted to daughter Kim, who was equally devoted to the cause of reuniting her parents. During the holidays the Rileys would take turns celebrating with Kim. If Mickey took her to Texas for Christmas, Jeannie would stage an early observance in Tennessee. The next year would find Mickey scheduling a pre-holiday celebration and Jeannie and her daughter together on the 25th. This rotation system continued for five years.

Then came the Christmas of 1974.

Jeannie's package of country and gospel selections pulls an enthusiastic response from the family-oriented audience of Cincinnati's 700 Club.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mickey called to see if I was going to let Kim go to Texas. I asked, 'How about me going too?' He said, 'You're kidding!' "

Again, they celebrated twice, but this time together. At Christmas number one in Tennessee, Mickey gave Jeannie a camera. She snapped 20 rolls of film because she was "so happy, everything seemed important enough to deserve a picture." Then it was on to Texas to face her former in-laws whom she hadn't seen in years.

"I was very much separated from his family and hadn't been to their house for five Christmases. When I walked in it was as if I had never been gone. There was no condemnation because I had divorced Mickey, and no one treated me like a stranger. It was just like the first Christmas I ever had with them but with a bunch of things added. I had seen the grass is not greener up yonder someplace, and it gave me the idea that I wanted to be back as a part of this family. I believe now that God is kind enough not only to work in our present and future, but He's also able to reach into the past and cut out the wasted years and stitch up our lives in such a way that even the scars eventually are removed."

Mickey and Jeannie were officially reunited the next month in a wedding ceremony witnessed by Kim, a very proud flower girl. Jeannie now jokes that her name is Jeannie C. Riley-Riley. But the "new" Mrs. Riley is far wiser than her predecessor.

"My career isn't in first place in my life at all. It's not even second. There are some people who are constantly on top because their one goal is to further their career. Oh, my goodness, I know what that can get you."

At age 34, Jeannie is looking, sounding and feeling better than ever. A renewal of faith (she became a born-again Christian in 1972) has been a settling influence in her life and has opened up a new career—that of a gospel singer and songwriter. Her first country-gospel album, "Wings to Fly" is a blend of the best of both worlds. One trade magazine raved, "This is the best album Jeannie C. Riley has ever done, and it is one of the finest country and gospel records to come out of Nashville in many, many years."

Appearances with peers such as Tennessee Ernie Ford and Kay Starr are rewarding, but Jeannie envisions semi-retirement from road travel and more full gospel engagements. "I'd like to do what Dale Evans does," she says, "a little entertainment mixed with greater things."

But one remnant of her "old" life hangs over her. Only recently has Jeannie found peace in the valley. Harper Valley, that is.

"After I became a Christian you wouldn't believe how uncomfortable I was with that song. I wanted to fall through the stage every time I sang it, and I begged the Lord to give me another drawing card. I'd clung to it like a crutch for so long that I thought if I threw it away, took it out of the show, He might give me something else. But He's shown me not to dread the song or be apologetic for it."

Now she sees "Harper Valley PTA" as a story with a scriptural message. The hypocrisy uncovered among Harper Valley residents reminds Jeannie of the woman in the Bible who is caught in the act of adultery and is about to be stoned by the mob. Jesus calms the accusers by calling attention back to themselves. They drop their stones and walk away.

"That's the message I need to derive from Harper Valley," she said. "I did a crusade last summer in Oklahoma and the audience asked me to sing the song. I did, and I was able to use it as the basis of a sermon."

Still, she prays for a new "drawing card," which, in the music business, can be translated to mean a hit. She's not interested in the material trappings that accompany a song on the charts, but would like more people to hear her music and be influenced by her message, which is low-key and genuine.

"When I was an early Christian I was just as guilty as anyone of leading horses to water and then sitting on their heads to make them drink. I used to think if I had a 10-minute conversation with anybody it was a wasted encounter if the Lord's name wasn't mentioned. Now I've learned to point the way to water whenever I have the chance, but that's all I can do. I kind of listen for the Spirit and sometimes He says, 'Be quiet.' "

A hit now would be easier to handle than it was eleven years ago when Jeannie "socked it to" the Harper Valley PTA and strutted her way into country music history. Professionally, her natural ability to sing has been refined with time and experience. Today, she is capable of wringing more emotion out of a song than any singer since Edith Piaf. Personally, she has the strength to accept whatever tack her career might take. She even jokes about the peaks, and yes, the valleys that she's traveled since the Rileys' '57 Chevy sputtered and bucked its way to Nashville, Tennessee. Her delivery is pure country, but her message is eloquent: "The Lord has given me enough success to keep me from feeling totally empty of fulfillment, but He hasn't given me enough to spoil me." ☒

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

It was Christmas Eve and they had sacrificed their most prized possessions for the perfect gift.

by O. Henry

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within 20 seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran,

Jim was stunned. Della's long hair had rippled and shone like a cascade of brown waters, and now it was gone. "Don't look at me that way," she cried. "I'm still me."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

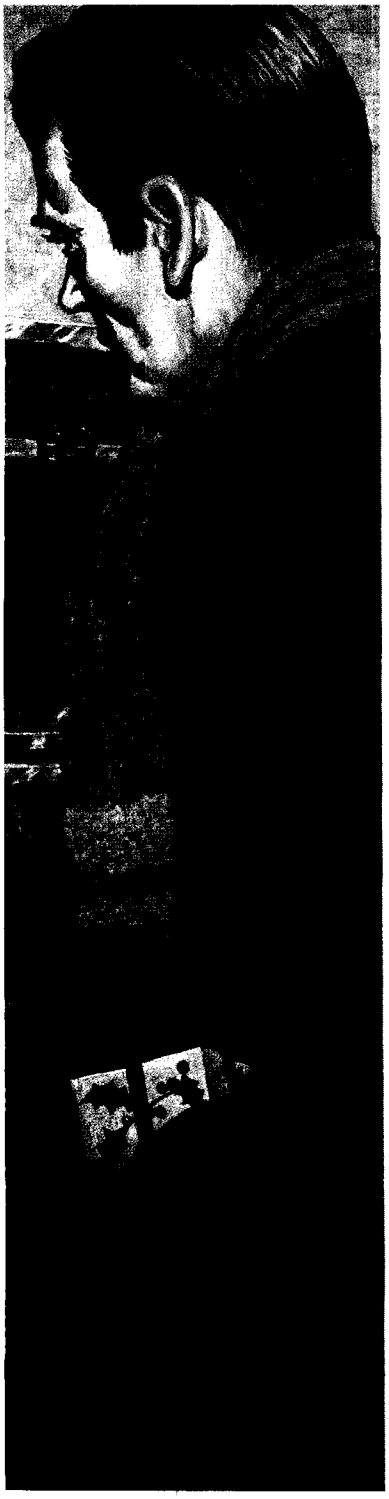
Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.



When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! What could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only 22—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a

Continued on page 119

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

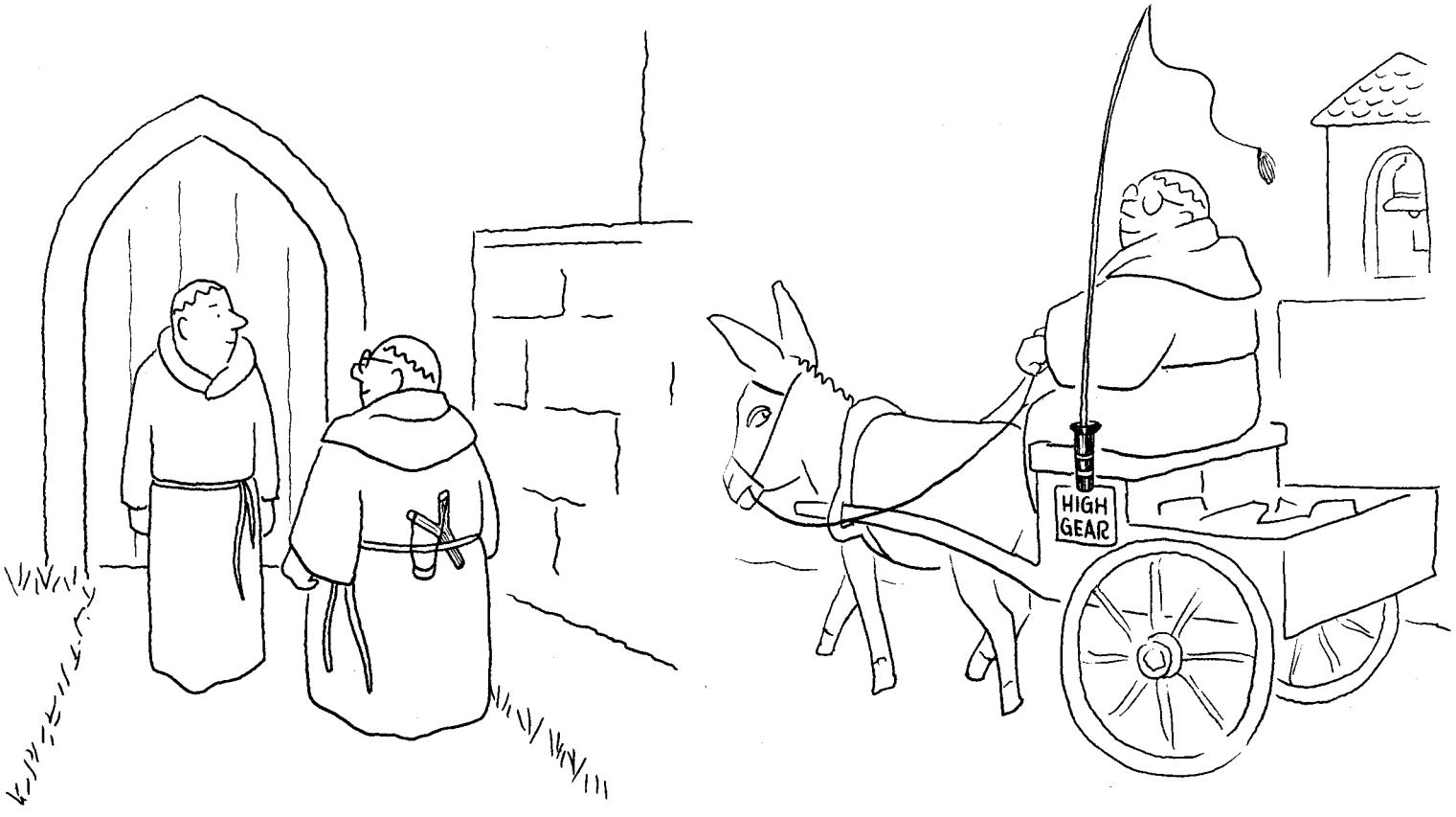
"CALLING BROTHER SEBASTIAN"

With Chon Day's altar ego still at large, where there's smoke, there's bound to be a little friar.

"I can't even use my initials," laments Chauncey Addison Day.

So he signs his drawings Chon Day, and for 50 years he's cartooned his way across the pages of virtually every major magazine in the U.S., including, of course, the *Post*, to which he sold his first panel in 1934. ("It was pretty lousy," he says.)

The National Cartoonists' Society has thrice voted him Gag Cartoonist of the Year, he's published six books, and the Rhode Island Heritage Hall of Fame inducted him in 1969.



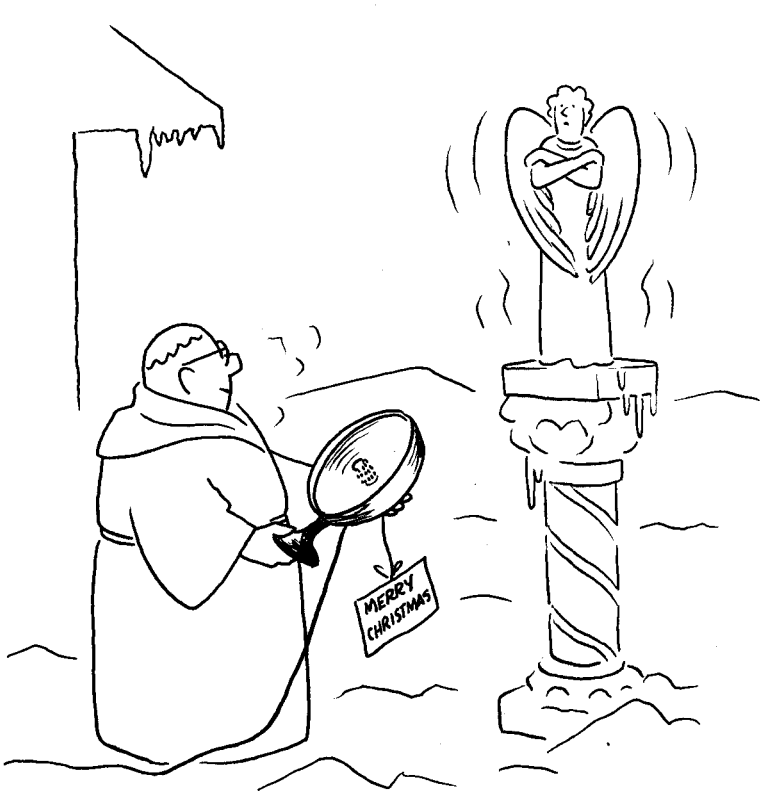
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

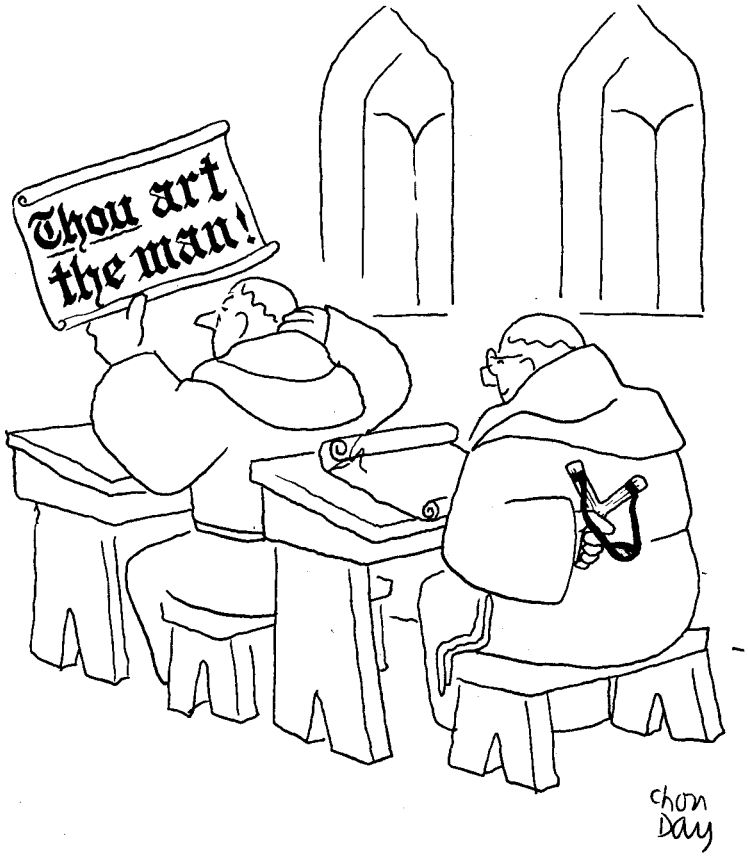
But older readers may best remember Chon as the mischievous pen behind Brother Sebastian, the lovable character who was regularly featured in the old *Look* magazine until it, along with the old *Post* and *Life*, suffered the vicissitudes of a depressed economy and folded.

Brother Sebastian, who, according to Chon, "still has quite a following," predates his nonsecular colleague, Brother Juniper. As Chon tells it, Brother Juniper's creator, Father Mac, "sent me a lot of drawings and wanted my opinion of them. I had already gotten underway with Brother Sebastian when I wrote Father Mac that he was working too hard on them and that he should throw that crow quill pen away and maybe use a crayon or a heavy line. Next thing I knew, he'd signed up for a nice, big contract."

We asked Chon if he modeled Brother Sebastian after anyone: "No, but I've heard tell that if a cartoonist draws enough, then he finally draws himself. And that *is* my handle on the CB—'Brother S.' "

Keep on truckin', good buddy.





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

"Take my wife—please!" is still the tongue-in-cheek motto for riders on the marriage-go-round. But don't try to beat the seven-year itch with a pinch of garden pesticide.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Jared Lee

Statistics showing marriage and divorce rates in this country running neck and neck may be startling to some—particularly the single people. And they may well be asking how come so many couples who voluntarily, in most cases, joined their plights in holy matrimony (or however that goes) are now taking their mates for worse rather than for better.

Well, my wife and I vulcanized our futures on Dec. 7, 1941. (Or was that the beginning of our war with Japan? I get the dates confused.) And, in all fairness, I can think of maybe one or two excuses I have given her for running back to her mother. Counterclockwise, I can also come up with a couple dozen reasons why I could be excused for running off to Rio with my secretary and the contents of the company cookie jar.

Take just a simple little example that occurred only a few days ago. I came back from town with a can of "Five Percent Sevin" to dust on my Crenshaw melons. Going into the bedroom to slip into my gardening clothes, I set the can of dusting powder on the vanity. My wife at the same time dashed in from her bath, late for an appointment. Could I help it if her can of body powder and my can of Sevin looked so much alike?

"Look at the bright side, dear," I said. "At least this season you won't be bothered with aphids, thrips, Japanese beetles or Mexican leafhoppers." I rattled off a number of other pests I had saved her from, but it didn't help. She still glares at me whenever she scratches, which is frequently.

Apart from singular episodes of this nature, there are three main reasons for divorce, the predominant one being marriage. The other two are money and sex, with sex now going under the guise of incompatibility. (Or, as in the bumper sticker, "There would be fewer divorces if he had more income and she was more pattible.")

Divorce doesn't occur at the drop of a hat, or a pair of shoes at 3 o'clock in the morning when he was due home from bowling at 10 p.m. Nor is it the wife shooting 30 bucks for a bag of groceries she can carry home in her teeth or pleading headache on their anniversary night that causes a man to haul out his suitcase and yell, "Okay, Nora, I've had it!" The crumbling marriage (and you might want to write this down, in case your old high school should ask you for a motto to inscribe across the front of the new gym), the crumbling marriage, I say, is built upon the grains of quicksand accumulated over the years of attrition from the irresistible male ego confronted by the immovable female logic, watered periodically by the tears of the latter.

Mixed in, of course, we find those innocent remarks a husband may make, often in jest, often in haste, often while under the influence, but always tucked away in the memory bank of you-know-who.

In a brief brouhaha one night at a night club I excitedly yelled at an overly ardent inebriate, "Take your hands off my filthy wife!" She has remembered it.

The invitation to our company picnic read, "Bring your own tableware and one hot dish." I said I would take my secretary. She has remembered it.

I once remarked to our preacher that I was content with the simple things in life, and included my wife in the list. She has remembered it.

There is also the tender subject of cooking. The eternal question being, Does a woman's cooking improve or does a husband just get conditioned to it? Some men don't wait to find out. Most suffer in silence and hope for the best. A few add to the divorce rate by having the courage to speak out.

One brave man complained that after three years he was still getting pitch-in meals—one taste and he pitched them in the sink. He was the same fellow who announced he was buying his wife a pair of safety shoes to wear in the kitchen when she baked biscuits. Another one stated that no one could cook like his wife, but the Army came close. He also claimed that natives came clear from Africa just to dip their arrows in her chili. A third now-single chap tried to coax his wife to write a cookbook entitled "*Kamikaze Kooking*." These boys were bucking not only for a divorce but for a transfusion as well.

The nearest I have ever come to taking exception to my wife's kitchen caprices was the night I asked her how come the dishes the dog licked came out cleaner than the ones she did. "Because the dog has a bigger tongue!" she snapped. And when my wife snaps, it's best not to pursue the subject further.

I have noticed—and this is just between us—that a woman tends to cook what *she* likes to eat. My wife likes to eat bacon and tomato sandwiches at least four times a week. Worse, since the price of a pound of bacon is now about what a farmer used to get for a whole hog, she makes a sandwich from a single strip. I have to keep peeking in and moving the bacon forward or the sandwich is over. Unless I want to eat a plain tomato sandwich, which isn't my favorite. But there are too many other irritations to dwell on this one.

My wife, being a nurse and thus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the habit of waking patients to give them a sleeping pill, takes morbid delight in waking me on the sofa and telling me it's time to go to bed. Or, let me be lying there in transcendental meditation before retiring, and she will lay aside her needlepoint, as she did the other night, and out of the blue say, "Do you want to be buried with your glasses on or off?" Sleep is no problem after that—it just can't be done.

Then there is woman's favorite recreation—talking. If John Cameron Swayze wants to put the Timex to a real test, he should tape it to a woman's lower lip. An Oklahoma weatherman once reported his wife could talk 142 words a minute, with gusts up to 180. I haven't timed my wife's rate, but it's enough at times to make my ears smart. Not that she and I don't have words. It's just that I don't have a chance to use mine. Whenever we sit down to have a long talk, she has the long talk, I have a long listen.

Traditionally, a woman is supposed to object to her husband reading the paper at breakfast. My woman prefers it. It eliminates possible oral competition. If I get her to take some of the paper, she reads to me from her section. Thus I keep pretty well informed on white sales, women's fashions and who did what to whom in Ann Landers. But if I want to know which team is leading the American League, I have to ask a boy on a vacant lot (please don't ask me how come a lot is vacant if there's a boy on it).

Another thing, when I do manage to get in a word, it's so edgewise as to be unrecognizable or such a novelty that she pays no attention. The last time I got one in she looked up from her box of chocolate-covered cherries and said, "What were you saying about Dow Jones' earned run average?"

Some wives have curves, most have angles. When mine wants something, or wants to do something which she knows I am too sensible to agree to, she merely broaches the subject and then sits back and lets it ferment in the little wooden keg on my shoulders. She knows it won't be long before I begin thinking it is *my* idea and we'll go ahead with it.

Example: She wanted to go to Hawaii for our umptyfifth anniversary. I wanted to go to McCormick's Creek Park for a weenie roast. The closer it got to Dec. 7 or whatever the date, the clearer I could hear ukulele music and the roar of the surf, not to mention the rustle of grass skirts. (And I

Continued on page 88

A catastrophic situtation: The irresistable male ego meets the immovable female logic. And she will never *forget.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOD AND DR. FRANKLIN

While Benjamin Franklin didn't invent *religious freedom, his support of it and other personal liberties might be his greatest contribution to posterity.*

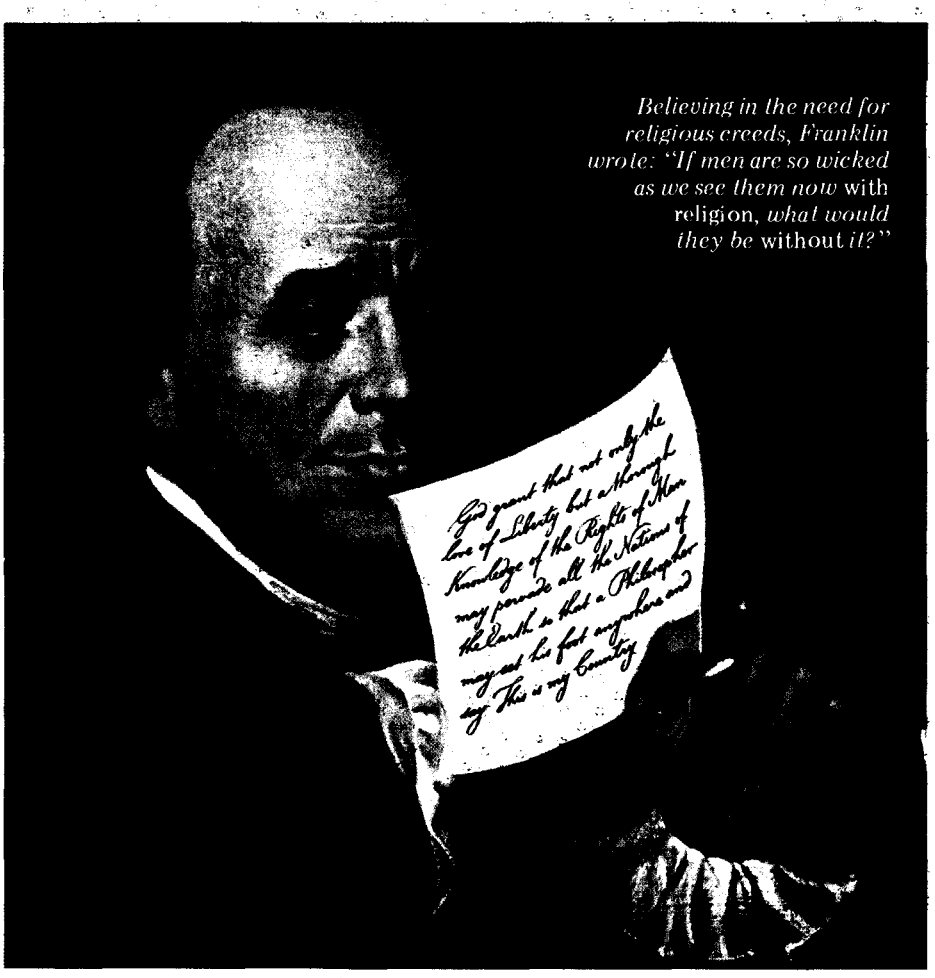
by Frank B. Jones

During his lifetime Benjamin Franklin was the most famous American in the world. His continuing popularity today is unique for he had many powerful enemies while he lived, and since his death a number of potent individuals have spoken out against his philosophies.

History oftentimes has not been kind to many national and international leaders whose names were household words during their lifetimes. Some important personages have grown in stature, and some have lost ground. Some have both gained and lost their popularity. Others have faded into oblivion.

Curiously, Franklin's fame has continued to grow. This could have resulted from the fact that as a philosopher, his understanding of his fellow citizens, together with his ability to express his ideas in writing, when strengthened by a powerful intellect, resulted in his foreseeing some future things.

For instance, the electrical charge now used to divide the atom was first defined by Dr. Franklin. His wide-ranging writings contain a number of predictions of developments to come. Indeed, many have come true. His "homely" style of advising us how to conduct ourselves has retained our interest. His theories of population growth, air warfare, post office practices, and weather forecasting have all developed along the paths he predicted.



Believing in the need for religious creeds, Franklin wrote: "If men are so wicked as we see them now with religion, *what would they be* without *it?"*

During his long lifetime, Dr. Franklin was active on several fronts. His fame as a scientist spread in Europe simultaneously with his reputation as a political theorist and agent for several American colonies in London. Retiring as a successful editor and publisher at the age of 42, he was to spend the next 42 years of his life in full-time service to his evolving country.

His humanistic approach to life, his devotion to friends and family, and his writing ability enabled him to touch the lives of thousands of people—he thus lived in the largest fishbowl of his era. Everyone knew of Dr. Franklin and the ideas he championed.

He kept excellent records which are available to historians. His autobiography has been reprinted innumerable times. He was a man of letters. His 16-year-old mind, which produced a series of remarkable letters, signed by "Silence Dogood" and printed in a Boston newspaper, perhaps led to his running away from home and rejecting his family and his indenture agreement in order to seek his fortune elsewhere.

This boldness of opinion and action characterized Franklin's life. He expressed his opinions for 30 years as an editor and publisher. It was also very characteristic of him to submit letters to his own newspaper and to other publications signed with ficticious names expressing his opinions on popular subjects of the times.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a young man he prepared for himself a personal statement of his ideas about God which he called his "Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion." This statement was the creed and living pattern of how the 22-year-old printer would live his life and thus find his salvation. It was written as a private viewpoint, and in later years he continued to modify it.

As his religious ideas became known, Dr. Franklin came to be asked more and more about his ideas of religion and more specifically, Jesus Christ. What did this remarkably intelligent man think about religion? Was he a Christian? If he believed, did he look down on persons who either believed differently or perhaps did not believe in the existence of God at all? These questions were all asked, discussed, and argued throughout the famous philosopher's life.

Consider Josiah Franklin, Ben's candlemaker father, who undertook the torturous trip with a large family in the new world from the tiny village of Ecton in Northamptonshire, England, where his ancestors had lived for 300 years. Josiah was seeking religious freedom—the right to practice his Protestant puritanical beliefs.

Josiah, recognizing the extraordinary sagacity of his youngest son, at first determined that he should become a minister. Poverty, and perhaps some rebellion on the part of the son, soon caused this to change, and very quickly young Ben found himself indentured to his older brother, with whom he was to learn the printing business and catch a small glimpse of writing and editing. After he ran away to Philadelphia he continued his printing career and began to write down his beliefs.

We have the opportunity to observe the development of Franklin's opinions, including his handling of the religious confrontations of the day, in his newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which he edited and published over a period of 30 years.

Even though he was born and raised a Presbyterian, which in colonial days reflected the Puritan religious spirit, the Philadelphia Franklin began to raise questions on some of the basic tenets of his church. Moreover, he complained of the length and dullness of the sermons of his senior minister.

He openly entered into a heretical trial in defense of the Reverend Samuel Hemphill, a new assistant minister whose quotations of liberal ministers in his sermons infuriated the clerics of the synod. The *Pennsylvania Gazette* carried essays on the dispute by Franklin and letters to the editor that he authored under ficticious names.

Reverend Hemphill, who was not beyond using a little plagiarism in presenting his sermons, eventually lost his battle and was dismissed. However, his defense, largely the product of editor Franklin, leaves us with a good idea of what the editor thought about religion.

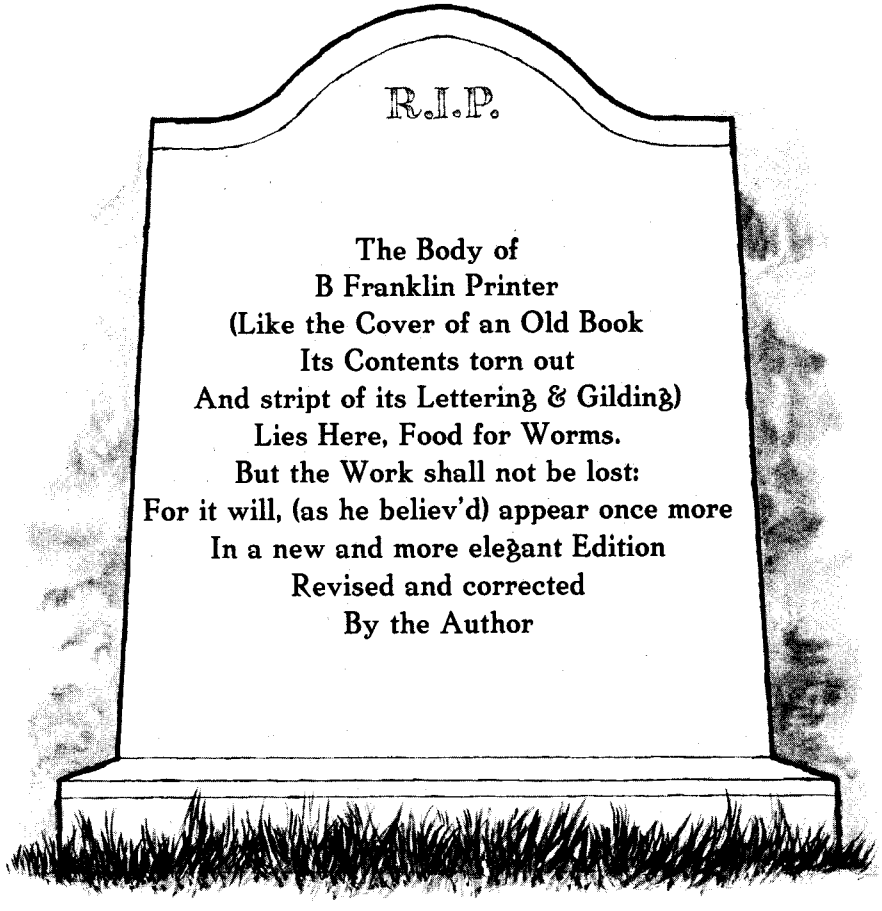
Generally speaking, the Hemphill affair centered around the subject of morality and whether it related to salvation. Franklin's ideas were built around the thought that morality was at the center of the teachings of Jesus and that Jesus was a teacher of morality and virtue. Belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ should not be the only component of salvation.

Franklin wrote: "Morality or virtue is the End, Faith only a means to obtain that end: And if the End be attained, it is no matter by what means." He also commented that lay leaders in the Synod should not let preachers alone interpret the beliefs of the sect.

Doing good in this world came first for Old Ben as is shown when he wrote: "Our Savior's design when coming into this world was to restore mankind to the state of perfection in which Adam was first created."

On other occasions, Franklin used the *Gazette* to express religious opinions which, to some of the colonial citizenry, might have seemed to border on extremism. Some Protestants were taken aback when Franklin agreed to play an important role in promoting his friend, a Roman Catholic priest, to be elected as the first Catholic bishop in the new world. As an editor he defended the right of the "Turkish nations" to send missionaries to America, and he also called for his fellow citizens "of

Continued on page 88


R.I.P.
The Body of
B Franklin Printer
(Like the Cover of an Old Book
Its Contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering & Gilding)
Lies Here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost:
For it will, (as he believ'd) appear once more
In a new and more elegant Edition
Revised and corrected
By the Author

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIRED FOR A SONG

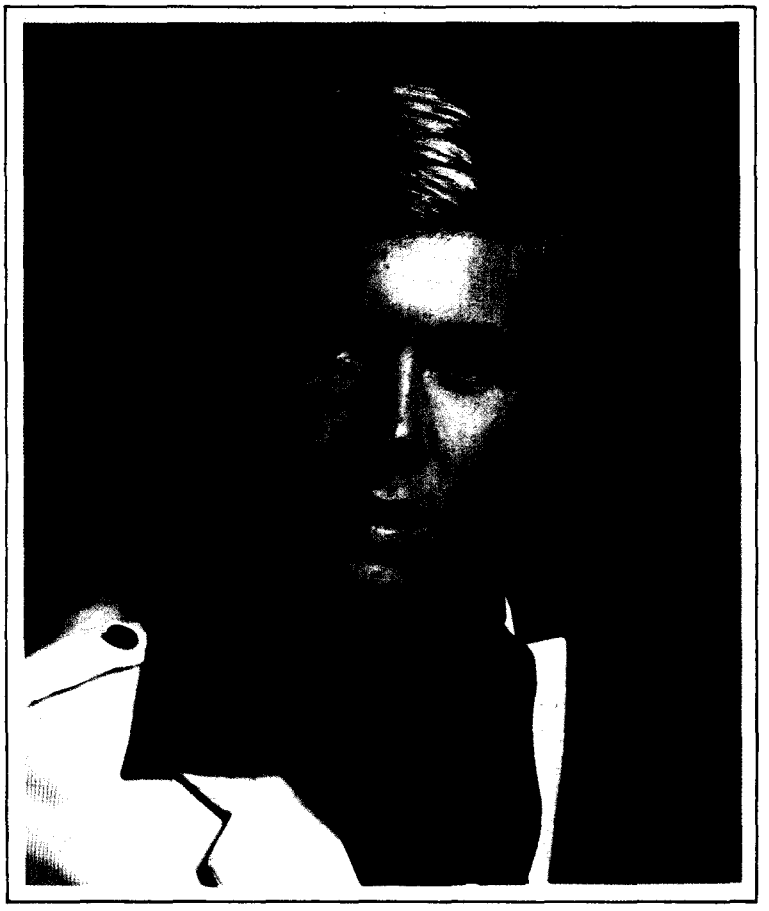
Striving for that elusive high note of success, singer Tom Netherton knew he'd struck the right chord when, to the delight of a cheering audience, Lawrence Welk hired him on the spot.

by Tom Netherton with Marie Chapian

The first church I sang at paid me $25 and that didn't even cover the gas to get there. I hired an accompanist to play for me, and when I received $15 for a concert, I paid her and had to borrow money to buy myself a hamburger.

I decided to sell real estate. After getting my license I went to work selling houses. From the time I entered the real estate business until I left, I did not sell one house.

The days turned to weeks, the weeks to months. Summer came and went; autumn drifted by; the cold white winter passed and spring came, with patches of melting snow making the earth wet and brown.



"Christians care about other people and put God first in their lives. That's the kind of person I want to be."

Nothing changed right away. I struggled with depression every day. I determined to thank Him in all circumstances, however, and to trust Him to do something with my life.

In the midst of all this I heard the Al Sheehan Agency was auditioning talent for a summer job in Medora, North Dakota. I knew that the show in Medora was a family-type extravaganza held outdoors among the Badlands' rocky bluffs. Thousands of people came each year for the spectacle. I was excited about the prospect of working in the show.

When the agency called and said I had the job, I went again to my room and knelt. "Lord," I began, "I knelt here to beg Your forgiveness but now I'm thanking You with my whole heart. I don't deserve Your love or mercy."

I started off for North Dakota in the early hours of the morning. Driving with the others in the show across the wind-swept flat farmlands, I watched the sky become gold and arch above the flat earth. Even the earth itself turned gold. In the silence I thanked God for answering my prayers.

I had sold my stereo and camera as well as my sound equipment in order to pay back loans. I was starting all over again.

Medora, North Dakota, was supposed to have become another Chicago, according to the dreams of Marquis de Mores, back in the time of Theodore Roosevelt's ranching days.

The stage of the outdoor theater is set in the side of a rock bluff not far from Theodore Roosevelt's Maltese Cross Ranch Cabin. Some of our numbers were done from rocks. We would climb up to them on narrow wooden stairways and the spotlight would shine on us, producing an exciting spectacle.

Playing outdoors in the hot spotlights in summer presented new problems. Bugs flew into our eyes and hair and one night as I stood on one of the cliffs, singing "Maria" from *Paint Your Wagon*, I noticed a bug buzzing close to my cheek. I kept on singing, and on a high note the bug flew into my mouth. I couldn't stop the number to spit it out, so I kept on singing with it fluttering in my mouth. Then I had no alternative but to swallow it. I could feel it sliding down my throat as I sang, "—(gulp)—they call the wind Maria. . . . "

Then there was the rain. It began lightly at first but worked into a full-fledged downpour. The audience didn't leave. If the audience stays, the show stays, so we continued the entire show in the pounding rain. Our costumes, sets, animals, and props sagged and grew water-logged. I went out on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the nearly flooded stage and sang, "I Believe in Music," thinking we were probably all crazy. But the people liked the show enough to stay outside, getting drenched, to see it.

Two very wonderful people named Sheila and Harold Schafer, from Bismarck, were avid fans as well as the owners of the show.

One day I saw Sheila in the lobby of the Rough Rider Hotel. We said a friendly hello and chatted, but then our conversation turned to the Lord. We talked for three and a half hours! On Sunday morning I was asked to sing at the little church in Medora. I sang "I Asked the Lord."

Sheila told me later that as she and her husband heard me sing, they both felt they should help me with my career because they knew that what I was singing about was real in my life.

One day we met again on the street and Sheila said to me, "Tom, would you mind if we talked to Lawrence Welk about you?"

I blinked. "But what would you talk to Lawrence Welk about?"

"About giving you an audition for his show!"

I was flabbergasted, but I didn't want to get my hopes up. After all, my main purpose in being at Medora was not only to work and earn money, but to get myself close to the Lord again. The previous year had been a disaster when I had sunk into self-pity and anger at the Lord—I felt I needed the summer to read the Word, to pray, and to get to know Him better.

"Lord," I prayed, "if this takes my attention away from You, I don't want it. I want it only if it is of You." And I put the idea of auditioning for Lawrence Welk out of my mind.

That is, until three weeks later when Sheila told me, "Lawrence Welk is coming to North Dakota for a family reunion! And he's coming to Bismarck to play golf. Then maybe we can take you to meet him!"

The idea sounded great, but again I was afraid to get my hopes up.

Lawrence Welk did visit his family in Strasburg and he did go to Bismarck to play golf. Sheila and Harold drove me to Bismarck with them to meet him. Now I was excited. He was playing golf at the Apple Creek Country Club with the ex-governor of the state, Bill Guy. I brought along a pianist just in case I might get a chance to sing for him.

Sheila left me in the lobby of the country club and went to find Mr. Welk, who was already on the second tee. Soon Sheila, an enormously energetic person, came running across the lobby to me. "Come on! He's on the second tee!" That could have been the planet Jupiter to me. She grabbed my hand and ran with me through the club and across the golf course and green where he was about to putt the ball into the cup. "Now don't be nervous," she whispered. "It's just Lawrence Welk." (*Just* Lawrence Welk?) Then waving and shouting, "Lawrence! Yoo-hoo, Lawrence!" she turned again to me, nudging me. "Wonderful man. You'll love him."

"I believe in encouraging a moral life, not downgrading it. Doing risqué material is demoralizing. I won't do it."

They embraced and chatted happily as old friends do and I stood there in my white pants and shoes and navy shirt with blue sweater (some of my outfit was borrowed), feeling very nervous indeed.

The ball slid into the cup and Lawrence turned to me and said, "Ah! Is this the young man you were telling me about?" I stepped forward on one white foot. "How do you do, sir," I said.

"He's a nice-looking young man," he said to Sheila, surveying me. "Well, do you play golf?"

"No, not well, sir."

"That's all right. Come with me and be my caddy." So I walked alongside him as he played golf, and we talked. We talked about the Lord and being a Christian in show business.

"You're right, Tom," he told me. "Christians ought to make themselves known and stand up for what's right and wrong. That's what I want on my show."

We went to the country club for lunch and I still wasn't sure whether or not I would sing for him. During our salad course he asked, "Is there any way you could manage to sing for me?"

I answered, "Well, I just happen to have brought along an accompanist. . . ."

I sang the first number. During the second number, he whispered to Sheila, "I want you to know, if I ask him to sing three songs, that means I like him."

When I finished he said, "But you had one more song to sing for me, didn't you?"

I saw Sheila beaming and rubbing her hands together. I sang, "I Asked the Lord." The people applauded, and so did the Chevrolet salesmen's convention in the next room.

Mr. Welk gave his famous smile and applauded too. He told me, "There are no openings on my television show now but I want you to come to the St. Paul Civic Center in September when we will be performing there. You can sing on the show and I'll see how that audience likes you."

I don't remember what we ate. To me it was manna from heaven.

It was only a few weeks later when a couple of my friends from Bible school days were over and the telephone rang. We were down in the basement talking and laughing and listening to records when my mom appeared at the top of the stairs. She looked as though she were in a state of semi-shock. "Tom?"

"Yes, Mom?"

"Tom, you'd better come to the telephone. It's—it's Lawrence Welk!"

My friends gasped. "*Lawrence Welk*? Calling you?"

I leaped up the steps, three at a time.

"Hellooo," said one of the most familiar voices in America. "Guess who dis is!"

It really was Lawrence Welk, calling personally. "Tom," he said, "I just want to make sure you'll

Continued on page 92

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TREES OF CHRISTMAS

The celebration of the nativity is at the heart of all Christmas festivities and decorations. Here are three variations of the classic tree to vary the mood for the holiday.

by Edna Metcalfe

Just as the observance of Christmas itself has evolved out of many influences, so has the decoration of the Christmas tree. The Christmas tree is one of the world's most expressive Christmas symbols. In it are captured the sacred and secular, the rich varieties of national and regional traditions and festivals, fact and folklore.

Holland

The story of Christmas in Holland begins with the story of Saint Nicholas, a Christian bishop of the 4th century who was known for his generous deeds and kindly acts.

Saint Nicholas was born in Asia Minor and became a bishop while he was still a young man. He was the patron saint of boys, young men and sailors in Greece and Sicily and in many other places. His fame spread to Russia, Europe, and to Lapland; Russian peasants especially loved him because he protected the weak and poor. Many churches were named for him, and countless legends arose concerning his good deeds. One of the best-known legends is of his generosity to an impoverished nobleman who lacked dowries for his three daughters. The kindly saint dropped three bags of gold through the window. One of the bags landed in a stocking by the fireside, so the custom developed of hanging up stockings for the visit of Saint Nicholas, whose feast day is December 6. Dutch children set their shoes beside the fire.

Along the way Saint Nicholas has acquired a helper or assistant who carries the birches or willows which punish bad children. In Holland the helper is called Black Peter.

Long ago Saint Nicholas was chosen by the people of the Netherlands as the patron saint of children. The arrival of the generous saint on December 5 (Saint Nicholas Eve) marks the beginning of the holiday season in Holland.

Saint Nicholas is the patron saint of Amsterdam, and his entrance into that city is colorful and rich with ceremony. Wearing the rich robes and miter of a bishop, he arrives from Spain in a boat filled with gifts. Excitement is high among young and old, as he disembarks amid the shouting of people, the booming of guns, and the ringing of church bells. At the port he mounts his horse and is followed along the street by the mayor and other dignitaries. (Other port cities enjoy similar visits.) Black Peter, his Moorish helper, accompanies Saint Nicholas, and he wears the puffed velvet breeches and plumed beret of 16th-century Spain.

During the weeks before December 5, Saint Nicholas has listened at doors and chimneys to learn if the children are good. Now he questions them about their behavior and promises to leave toys if they have been good. The children place their shoes before the fireplace, and in them put hay and a carrot for the horse, cookies and candy for the saint.

Gifts are exchanged in Holland on Saint Nicholas Day as "surprises," each gift accompanied by a bit of verse and signed "Sinter Klass." The giver of a gift does not strive for a beautifully wrapped present, but works hard to camouflage it, and with his rhyme tries to remain anonymous. The greater the talent of the giver, the more fun for the recipient and the friends who attend the party.

Laden with fruits and fragrant herbs, brightened with pinwheels and silver pine cones, the tidy elegance of the traditional tree of Holland touches all the senses with the presence of Christmas in the Netherlands.

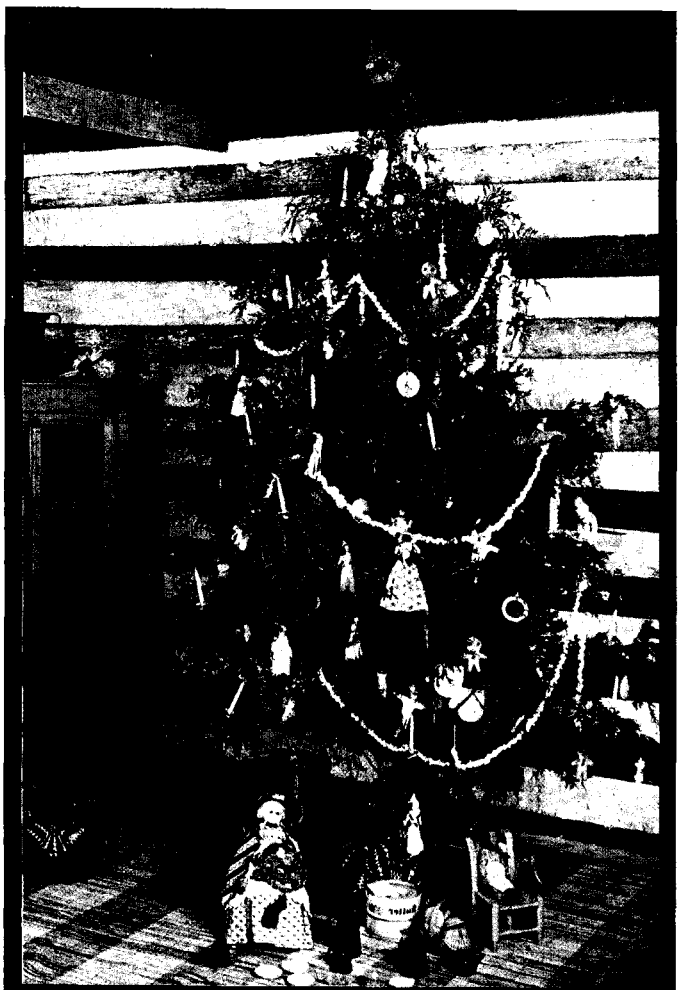
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Christmas time every family has a tree, and the house is decorated with greens and holly. However, it is not a time for parties. Christmas Eve and Christmas morning are devoted to church services. Family gatherings, with stories and carols, mark the afternoon, and at 7 o'clock there is a feast. Musical performances in churches, concert halls, on radio and at school honor the Christ Child throughout the season.

The Dutch have special decorations for their traditional Christmas tree, and here are a few ways to discover that Holland flavor.

Pinwheels

Your materials are: two-color heavy decorator foil; a small Christmas tree ball; and a 5″ green pipe cleaner. Directions: First, cut a 6″square of foil; from each corner cut on a diagonal line to within 1″ of center; now staple every other point to center; run a pipe cleaner through center and glue a small Christmas tree ball on the end to decorate the pinwheel. In the same way make a 12″ star for the top of the tree. For variation, create tiny pinwheels in contrasting colors and hang them from every bough. You might even glue fabric to thin cardboard and make patterned pinwheels to mix with your foil ornaments.



The Christmas tree came to the U.S. from the Yuletide traditions of German immigrants, with ornaments adapted from the simple resources of pioneer America: gingerbread men, cornhusk dolls and popcorn strings.

Other Ornaments

Gather some pine cones in various sizes, spray them with silver, and wire for hanging. English walnuts: Spray gold, then open the shell slightly at top, slip in a bit of wire, glue it in with a short length left over, and the walnut is ready to hang. Fruits: Wire apples, oranges, and tangerines with florist's wire. Fresh fruit will last about a week, depending on the temperature of the room. If you use fruit, try to keep tree away from the radiator or heater. Candles: Use 3″ candles of red or white, in silver holders. (If you light them at any time, perhaps for a ceremonial moment, be sure not to leave the tree until the candles have been extinguished. As a rule, their bright

colors and attractive shapes will be decorative in themselves. Beads: Strings of glass beads, in silver and red alternating.

Small flowers and herbs lend themselves to being dried out in the fall months and kept ready for their use as tree ornaments, attached with a bit of wire. Many retain a clinging fragrance, especially the herbs.

Two of the favored herbs are rosemary and juniper. Legend has it that the blossoms of rosemary were white, until the first Christmas. When Mary and Joseph were on their way to Bethlehem they stopped to rest at a place where this fragrant herb grew alongside the road. When Mary rose to go on, the flowers that had been covered by her cloak were blue, like her cloak, and they are blue today.

Still another legend tells how the herb juniper saved the life of the Christ child. When the Holy Family was fleeing Herod's soldiers, juniper shrubs bent aside to let Mary, Joseph and the Child pass, and then thrust out prickly branches to stop the soldiers from following them.

Sweden

A custom of northern European countries which gives great charm to Christmas is the special attention to animals and birds. This act is one of veneration for the creatures who were present at the birth of Christ.

In Sweden, Christmas Eve was the morning when the sheaf for birds was put out. The tradition is still observed, but a bit differently from olden days when each household tried to set its sheaf a little higher than the neighbor's. The ancient belief was that the family which could set its sheaf the highest would be the luckiest during the coming year, so farm families

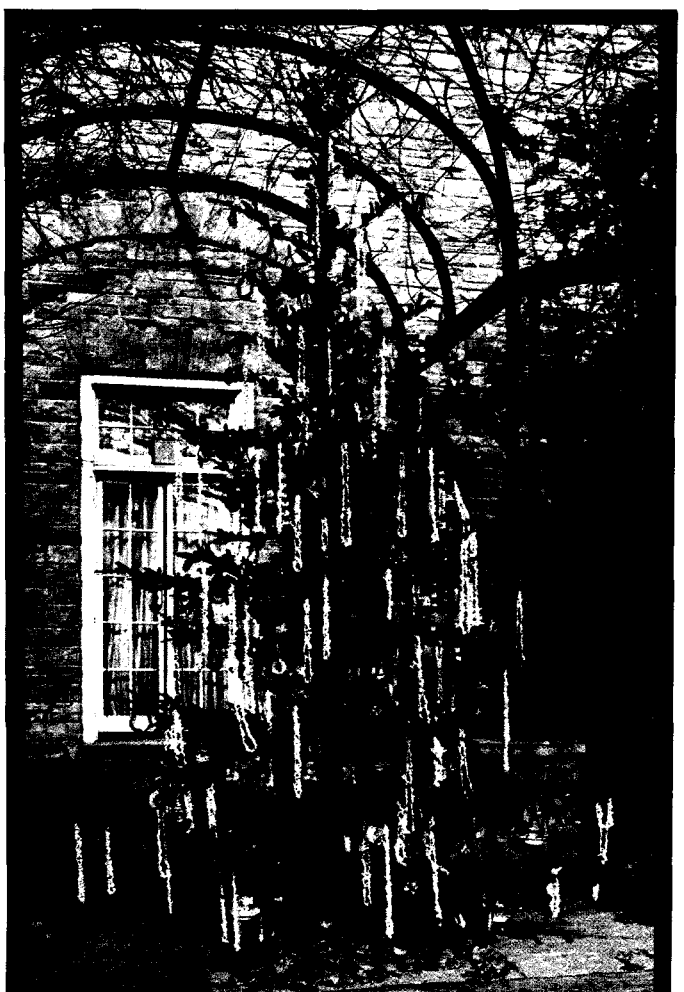
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raised the sheaves on long poles high in the air. Later, no competition was involved, and the sheaf went up outside the window where the pleasure of watching the birds could be enjoyed.

In Norway the best sheaves selected at threshing time were put on poles in the yard and on top of the barn. After preparations were finished on Christmas Eve, the head of the household would go out to see if there were many sparrows on the Christmas sheaf. If there were many, a good corn year was indicated. If a sparrow lighted before the work of putting up the sheaf was finished, it foretold death in the family.

In Denmark all nature is glorified at the Christmas season. For the birds bits of suet and bread are hung on trees, and the best sheaves of the harvest are put out in many locations around the farm and home grounds. When the birds come to eat in great numbers, a year of good crops is foretold. The farm animals receive extra portions of food with the wish, "Eat well, this is Christmas Eve."

In Poland sheaves of wheat are used to decorate the house and are later scattered in the orchards for the birds. In some parts of Hungary it was the custom to reserve the sheaf for a bird feast on New Year's Day, and in south Germany corn was strewn on the housetops.



Tastefully hung with edible trimmings of popcorn, cranberries, suet and marshmallows, an outdoor Christmas tree is a holiday treat for wildlife as well as for passersby.

The custom of caring for the birds is still observed in Scandinavian countries, and is one of the cherished links with the past for these people who value so highly their old traditions. Even in the cities the sheaf of oats or wheat hangs on apartment balcony or terrace for the wintering birds. Boxes of suet and seed invite the birds to join the Christmas feast. In the United States bird sheaves may be seen in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, and North Dakota, where the Scandinavians have brought an Old World custom to a new home.

Many Americans, prompted by kindness, love of nature, and an interest in conservation, provide feeding stations and a planting of natural foods for birds throughout the year. Perhaps a discarded Christmas tree with remnants of cranberry and popcorn strings inspired the idea of a special treat at Christmas time. A discarded tree provides shelter as well; many trees, such as the balsam, hold needles well into the spring, sheltering the birds during the coldest months of the year. The flash of the cardinal's wings brings happiness to the American bird-watcher just as the sight of the red-vested *Domherrar* charms the Swedish housekeeper who sets up the traditional sheaf of grain.

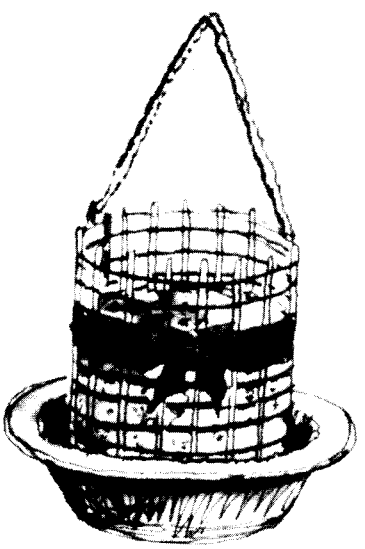
Bird Feeder

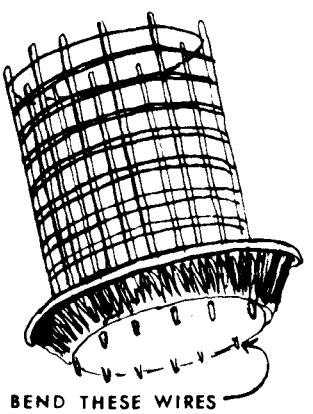
MATERIALS:

4" aluminum foil pan
1/2" mesh hardware cloth, 8-1/2" x 4"
red paint
red pipe cleaner
12" piece of red ribbon

DIRECTIONS:

1. Make a cylinder of the hardware cloth. Place cylinder in foil pan and push ends of wire through to bottom. Bend wires to hold basket in place.
2. Paint feeder bright red. Run a red ribbon around the hardware cloth at center. Attach red pipe cleaner for handle.
3. Fill the basket with 1" squares of suet and place grain in pan.





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Popcorn Strings

With heavy-duty thread or twine, string popcorn in 24″ lengths and hang vertically in 12″ loops. Wire to tree.

Doughnuts

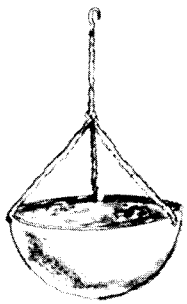
Decorate doughnut with a sprig of red-berried holly. Loop a red ribbon through hole in doughnut; hang to tree by wire.

Cranberry Rings

String cranberries on wire strong enough to hold its shape when drawn into a circle. Tie cranberries into a 4″ circle, leaving enough wire for hanging.

Orange Basket

Make three holes equidistant around the edge of half an orange shell. Push ends of a 12″ pipe cleaner through two holes; push the end of another pipe cleaner through third hole and twist it around the center of first pipe cleaner. Leave remaining 6″ for hanger. Fill with nuts and cranberries.



Pine Cones

Twist florist wire around pine cone and fasten, leaving a length for hanging. Spread peanut butter on crevices of pine cones and wire to tree.

Treetop Ornaments

MATERIALS:

6″ styrofoam ball
stalks of millet and sorghum
green gumdrops, leaf-shaped
peanuts in shell
heavy wire or pieces of coat hanger
3′ dowel, 1/2″ size
small florist's picks

DIRECTIONS:

1. Mount the styrofoam on the 3′ dowel, reinforcing around dowel with glue.
2. Push wire through peanut shells, using 8 to 12 peanuts. Use as many wires as desired; they may also vary in length. Glue around the wire where it goes into the ball, so that it will remain steady and secure.
3. Force stalks of millet and sorghum into styrofoam ball.
4. Cover surface of ball with green gumdrops. These can be held in place with florist's picks.
5. Wire the dowel to the leader of the tree so that the ornament centers the treetop.

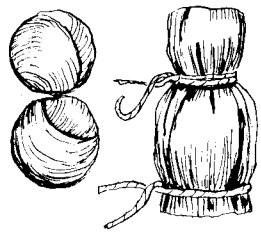
Colonial America

Christmas itself had a hard time in Colonial New England, where the Puritans forbade any observance of the season and even worked harder on Christmas Day than on others to show their disdain for it as a pagan holiday. One of the few luxuries they allowed themselves was the Christmas tree, and one of their decorations was the cornhusk doll, made from materials available in every household.

Cornhusk Doll

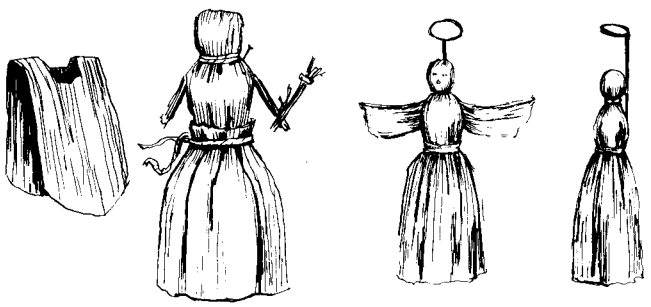
MATERIALS:

cornhusks
string
corn silk
paint—brown, black, red



DIRECTIONS:

1. Dampen the husks so they will be pliable.
2. Roll a small piece of husk into a ball for the head and another for the upper part of the body. Pin the two balls together, then place a flat piece of husk over them from front to back. Tie a string between the two balls to form neck; tie at waist.
3. For a female doll, make a skirt of several husks and tie to the body at the waist. Trim the skirt evenly at hemline. Make arms of narrow strands of husks, tying at the end to indicate wrist. Glue arms to the body in back. Cut a pinafore and slip over the head, and tie at the waist; or drape a wide shawl around the shoulders and tie down at waist. Paint on a face; braid hair of corn silk and glue in place.
4. Cornhusk angels may be made by following these directions and using wings instead of arms. Choose light-colored husks. For a halo, twist a length of husk; glue it to the back of body and head, and end it in a circle above the head. ⁂



From *The Trees of Christmas*, compiled by Edna Metcalfe, Abingdon Press, © 1969.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Festive Foods for Family Fitness

The more the merrier for this glittering menu which can seduce kith and kin and still be respected on the morrow.

by Lynne Kasper

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

What a wonderful time of year—a time to open our hearts and homes to those we love. A time to share the true spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men." Timeworn? Corny? Never! Warmth and sharing are eternal. Ideally, Christmas should offer a respite from the hectic day-to-day pressures we all live with, but, sadly, the opposite has been true. Wouldn't it be delightful if the insane scrambling, buying and placing of a dollar value on affection could be eliminated? Perhaps the greatest gifts we can offer are the little things we've done ourselves, from a homemade pin cushion to filling the house with candlelight and love.

If you want to show me caring, love and sharing, don't bother with the fur coat, a new car, or a hundred shares of I.T.&T.—just give me beautiful food. Please make it simple and please help with that never-ending battle of the bulge, but, most importantly, don't numb my senses with heavy, rich creations. I've been seduced in the past and never felt better for it. Besides, I want to enjoy all the glories of the season without regrets.

Fat-laden roasts, marshmallow-topped sweet potatoes, butter cookies, sugar-laden fruitcakes, and many other traditional Christmas goodies have been clogging veins and arteries for generations, to say nothing of shortening the number of holidays we may share in the future. A guilt complex defying the most astute analyst should take hold every time we pass a tray of those sickeningly sweet morsels.

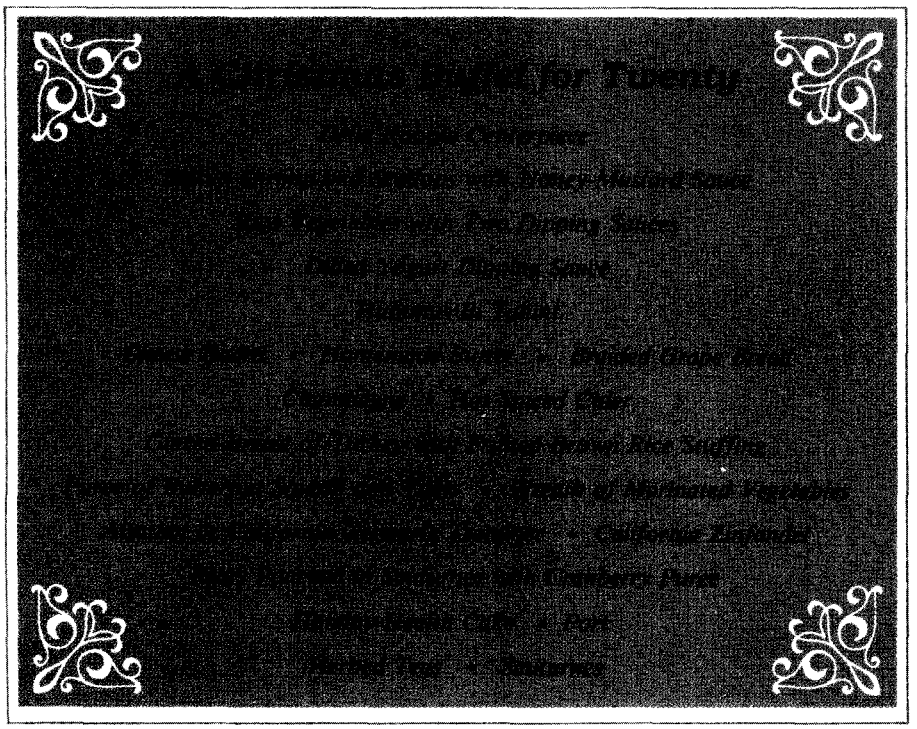
Perhaps the greatest gift we can give our loved ones is the gift of health, and, believe me, friends, glorious food can be good for you. Now, don't be put off by thinking we're advocating a Christmas feast of soy beans and goat's milk (though this could be some mighty good eating). What we are doing is taking beautiful holiday foods and treating them to new twists with healthy doses of fiber, vitamins, minerals and, most important, great taste!

All the wonderful holiday scents and flavors are still here. The aroma of fresh baked bread, glazed turkey and spiced fruitcake, the luxury of sipping fine wines, and all the traditional sense of abundance (and excess) which are an intrinsic part of this great celebration of life need not be sacrificed.

Are you with us? Super! Because we're about to launch a marvelous culinary adventure and share some tips and hints to enhance not only Christmas fare but during the whole year through.

Before you decide this Hercu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



lean effort is one only Santa and his elves can accomplish, know that we have designed the menu to be done in easy stages and will soon get to our Step-by-Step Preparation Guide.

All white flour, white sugar and white rice are eliminated from our recipes and with them go empty calories which offer nothing beneficial to your body. Instead we've substituted carbohydrates which contain innumerable nutrients—whole wheat and rye flours, brown rice, pure bran processed without sugar, wheat germ, unrefined honey and sugar, and blackstrap molasses (with more iron, vitamins and minerals than you can shake a stick at).

We don't have to list all the negative aspects of salt. Consider eliminating it entirely, as we've done in our recipes. If you haven't already made this discovery, you may be surprised to enjoy the tastes a judicious use of herbs and spices can create. In our search for superb flavors, we've found fresh herbs out-distance their dried cousins by a country mile.

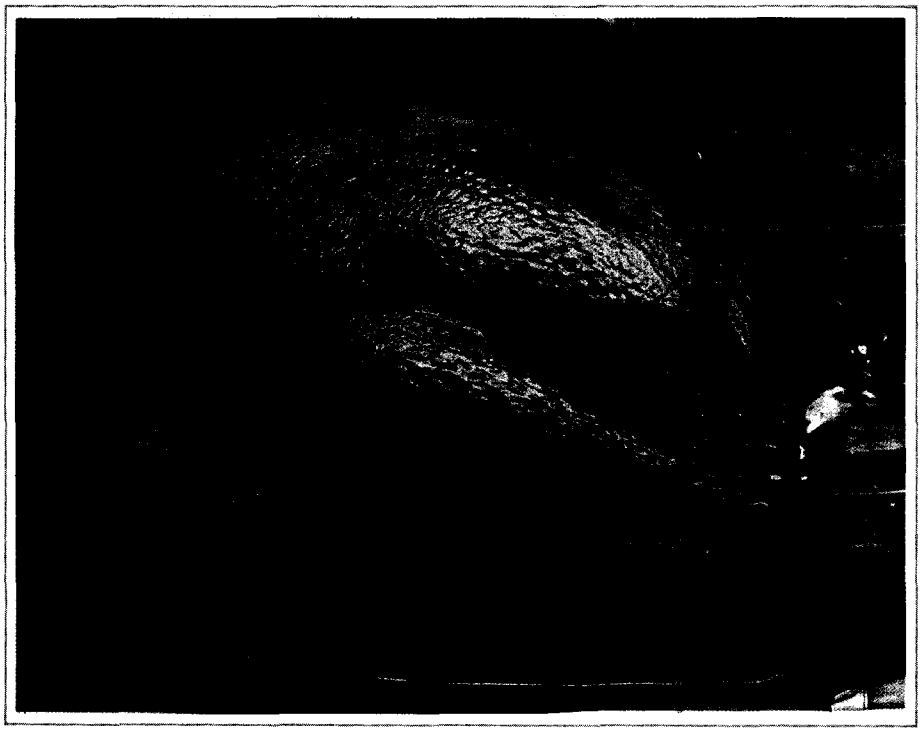
Even in the dead of winter, you can have a flourishing window sill of fresh herbs (basil, thyme, rosemary, sage and dill are excellent for starters). All that's needed is loamy, alkaline soil, a southern exposure or grow light, a few clay pots and a not-too-oft-used watering can. It's usually easier to start from small plants than from seeds, and wouldn't these be delightful gifts for a friend who enjoys cooking? When a recipe calls for dry herbs, substitute three times the amount if using fresh. You'll be amazed at the difference fresh herbs make in any dish.

If fresh herbs make such a difference in a dish, consider all fresh ingredients as opposed to canned or frozen. Reading labels usually reveals the addition of chemicals, starches, sugars and preservatives you wouldn't conceive of if you made it yourself or bought it fresh. I have a simple guideline for all of this nonsense: "If I can't pronounce it, I don't want it in my body!" We realize preparation of this menu may necessitate visits to the cheese shop, health-food store and gourmet shop, but that's part of the adventure. Searching for and using only the best ingredients ("best" meaning the purest and least tampered with) are what make fine food so exciting.

Since time is something none of us has a lot of during the holidays, why not consider some gift shopping too? For the bread baker on your list, sacks of whole wheat, pumpernickel, rye and soy flours. A salad lover would revel in the luxury of French walnut oil and imported Spanish sherry vinegar. Fitness devotees would jog with joy over a packet of yogurt culture tucked into a spanking new yogurt maker. Non-meat eaters would welcome a collection of unusual dried beans and rices garnished with a sprouting tray. For the wine and/or fruit lover, consider a selection of cheeses to round out their feasts.

Now for our Step-by-Step Prep-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



aration Guide, which proves that preparing holiday feasts and suffering from exhaustion don't necessarily go hand in hand.

Step-By-Step Preparation Guide

1. As far in advance as possible:
   —Purchase all non-perishables.
   —Prepare your favorite recipe of chicken or turkey stock and freeze it.
   —Prepare turkey breast up to point indicated in recipe and freeze it.
   —Prepare bread and freeze.
2. Three weeks in advance:
   —Prepare fruit cake.
3. Four to 5 days in advance:
   —Prepare Honey-Mustard Sauce.
   —Prepare Hummus Bi Tahini.
   —Prepare Dilled Yogurt Dipping Sauce.
   —Purchase cheeses.
   —Prepare Homemade Butter.
   —Prepare Puree of Butternut Squash and Yams.
   —Prepare Walnut and Sherry Dressing.
   —Check serving pieces, glasses, etc.
4. Three days in advance:
   —Purchase all perishables.
   —Prepare Poached Pears in Sauternes with Cranberry Purée.
   —Begin to defrost turkey in refrigerator.
   —Begin to defrost bread in refrigerator.
5. One day in advance:
   —Cook shrimp and scallops.
   —Prepare vegetables for dipping as well as Wreath of Marinated Vegetables.
   —Prepare centerpiece.
   —Set up buffet with serving pieces, glasses, silverware, etc.
6. Day of buffet:
   —Finish turkey breasts.
   —Bring cheeses to room temperature before serving.
   —Arrange Raw Vegetables for Dipping and Wreath of Marinated Vegetables and refrigerate.
   —Arrange pears and refrigerate.
   —Chill white wines and open reds about an hour before pouring.
   —Preheat oven for heating Purée of Squash and Yams.
   —Wherever possible set food out on serving platters.
   —Relax and have a wonderful time.

Della Robbia Centerpiece

Since we are going back to the naturals in our menu, let the buffet setting reflect all the old-fashioned sentiment of Christmas—real pine, fresh holly, candlelight and the glow of shiny apples.

Della Robbia is a centuries-old celebration of abundance and it's easy to do. To save your table's surface, start by spreading a sheet of plastic wrap over its center, and then arrange a bed of pine boughs on it. Set two candlesticks on either side of the boughs. Now begin to build the pile of fruits, starting with two pineapples set on their sides near the base of the candlesticks. After all, the pineapple was the colonial symbol of hospitality. Arrange bright red apples, shiny green apples, oranges, lemons, unblemished pears (underripe ones are ideal) and clusters of green and purple grapes in a mound. Intersperse contrasting colors and shapes. Sprinkle the entire creation with unshelled nuts.

Della Robbia will stay fresh and lovely for several days and afterwards makes a sensational stewed fruit compote.

Shortly before guests are due, spray centerpiece lightly with water to give it more glow. Arrange Braided Grape Bread around the base. Set out a cutting board and bread knife along with the cheese tray. Place remaining hors d'oeuvres and potables around the Della Robbia, light the candles and ask everyone to help himself.

Note: To encourage mingling and heighten the homey mood, we sometimes offer hors d'oeuvres and pre-dinner drinks in the dining room, set up the main course buffet in the kitchen, and serve dessert in the living room or den. It's rather like a mini progressive party, and our guests love it.

Spiced Shrimp and Scallops with Honey-Mustard Sauce
(18 to 20 servings)

Shellfish may be prepared two days in advance. Honey-Mustard Sauce will keep 5 to 6 days in refrigerator.

SPICED SHRIMP AND SCALLOPS

2 heaping tablespoons pickling spice
1 lemon cut into chunks
1-1/2 cups water
2 pounds large shrimp, shelled, with tail sections left intact
2 pounds fresh sea scallops

Combine pickling spices, water and lemon in a 3- to 4-quart saucepan. Bring to a boil over high heat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lower heat to medium, cover and simmer for about 10 minutes. Strain and pour liquid back into saucepan.

Place pan over medium heat, add shrimp and simmer very gently for about 3 minutes or until shrimp is barely firm. Remove with slotted spoon and set aside. Add scallops, simmer very gently until barely firm (about 2 minutes). Drain and add to shrimp. Refrigerate until shortly before serving.

To serve: Spread a bed of lemon leaves (available at most florists) on a sheet of plastic wrap that has been spread in a shallow basket. Place a crock of Honey-Mustard Sauce in center and pile shellfish around it. Have toothpicks available.

Caution: Be very careful about overcooking shellfish. Shrimps should feel firm but not hard when pressed. Scallops will have firmed slightly compared to their raw state but should still have some "give." Overcooked shellfish strongly resemble a rubber ball!

HONEY-MUSTARD SAUCE

1 cup Dijon mustard
3 to 5 tablespoons unrefined honey
1/4 cup cold-pressed safflower oil
1/3 to 1/2 cup cider vinegar

Marketing Tip: Dijon mustard is a French import prepared with spices, vinegar and sometimes white wine. It contains no starch or preservatives. Look for it in supermarkets or at your local gourmet shop. Unrefined honey still has many nutrients and is available at health food stores, as is cold-pressed safflower oil.

Beat together all ingredients until smooth. Balance sweet-sour contrast to taste. Stir before using.

Raw Vegetables with Two Dipping Sauces
(18 to 20 servings)

Prepare vegetables one day ahead. Sauces will hold for about 4 to 5 days. This lovely arrangement could be varied with whatever vegetables are in season. We have included our suggestions.

4 large carrots, cut into thin sticks
4 heads Belgian endive, with leaves separated
1 large head broccoli, cut into flowerettes, with stalks sliced into thin rounds
6 stalks celery, cut into sticks
2 rutabagas, sliced into thin rounds
1 jicama, cut into sticks (optional)
6 white radish, cut into sticks (optional)
Hummus Bi Tahini Dipping Sauce
Dilled Yogurt Dipping Sauce

Early in the day, arrange vegetables on a bed of leaf lettuce. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate. Shortly before serving set out with dipping sauces.

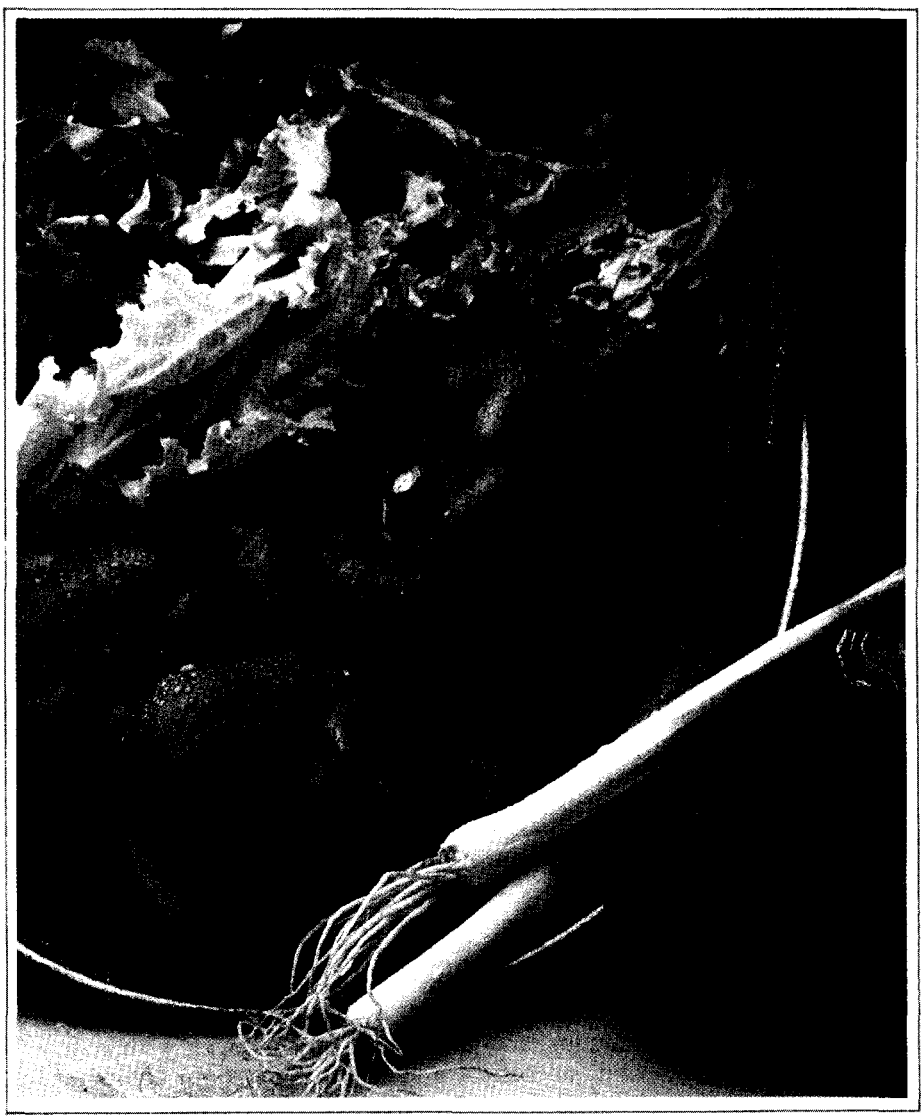
HUMMUS BI TAHINI

This is an old Middle Eastern standby. Leftovers are excellent spread on Braided Grape Bread, topped with raw vegetables and nibbled as a snack.

1-1/2 cups dry chick peas
Cold water
2 large cloves garlic, minced
1 whole scallion, minced
4 to 6 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 to 1 cup tahini paste (ground sesame seeds)
Freshly ground black pepper to taste

Marketing Note: Tahini paste is available at health food stores, Middle Eastern groceries and gourmet shops. Store in refrigerator after opening. Try tahini spread over fish before baking—absolutely delicious!

Place dry chick peas in a bowl. Add enough cold water to cover by about 2 inches. Let soak overnight. The next day, turn the con-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tents of the bowl into a saucepan (don't drain away the water as it contains many of the chick peas' nutrients). Cover and simmer gently for two to three hours or until chick peas are tender. Add more water if mixture seems dry. Drain chick peas and purée with remaining ingredients in a blender or food processor. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

DILLED YOGURT DIPPING SAUCE

1 cup plain yogurt
1/4 cup minced fresh dill weed or 4 teaspoons dry dill weed
1 whole scallion, chopped
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1/4 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil or 1 teaspoon dry basil
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Combine in blender or food processor and blend until smooth. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

Cheese Board

Visit your local cheese shop to find unprocessed cheeses without chemical additives and preservatives. Since cheese-making is a preservation process, there's no need for additives.

Sample before you buy, look for contrasts in flavors and textures and do seek out low-fat, skim-milk cheeses. Most importantly, buy what you like! We like to balance out a cheese selection something like this: a robust, full-bodied example, a nut-like, mild but mouth-filling cheese and then something creamy and comforting. For instance: a nutty Scandinavian Jarlsberg, creamy Danish Tilsit and an imported Italian Parmesan.

We all know how wonderful Parmesan is for highlighting spaghetti and pizza, but wait until you savor this king of cheesedom as a nibbling cheese! Or try a sharp and robust Vermont Cheddar, a rich Swedish Ambrosia and a wine-scented Swiss Appenzeller.

This should get you started but do let your taste buds be your guide. Arrange cheeses on a board surrounded by pine boughs and clusters of grapes, and accompanied by Braided Grape Bread.

Braided Grape Bread
(2 loaves)

This wonderfully chewy, hearty bread is loaded with natural fiber, vitamin-B complex and minerals, but most important, it tastes good! We suggest making a double recipe and then dividing it into four loaves. Follow our suggestions at the end of the recipe and you'll have four delightful bread sculptures that will add an artistic touch to your holiday table. Bread may be frozen for up to 6 months.

3 tablespoons unsalted butter
1/2 cup blackstrap molasses
2-1/2 cups water
1 envelope plus 1-1/2 teaspoons dry yeast
4-1/2 cups stone-ground whole wheat flour
1-1/2 cups dark or medium rye flour
1 cup pure bran
1/2 cup non-fat dry milk
1 tablespoon torula yeast
1-1/2 teaspoons whole caraway seeds
1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind
Additional whole wheat flour as needed (approximately 1 cup)
1 egg beaten with 2 teaspoons water

Combine butter, molasses and water in a saucepan. Heat to 100 to 110° F. Remove from heat and stir in yeast. Set aside for about 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, combine all remaining ingredients, except additional flour and beaten egg, in a large bowl. Now check yeast mixture—it should be bubbly. If not, add another envelope of fresher yeast to mixture. Add liquid mixture to dry ingredients and mix until well combined. Do this by hand or with a heavy-duty electric mixer. If necessary, add more flour until a semi-soft, not-too-sticky dough is formed. Let rest in bowl for about 10 minutes. This rest allows dry ingredients to absorb liquid.

Turn dough out onto a flour board and knead 10 to 12 minutes or until dough is elastic. It will still be somewhat sticky. Place in a greased bowl, cover with a towel and set out at room temperature (65 to 70° F.) to rise until more than doubled in bulk (about 1-1/2 to 2-1/2 hours). By allowing the bread to rise at room temperature rather than in a warm area (80 to 90° F.) and giving it three risings rather than the usual two, greater flavor and texture is developed.

Punch down bread, cover with towel and let rise again until more than doubled in bulk. Punch down and divide into two pieces.

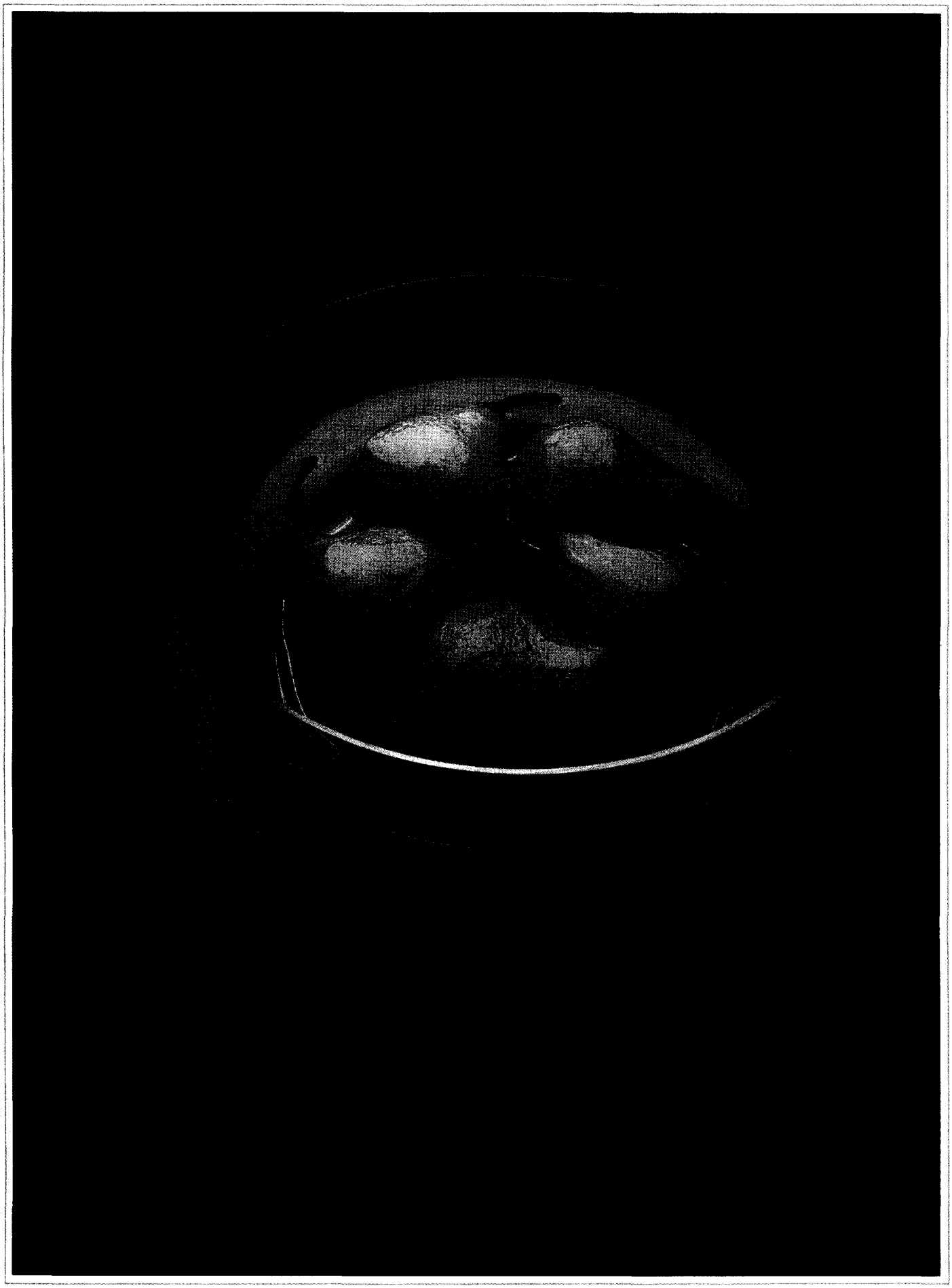
To sculpt bread:

Braided Grape Bread: Take one of the two pieces of dough and pull off a generous handful. Divide the remainder of that piece into 3 and shape and stretch each of these into a long narrow cord (about 30" in length). Braid the three cords and pinch each end. Place on a greased cookie sheet and join the two pinched ends to form a ring. Pinch off pieces from your handful of dough and roll them into tiny balls anywhere from 1/4" to 1/2" in diameter. These will be your grapes. Now brush the bread ring with water at the point where the two pinched ends are joined. Arrange the balls in two grape clusters, keeping them as 3-dimensional as possible. Cover with a towel and let rise until doubled in bulk (about 1 to 1-1/2 hours).

Fish Bread: Take second piece of dough and pat it into an elongated oval. Remove a small piece of dough and roll part of it into a ball about 1/4" in diameter. Roll the rest into a very thin cord about 10 inches long. Shape one end of the oval into a tail by pressing and pulling it outward. With a knife, cut a mouth into the other end and insert ball into dough as an eye. Cut a groove at the point where the head would join the body of the fish, brush groove with water and lay long, narrow cord into groove. Now, with a sharp paring knife, cut scales into the body of the fish (these are small, half-circle cuts). Be sure to cut deep as dough will rise and blur design. Cut grooves into tail. Place on a greased cookie sheet, cover with towel and let rise until doubled in bulk.

Preheat oven to 350° F. Brush dough with beaten egg and water mixture just before placing in oven. Bake 50 minutes to 1 hour or until loaves sound hollow when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tapped. Cool on a rack, wrap airtight and refrigerate. Will hold in refrigerator for 3 days. Serve warm or at room temperature with homemade butter.

Homemade Butter

Why make homemade butter? First, homemade butter has superb flavor. Second, it contains no additives. Our government does not require butter producers to state on their labels whether artificial coloring has been used. I really don't think we need artificial anything in our systems.

Third, by using unsalted butter, we'll know when it becomes rancid. Unsalted butter develops a cheesey aroma as it begins to spoil. Salting butter not only helps preserve it (this dates back to the days before dependable refrigeration), but tends to cover up the early stages of rancidity. Use only fresh butter!

Fourth, and perhaps most important—at 100 calories a tablespoon, I want to eat only the best! An extra bonus: Making butter is as easy as falling off a yule log.

Try to use cream that has not been ultra-pasteurized. Ultra-pasteurized cream always seems to lack character. This recipe will yield between 16 and 18 ounces of butter. It will keep for about 1 week in the refrigerator and for about 3 months in the freezer.

1 quart whipping cream
1/4 cup cold water

Whip cream with an electric mixer until stiff. Add water and continue whipping until cream separates. There will be solid curds of butter in a milky-looking liquid. Turn into a strainer and knead for a few moments to work out water. Pat dry with paper towels and mold into whatever shape appeals. Wrap and refrigerate or freeze.

Hot Spiced Cider
(16 servings)

1 gallon apple cider
1/4 cup whole allspice
1 whole nutmeg
10 cinnamon sticks
15 whole cloves
16 lemon wedges
16 cinnamon sticks

Place cider in a large pot and heat to just below the boiling point. Wrap the next 4 ingredients in a cheesecloth bag and add to pot. Keep cider at just below boiling for about 30 minutes. Remove bag and turn cider into a punch bowl. Garnish each cup with lemon wedge and cinnamon stick.

Glazed Breast of Turkey with Fruited Brown Rice Stuffing
(18 to 20 servings)

An excellent do-ahead dish that could be served hot or at room temperature. The fruited rice stuffing offers a delightful color and flavor contrast. Do this dish in easy stages and present it garnished with either fresh kumquats and lemon leaves or parsley and orange slices.

FRUITED RICE STUFFING

2 tablespoons unsalted butter
1 small onion, minced
1 small clove garlic, minced
1/4 teaspoon minced fresh ginger
Pinch cardamom
1 cup uncooked brown rice
2 cups homemade chicken or turkey stock
3 scallions, minced
1/4 cup currants
1/3 cup chopped dried apricots

In a heavy 2-quart saucepan sauté onion in butter over medium heat until softened. Stir in garlic, ginger and cardamom and cook for 30 seconds. Add rice and cook another 30 seconds. Add stock, bring to a boil, cover and turn heat to low. Cook for about 35 minutes or until rice is tender. Uncover, stir in scallions, currants and apricots. Cool and refrigerate. May be prepared 3 to 4 days in advance.

THE TURKEY

2 boneless turkey breasts with skin intact, each weighing about 4 to 5 pounds
1 cup soy sauce
1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup wine vinegar
1 large clove garlic, minced very fine
1 tablespoon vegetable oil (preferably cold-pressed)
Rice stuffing
4 tablespoons butter
3 cups homemade chicken or turkey stock
1 cup dry white wine
1 carrot, coarsely chopped
1 large onion, coarsely chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed

Place turkey breasts in large bowl or shallow dish. Combine soy sauce, honey, vinegar, garlic and vegetable oil and pour over turkey. Cover and refrigerate for about 8 hours, turning every so often.

Drain turkey, reserving marinade, and lay out, meat side up, on a board. You will see that the breast is composed of two heart-shaped lobes. By gently pulling the meat away from the skin, remove 1 lobe from each breast. Turn them so that the top of the heart is next to the bottom of other lobe. This insures that each breast maintains an even sausage-like appearance.

Now spread the rice stuffing over the meat. Roll up each breast jelly-roll fashion. Using heavy cotton butcher's string, tie each breast at 1" intervals. Don't worry if some of the stuffing sneaks out, just stuff it back in. Tuck in the ends of the breasts and tie securely from end to end. Wipe off any marinade that might be clinging to the skin.

Heat the butter in a large casserole, one that can hold both pieces, over medium heat. Quickly brown breasts lightly on all sides. Add stock, wine, carrot, onion and garlic and bring to a gentle simmer. Cover and cook 1-1/2 hours. At this point the dish could be frozen for several weeks or refrigerated for 1 to 2 days.

The day of your party, place stuffed turkey breasts on a rack over a shallow pan. Make sure you have removed strings. Now brush with reserved marinade and place in a 400° F. oven. Brush every 10 minutes with marinade and bake for about 30 minutes or until glazed. Refrigerate until shortly before serving. Or serve hot from the oven. To present our masterpiece at its best, thinly slice and arrange in an overlapping pattern on a platter. Leave 1/2 of a piece intact and set on platter. Garnish as we suggested earlier and wait

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the compliments.

Purée of Butternut Squash and Yams with Bran Crunch Topping
(18 to 20 servings)

This cuts the calories a bit on the usual sweet-potato concoction and is a little lighter. By baking our vegetables instead of boiling them, we keep in all the vitamins and heighten their natural sweetness.

6 pounds butternut squash, halved and seeded
3 pounds yams
6 to 8 tablespoons unsalted butter
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
Pinch ground cloves
1/4 teaspoon ground ginger
1/2 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
1/2 cup pure bran (available at health food stores)
3 tablespoons butter

Grease a baking sheet and lay squash skin side up on sheet. Make a small cut into each yam. Have an oven preheated to 400° F. Bake yams and squash about 1-1/4 hours or until squash is easily pierced with a knife and yams are soft. Remove from oven and cool.

When cool, scoop all meat from vegetables into a bowl. Beat in butter, allspice, cinnamon, vinegar, cloves, ginger and pepper. Turn into a buttered 4-quart casserole, top with dots of butter and a sprinkling of bran and refrigerate. Will hold for up to 4 days.

About an hour before serving, heat in a 350° F. oven.

Wreath of Marinated Vegetables
(Serves 18 to 20)

This colorful dish uses two delicious luxury foods: walnut oil and imported Spanish sherry vinegar. Both are available in gourmet shops and both take any salad to celestial heights. Prepare vegetables a day ahead and arrange several hours before serving.

1 pound fresh spinach, rinsed (use only perfect leaves)
1 small head green cabbage, shredded
1 large head cauliflower, broken into bite-size flowerettes
6 carrots, sliced into thin rounds or shredded
1 box cherry tomatoes
1 pound tiny onions, peeled and boiled until tender

Make a bed of spinach leaves on a very large platter, leaving the center empty. Now make a ring of the shredded cabbage on top of the spinach. Arrange remaining vegetables in either contrasting groups or in a colorful tumble. Place a glass or silver bowl of dressing in center of platter with a ladle.

Walnut and Sherry Dressing

1/2 cup imported Spanish sherry vinegar
1 cup walnut oil
1 tablespoon minced fresh basil or 1 teaspoon dry basil
1 clove of garlic, minced
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard

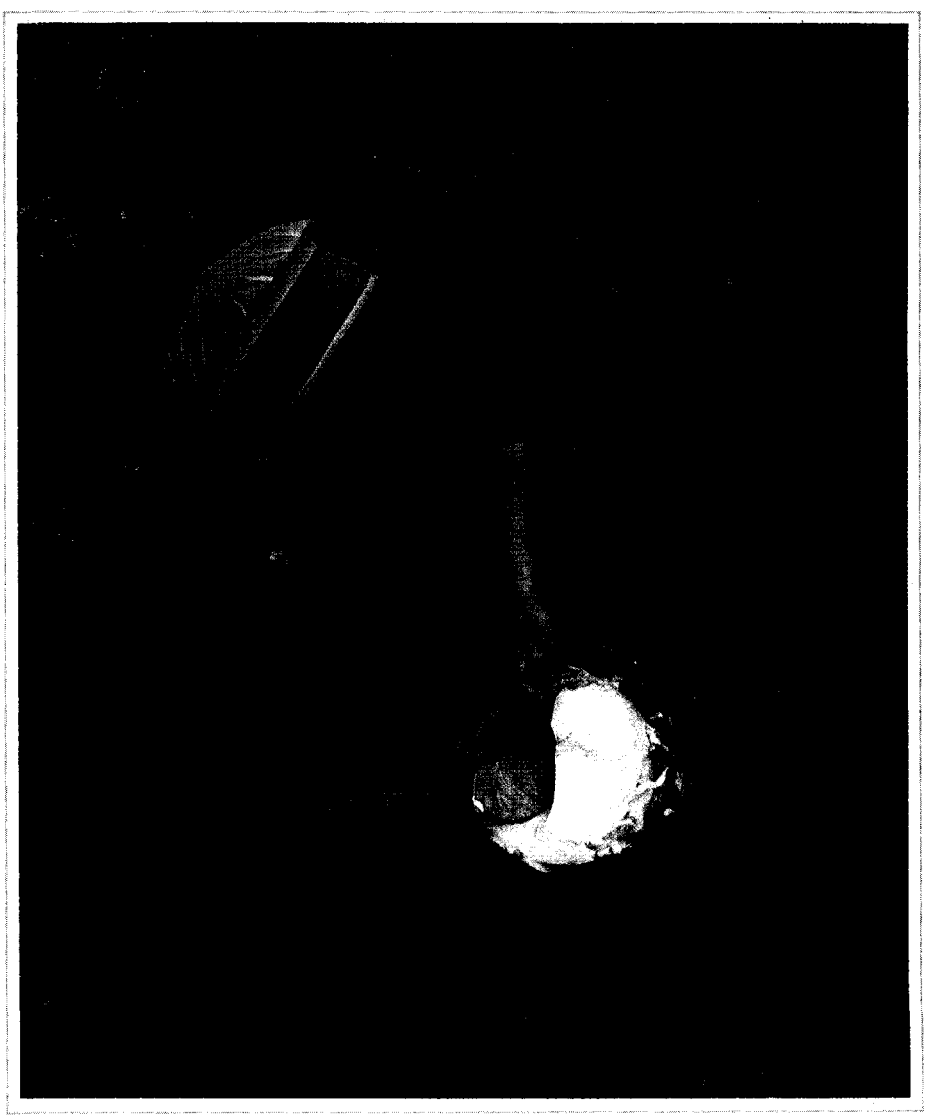
Beat together all ingredients until blended. May be prepared several days ahead and refrigerated. Stir before serving.

Pears Poached in Sauternes with Cranberry Purée
(18 to 20 servings)

A dish borrowed from France's Nouvelle Cuisine with the American touch of cranberry. Let the sweet wine supply flavor instead of the usual heavy dose of sugar.

12 ripe, unblemished pears
2 bottles French or American Sauternes wine, or any other sweet white wine you prefer
1 vanilla bean, split
1/2 pound fresh cranberries

Continued on page 92



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas Bonuses

Treats and mini-meals to decorate your table smack into the New Year and beyond.

by Charlotte Turgeon

Holidays are traditionally celebrated with family, friends and an occasional welcome stranger who gather round the table to share companionship, great food, and as good a wine as the budget allows.

The rub is that a holiday of the wrong food can do damage to a year of proper eating by Americans who have grown physical-fitness conscious. Millions have trained their bodies to exist on fewer calories, low cholesterol, low sodium and no-sugar foods. If, all of a sudden, they subject their stomachs to an onslaught of heavy and rich foods, they are not in for a joyous holiday, but a downright miserable one.

Does this mean that all holiday foods that are so nostalgic and symbolic, as well as delicious, have to go by the boards? Heaven forbid! It just means that you have to have a little culinary know-how to navigate between the Scylla and Charybdis of heavy sweets and high cholesterol.

Basically, modern nutrition requires a low intake of heavy red or cured meats, concentrating rather on poultry and fish, low-fat cheeses and pulses for proteins. Desserts and pastries cooked with large amounts of refined sugar and refined white flour are to be avoided. High-fiber cereals and grains, vegetables and fruits all are on the approved list. The overall and important keynote is moderation and a well-balanced selection.

The Christmas season is a time for having friends home for the holiday for a brunch, or for the family to sit down for an informal hearty supper. No matter what the occasion, offer menus that include traditional favorites cooked the modern way. Those partaking will leave your table satisfied and happy but not uncomfortably overstuffed.

Grapefruit Juleps

Chill tall glasses 20 minutes in the freezer before filling. In each glass put 4 ounces of unsweetened grapefruit juice (6 ounces if the julep is to be non-alcoholic). Add 2 ounces of vodka, gin or white wine and a teaspoon of Creme de Cassis (black currant brandy). Fill each glass with crushed ice. Garnish with a sprig of mint and insert a straw.

Eggs Mornay

20 to 24 eggs
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup whole wheat pastry flour
1 quart milk
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
2 cups shredded Swiss cheese

Advance preparation: Put the eggs in a large pan of water and bring rapidly to a boil. Remove from the heat and let stand, covered, for 4 minutes. Run cold water over the eggs. Carefully remove the shells, taking care not to break the whites, since the egg yolks will be soft. Slice a sliver from the side of each egg and place that side on the bottom as you place the eggs in a single layer of a large shallow baking-serving dish. Cover and keep in a cool place.

Heat the butter or margarine in the top of a double boiler. Stir in the flour and cook over moderate heat for 2 to 3 minutes, stirring frequently. Add 2 cups of the milk and whisk until smooth. Add the remaining milk and when thick add the mustard and 1-3/4 cups of the shredded cheese. Season to taste.

To serve: Pour the hot or reheated sauce over the eggs. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese and bake in a 400°F. oven 10 to 15 minutes or until bubbly and golden brown.

Variation: A nice addition is 1/2 pound boiled ham, sliced paper thin and cut into strips. These are heated in a little butter or margarine and placed around the edge of the eggs and garnished with chopped parsley or asparagus tips.

Watercress Salad

2 large bunches watercress
2 cucumbers
1/3 cup white wine vinegar
1/3 cup safflower or peanut oil
1/3 cup olive oil
1/4 teaspoon pepper

Advance preparation: Wash the watercress carefully, removing roots, coarse stems and wilted leaves. Shake dry and store in a plastic bag. Chill.

Score and halve the cucumbers and scoop out the seeds. Slice thin and store in another bag. Chill.

Combine the vinegar, oils and pepper in a small serving cruet.

To serve: Arrange the watercress and cucumbers in a salad bowl. Toss with the dressing at the table.

Whole Wheat Coffee Cakes

1 cup sour cream
1/3 cup sugar
1/2 cup cold butter
4 egg yolks, beaten
2 packages powdered yeast
4 tablespoons lukewarm water
3 cups whole wheat pastry flour
3 to 4 cups unbleached all-purpose flour

Heat (but do not boil) the cream and pour it over the sugar in a mixing bowl. Cut in 1/3 cup of the butter and stir until the butter melts.

Beat the eggs and add to the cream, beating constantly. The mixture should now be tepid.

Add the yeast dissolved in the water and 2 cups of the whole wheat flour. Beat slowly for 3 minutes. Add the remaining whole wheat flour and 2-1/2 cups of the all-purpose flour. Beat for another 7 minutes using a heavy-duty mix-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er or knead by hand for 10 minutes, adding flour if necessary. The dough should be smooth and elastic. Place the dough in a greased bowl and turn the dough to coat it on all sides. Cover with a moist cloth and let rise in a warm place. Turn out on a working surface and roll out to a large thick round. Slice the remaining butter very thin over the surface and fold in the sides. Turn it over and roll it out again to seal in the butter. Put the dough back in the bowl and let rise 30 minutes.

Preheat the oven to 400°F.

Roll out the dough and cut into 3-1/2" rounds with a large cookie cutter or floured drinking glass. Place on a buttered baking sheet, 2" apart. Bake 20 minutes.

Cinnamon Add-A-Crunch

1-1/4 cups Quaker Oats
1/3 cup brown sugar
1/3 cup butter, melted
1/3 cup wheat germ, unprocessed bran or chopped nuts
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine all ingredients; mix well. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, 5 to 7 minutes, until golden brown. Spread on an ungreased cookie sheet to cool; store in tightly covered container in refrigerator. Keeps up to three months.

Family Supper
(6 servings)

ITALIAN ANTIPASTO

6 hard-cooked eggs
1 can beets
6 marinated artichokes
12 olives
6 large slices prosciutto
6 scallions (with the green part)
1 can (9-1/4 ounces) Italian tuna fish
Chopped parsley
Capers
1 can anchovy fillets
Lettuce

There is no cooking connected with this dish other than the eggs, which should be halved. Assemble the various items attractively on individual salad plates. Have cruets of oil and vinegar on the table and serve with homemade bread sticks.

BREAD STICKS

1 cup unbleached all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon powdered yeast
1/3 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
1 cup whole wheat pastry flour
1/4 cup tepid milk

Put the all-purpose flour in a mixing bowl. Add the yeast moistened with the water and the sugar and mix until smooth with an electric beater or knead by hand. Cover with a moist cloth and let rise in a warm place until doubled.

Combine the butter or margarine, milk and whole wheat flour into a dough and combine with the risen dough. Dredge the dough lightly with flour, and let rise again in a covered bowl until doubled.

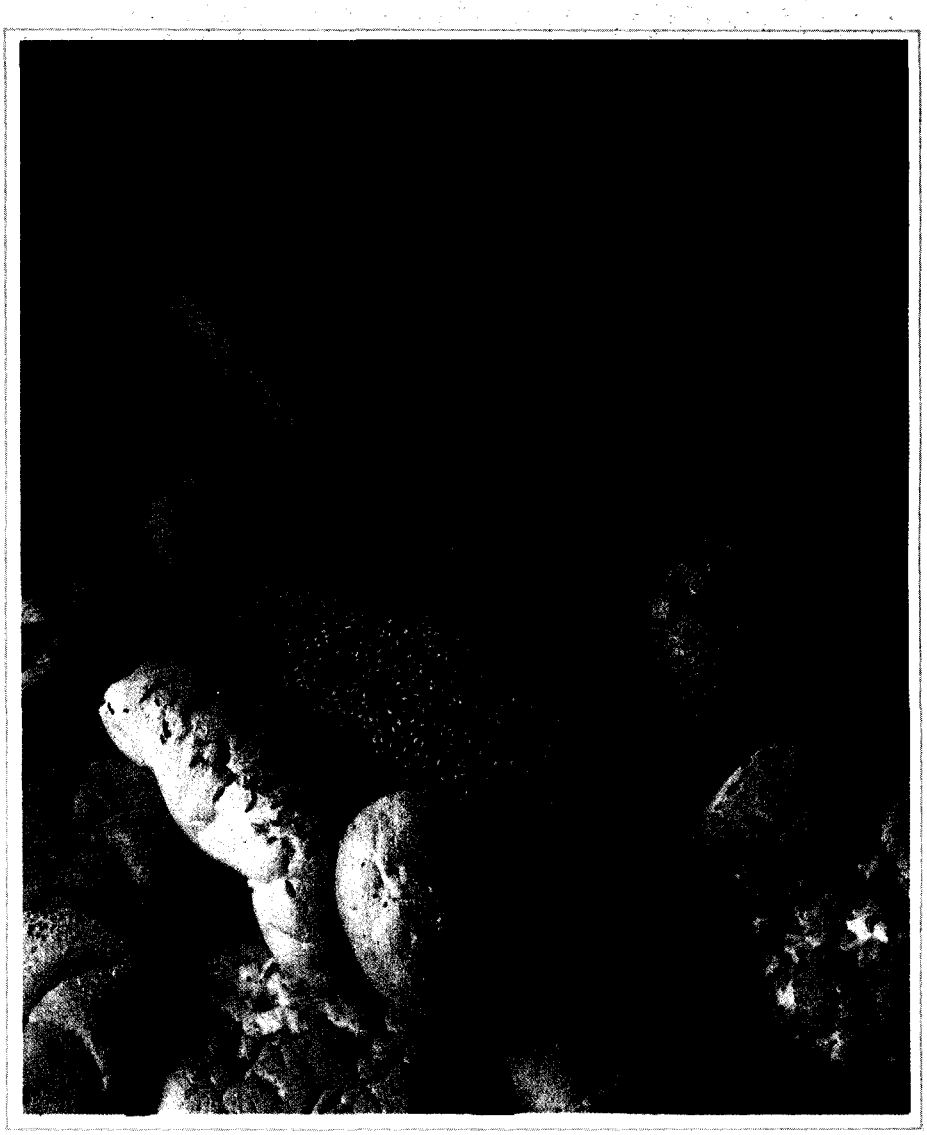
Preheat the oven to 400°F.

Divide the dough into 24 pieces. Roll each piece on a floured surface to a 6" length. Place on greased baking sheets and brush with a little milk. Bake 7 to 8 minutes. Cool on a wire rack.

GREEN NOODLE SHRIMP CASSEROLE

6 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 medium onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
2 cups cleaned boiled shrimp
3 tablespoons sherry
1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk

Continued on page 91



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In The Spirit of Health

Check your wine list for holidays brimming with warmth and well-being.

When you are getting ready for the holiday season, it's time to take stock of your wine supply. Not only is it a delicious assistant in entertaining, a beverage which adds a certain sparkle to the holidays, but doctors are finding that wine has the additional gift of being an aid to physical and mental fitness.

Wine is luxuriant at Christmas, a must for both the physical and spiritual parts of toasting, but it is also a help in digesting the festive meals and providing the warmth and tranquillity that make the season so memorable.

On a more scientific basis, take the word of Dr. Salvatore F. Lucia of California. In collaboration with other doctors of nutrition and psychology, Dr. Lucia has undertaken studies which show that wine, drunk daily in moderation, supplies many of the daily requirements of vitamins and minerals.

Wine stimulates the gastric juices and tempts the poor eater to eat, if such inducement is needed during the holidays. Best of all for the many Americans seeking fitness, wine is low in calories, and its refreshing taste satisfies a desire for sweets.

The gift of wine extends to other benefits, say medical and nutritional experts. For instance:

1. Wine drinkers have fewer heart attacks than non-drinkers.

2. Wine is low in salt and relatively high in potassium. That combination is excellent for cardiovascular health.

3. Wine taken with meals helps nutrients reach the blood stream. At the same time, food reduces the amount of alcohol which gets into the blood, studies have shown.

4. Wine provides a sense of well-being. Elderly persons, in fact, have been observed to regain some of their youthful vigor from daily wine.

Even in the spirit of Christmas, the experts point out that the benefits of wine are related to moderate use—around 7 or 8 ounces a day. Excessive use is bad, they add, and other alcoholic drinks don't provide the same bonuses as wine—it isn't the alcohol that does the good, but the wine itself. The fruit or other raw material from which it is made evidently undergoes some near-magic transformation in the process.

Wine benefits last long after the holidays. Research indicates that its regular use in 18 countries seems related to reduced heart disease. The researchers surmise that the wine protection probably comes from its richness in aromatic compounds and other trace elements.

An analysis of 428 California wines from 112 wineries, for instance, revealed that the potassium level in wine was between 500 and 1,300 milligrams per liter. But the salt, or sodium content, was mainly below 100 milligrams per liter.

Generally, the potassium content was higher in red wines and the sodium content lower in white and rosé wines, the researchers found.

Other investigators, notably those at the Human Nutrition Laboratory at the University of California at Berkeley, have concluded that the non-alcohol properties of wine help improve the body's absorption of calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, zinc and iron, all important to health. One guess is that the natural acidity of wine makes the elements more soluble and easier for the body to handle.

Little wonder then that Dr. Robert Kastenbaum of San Francisco found that residents of nursing homes, given a glass or two of wine a day, began to sleep better, exhibited better morale and gained respect for themselves, certainly all goals to shoot for year-round, not just during the holidays.

Whatever it is in wine that makes it good for us, the medical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profession, as well as the rest of us, likes the form it takes. One doctor noted that it would be horrible if science tried to extract the beneficial elements from wine and make pills and powders of it. "The medicine is already in a highly palatable form," he pointed out.

As far back as Hippocrates they knew that. He prescribed wine as a dietary supplement, as a cooling agent for fever, a laxative and diuretic.

Cyrus the Great used wine 25 centuries ago to keep his armies in the field free of gastrointestinal disorders. He mixed the wine into the local water supplies.

"We can rightfully judge wine to be not only the oldest dietary alcoholic beverage, but the most significant medicinal agent in continuous use throughout the recorded history of man," says Dr. Robert K. Quinnell, associate professor of family medicine at the Medical College of Virginia. He has long prescribed it for his patients.

Much more about wine is contained in two books compiled by Dr. Lucia, *Wine and Health* and *The Wine Diet Cookbook.*

They might make great gifts, but in the meantime, healthful wine can add a lilt to the holidays with or without the tomes of scientific evidence. The nectar of the gods is within the reach of every pocketbook. A reliable wine merchant can assist you in the selections for your holiday entertaining, especially if he knows what food is being served or the type of party that is planned.

For buffets, for example, white wine is a must. But if the weather is cold, a blustery concoction of mulled wine served before an open fire might be seductive enough for the staunchest Scrooge.

Mulled Wine

1 teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 quart water
2 bottles red Bordeaux wine
2 tablespoons sugar
Lemon slices

Boil the spices in the water over a low flame in a covered saucepan for 5 minutes. Add the wine and sugar and bring almost to the boil. Serve in mugs with a slice of lemon.

Atholl Brose

This drink, which comes from Scotland, is very special and recommended to the adventurous. So on a gusty winter night, when the icy blasts of the North (or any other) Sea gnaw your bones, sip a bit of this grog, guaranteed to keep out the cold for a long time.

3 cups old-fashioned oatmeal
1-1/4 cups cold water
10 tablespoons Drambuie
10 tablespoons cream
4 tablespoons honey

Put the oatmeal in a bowl and stir in the water. Cover. Set aside for an hour or longer. Strain, pressing the oatmeal to extract all the water until you have 1/2 cup plus 2 tablespoons water. Mix with the remaining ingredients and serve in wine glasses.

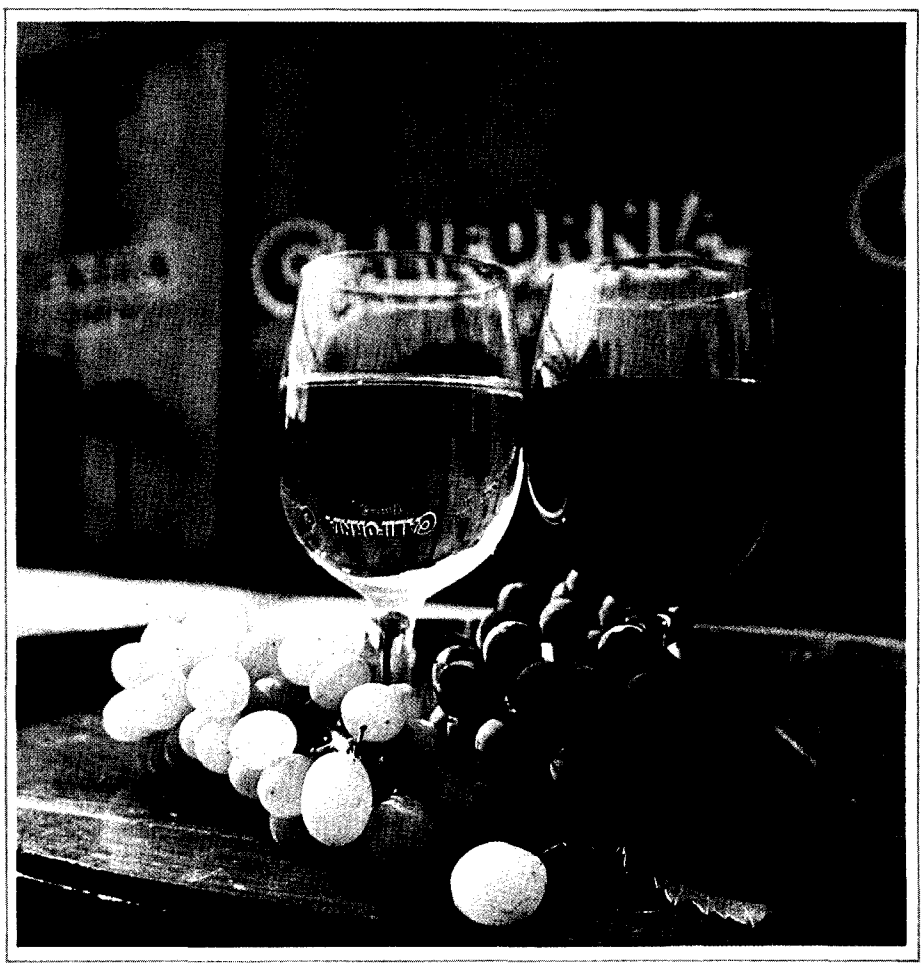
White Wine Christmas Punch
(Serves 50)

2 tablespoons tea leaves
2 quarts boiling water
1 cup honey
1 6-ounce can orange juice
1 6-ounce can frozen lemonade
1 pint apricot brandy (optional)
1 gallon California Chablis
4 quarts soda
Grenadine syrup

Measure the tea into a pitcher or tea pot. Pour the boiling water over it and let the tea steep for 10 minutes. Strain into a large container and stir in the honey. When dissolved, add the orange juice and the lemonade.

Divide the mixture between 2 gallon jugs and add half the brandy and half the wine into each jug. If a red punch seems more festive, color with a little grenadine.

To serve: Pour 1/2 gallon of the base into a punch bowl. Add 2 trays of ice cubes and 1 quart of the soda water. Replenish in the same proportions as necessary.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BIRTH THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

The emissary of the Lord lighted the sky and the shepherds were fearful; but the angel's message brought hope and joy for mankind.

The story of the very first Christmas, written to be read to little children.

by Kenneth Taylor

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

In those days the Jews were under the rule of the Romans; they had to do whatever the emperor of Rome and his assistants told them to. Now he made a law that the name and address of every Jew must be written down. He instructed everyone to go to the city where his ancestors had lived, so that the Roman officers could record their names. Ancestors means relatives who lived hundreds of years before. So Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem where King David used to live, because they were relatives of his, though he had lived hundreds of years before they were born.

But when they arrived at Bethlehem there was no room for them at the little hotel; it was already full. So they went out to the stable where the donkeys and camels were kept, to sleep in the straw on the floor. And while they were resting in the stable, Mary's baby was born. He was the little son that the angel Gabriel had told her about. Yes, Jesus was born out there in the stable; and Mary dressed Him in some baby clothes she had brought, and wrapped Him up in a blanket, and laid Him in a manger.

That same night some shepherds in the fields outside the town were watching their sheep to protect them from wild animals. Suddenly an angel surrounded by a bright light appeared to them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They were very frightened. But the angel said, "Don't be afraid; for I have good news for you, and for all the world! Tonight, in Bethlehem, your Saviour was born! His name is Christ the Lord.

"And this is how you will know Him: You will find Him wrapped in baby clothes and lying in a manger!"

Then suddenly many, many other angels appeared, praising God and saying, "Glory to God! Peace on earth between God and men!"

After the angels returned to heaven the shepherds said to each other, "Let's hurry to Bethlehem and find the baby!" So they ran into the village and soon found Mary and Joseph, and the baby lying in a manger! Afterwards the shepherds returned to their flocks again, praising God for what they had seen and heard.

When the baby was eight days old, His parents named Him Jesus, just as the angel Gabriel had told them to. And they dedicated Him to the Lord, for He was the Son of God.

Then Joseph and Mary took Him from His home in Bethlehem to the Temple at Jerusalem and sacrificed young pigeons as the law required for the oldest boy in every Jewish family. And there he was circumcised. Circumcision is a tiny operation of cutting away the loose skin around the tip of the penis. God had commanded this to be done to all Jewish baby boys.

There was a wonderful old man named Simeon there at the Temple that day who loved God very much, and had been waiting many years to see the Saviour whom God had promised to send. The Holy Spirit had promised Simeon that he would not die before seeing Jesus. So, on the day Jesus' parents took Him to the Temple, the Holy Spirit told Simeon to go there, and when Joseph and Mary brought in their baby, Simeon took Him in his arms and said, "Now, Lord, Your promise has come true: I have seen the Saviour. Now I can die in peace."

Also at the Temple that day was a very old woman named Anna. She was a prophetess—that is, God sometimes told her about things that would happen in the future. She was a widow, and for many years had lived near the Temple so that she could worship there at any time, day and night. While Simeon was holding the baby Jesus in his arms and talking to Mary and Joseph, Anna came in and saw them there, and began thanking God for letting her see God's Son.

The angel said, "Don't be afraid; for I have good news for you, and for all the world! Tonight, in Bethlehem, your Saviour was born! His name is Christ the Lord."

Not long afterwards some men who study the stars came to Jerusalem from a distant eastern land. "Where is the baby who will become king of the Jews?" they asked. "For we have seen His star and have come to worship Him." They knew in some way from seeing the star that Jesus had been born. So they came to Jerusalem looking for Him, but they didn't know just where to search.

When King Herod heard them asking about a new king, he was worried, for he was the king and he didn't want anyone else to have his job! He told the men to find Jesus, and then to come and tell him where He was so that he could worship Jesus too! But what he really intended was to kill Jesus.

King Herod now summoned some priests who had spent their lives studying the Scriptures, and asked them whether the Bible said where the new king would be born.

"Yes," they replied, "in the city of Bethlehem; that is what one of the prophets said."

So Herod sent the astrologers to Bethlehem. "Go to Bethlehem and search for the child," he said, "and when you have found him, come and tell me so that I can worship him too!"

So the men went to Bethlehem. And as they went, the star they had seen appeared to them again and seemed to stand right over one certain house. They went in and saw the baby there with His mother Mary, and they bowed low before Him, worshipping Him. Then they gave presents to the new king—precious gifts of gold and spices. Afterwards they returned to their own country, but they didn't go through Jerusalem, for in a dream God warned them not to tell Herod where Jesus was.

When Herod discovered that the astrologers had disobeyed him, he was very angry and sent his soldiers to Bethlehem to kill all the little children two years old or less. Since he didn't know which baby was the little king, he killed them all. But before the soldiers arrived, the angel of the Lord told Joseph to hurry to Egypt with the baby and His mother. So they fled to Egypt and stayed there until King Herod was dead. Then the angel spoke to Joseph again and told him, "Go back to Israel, for King Herod is dead." Joseph did as the angel commanded, and he and Mary and Jesus came and lived in the city of Nazareth.

From *The Living Bible Story Book* by Kenneth N. Taylor, Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., © 1970.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TUNING INTO CHRISTMAS

Whether your taste swings toward disco or a cappella choirs, a medley of record albums can keep you humming along with the harmony of the Christmas season.

by Paul Baker

Christmas. There's no other holiday like it. What other occasion would have people placing full-grown trees inside their homes, even though some of them normally have nary a potted plant? When else would people decorate the exterior of their homes with brilliant lights and ornaments? On what other day would even non-skiers pray for snow? And what other season would cause small groups of young people to go out and stand in the falling snow and biting cold weather, singing at the front doors of neighborhood homes?

Preparing to record the Messiah *can take longer than the 23 days Handel needed to compose it. When the king of England first heard it performed, he rose to his feet—and tradition still has audiences rising for the Hallelujah Chorus.*

The music of Christmas has no parallel among holidays, either. Christmas is carols and cantatas, musicals and oratorios. It is songs of good cheer drifting through the city streets and over country roads. In department stores and restaurants, that "piped-in" music, at other times hardly noticeable but surrounding us daily, now has everyone humming along. Even many rock music radio stations, normally broadcasting endless streams of high-powered popular music, shift their musical attentions to the special songs of Christmas as the holiday approaches.

According to the *Guiness Book of World Records*, the greatest-selling single record of all time remains Irving Berlin's "White Christmas." Since its first release in 1942, crooner Bing Crosby's single has sold more than 25,000,000 recorded copies alone. Other versions of the ever-green song have sold a combined total of more than 100,000,000. Likewise, one album, "Little Drummer Boy" by the Harry Simeone Chorale, originally titled "Sing We Now of Christmas," has sold more than 14,000,000 copies since its release in 1958, making it one of the best-selling albums of all time. Yes, there's definitely something special about the music of Christmas.

The birth of Christ continues to be the focal point of much of the Christmas music, even though the celebration of Christmas in recent years has increasingly taken on the colors of a secular holiday, with less mention of its religious significance. Christmas long ago became *Xmas* for many people, but Christ by no means has been forgotten, as is evidenced by the new Christmas music being released this season.

In fact, the subject of much of the newer Christmas music is a renewed emphasis on the birth and life of Jesus Christ—not just as a babe being born in a stable, but as a King and Redeemer beginning his brief life on earth.

The photographs and illustrations adorning Christmas albums are often beautiful enough to be a casual part of your holiday decor. Special frames are available in some shops for hanging record jackets on the walls as artwork year 'round.

Collecting Christmas music doesn't have to deplete your bank account. Many are budget-priced—and albums are welcomed as early Christmas presents or hostess gifts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The religious music of Christmas is being performed in every imaginable style—from choral voices united in anthem to young musicians hailing Christmas with a disco beat. But whatever the taste of the record or tape buyer, this year brings even more fresh recordings of Yuletide music as countless musicians seek to express an age-old story with a bright, new vigor.

Listed below are a few of the most recent Christmas albums, including the 1979 offerings. Most of these records can be found at religious book and record stores.

Handel's *Messiah. The London Philharmonic Orchestra and The London Philharmonic Choir, conducted by John Alldis. Birdwing BWR 2001 (Dist. by Sparrow Records).*

Most of the previous recordings of the *Messiah* have been more staid, not necessarily always appealing to the musically uneducated public. This recording is warmer, lighter and more personable than some others. It emphasizes the chorus of 120 voices rather than the orchestra in an effort to make all of Handel's scripture-based lyrics understandable and the Christian message clear.

A libretto is enclosed in the boxed 4-record set, which carries a very reasonable $12.98 retail price. It is not only a timely album, but an excellent gift package for Christmas giving.

Noel, Jesus Is Born. *Songs by Lanny Wolfe, arranged and conducted by Don Marsh, narration written by Bob Benson and read by Doug Oldham. Impact R3524.*

The Christmas story is poignantly presented in narrative and music, and the combination results in one of the finest Christmas albums in recent years. The story takes on new life via the narration of singer Doug Oldham, the music of Lanny Wolfe, and the arrangements of Don Marsh. Music of all types is featured throughout, with beautiful songs such as "Cherish That Name Medley" and "Wise Men Still Seek Him" complemented by the bright, up-tempo feel of selections such as "Rejoice With Exceeding Great Joy."

Noel, Jesus is Born is a fine family album. It should be heard by everyone at Christmas as a reminder of why there *is* a Christmas.

Holiday Song. *Doug Oldham. Impact R3562.*

There is probably no one in the Christian music realm who would better fulfill the role of instilling additional joy into the already joyful songs of Christmas than Doug Oldham. His baritone voice rolls richly and joyfully through nine songs of the season. The album is also a musical Christmas conversation with Oldham, who frequently pauses during a selection for a moment's contemplation on Christmas, Christ, and recollections of seasonal holidays with his loved ones. The songs are easy-going, and for those residents of the "Sun Belt" who have never experienced sleigh rides, Christmas snow, crackling fireplaces, or winter wonderlands, *Holiday Song* is a travelog. The departure point for the whitest of Christmases is the nearest phonograph or tape player.

Gifts of Music; Celebrating Christ-With-Us. *Various Artists. NALR GM79.*

Folk music has been popular with many Catholics since its introduction into the church via the folk masses of the late 1960s, but it is not limited to the Catholic churches alone. This album should be enjoyed by all people of the Christian faith, whether Catholic or Protestant.

The album, new for 1979, is budget-priced and comes with a color poster. Available especially in Catholic book and record stores.

Gentle Night. *Various Artists. NALR SE-18.*

Gentle Night, an earlier release from NALR Records, presents a pleasant variety of folk and choral music, original songs especially written for Christmas and Advent. Guitars add a modern but gentle accent to the beautiful choral and orchestral arrangements.

Now . . . This Is Christmas! *Truth-Paragon PR 33056.*

Truth's *Christmas* isn't a live recording, but the production would have one believing that it is. A certain "live" presence pervades the musical performances, providing a bright and cheery recorded Christmas concert. One can almost visualize the concert hall, filled with Christmas celebrants who have come in from the cold weather to be warmed with musical offerings from this popular group of performers.

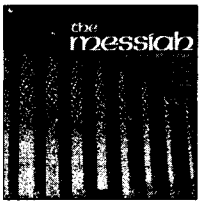
This presentation not only tells the Christmas story of 2000 years ago, but it also brings the listener to the Christmas of the present, and seeks to recapture the true spirit of Christmas.

Continued on page 85

A MASTERPIECE YOU CAN LIVE WITH.

At last. An affordable quality recording of the musical treasure, Handel's **Messiah.** From Birdwing.

An all new recording by the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir. Complete in a handsomely-boxed four-record set. All four records plus: the complete text, a Handel biography and program notes. Now just $12.98 plus $1.50 for postage and handling. Also available on 8-track and cassette tapes.



The perfect gift. Order today for Christmas delivery.

Messiah, Sparrow Records, Box SEP, Canoga Park, CA 91304.
PLEASE RUSH ME_____COPIES OF HANDEL'S *MESSIAH.*
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
MASTER CHARGE ☐ VISA/BANKAMERICARD ☐
Acct. No._____ Exp. Date_____
☐ LP's ☐ 8-track ☐ Cassette
(California residents add 6% state sales tax.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1100 WATERWAY BOULEVARD
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U.S.A.

BEURT SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN
CORY SERVAAS, EDITOR
FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Summing Up At Christmas

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit 'round and pluck mulberries.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Through the window where these words are being written two shaggy, short-leaved pines rise above the leafless, twisted branches of hickory and oak. They bend and sway against a gray sky of late autumn. The subtle beauty in bare twigs of coming winter is overpowering.

How wondrous the fortunes God has showered upon our land this year again. Again we have had a year of peace; no American soldier lines his sights to kill a fellow man. No soldier sees another's fear-glazed eyes while trying to push his entrails back inside a ruptured belly, praying when his turn comes he'll get the wound behind, where flesh is thickest.

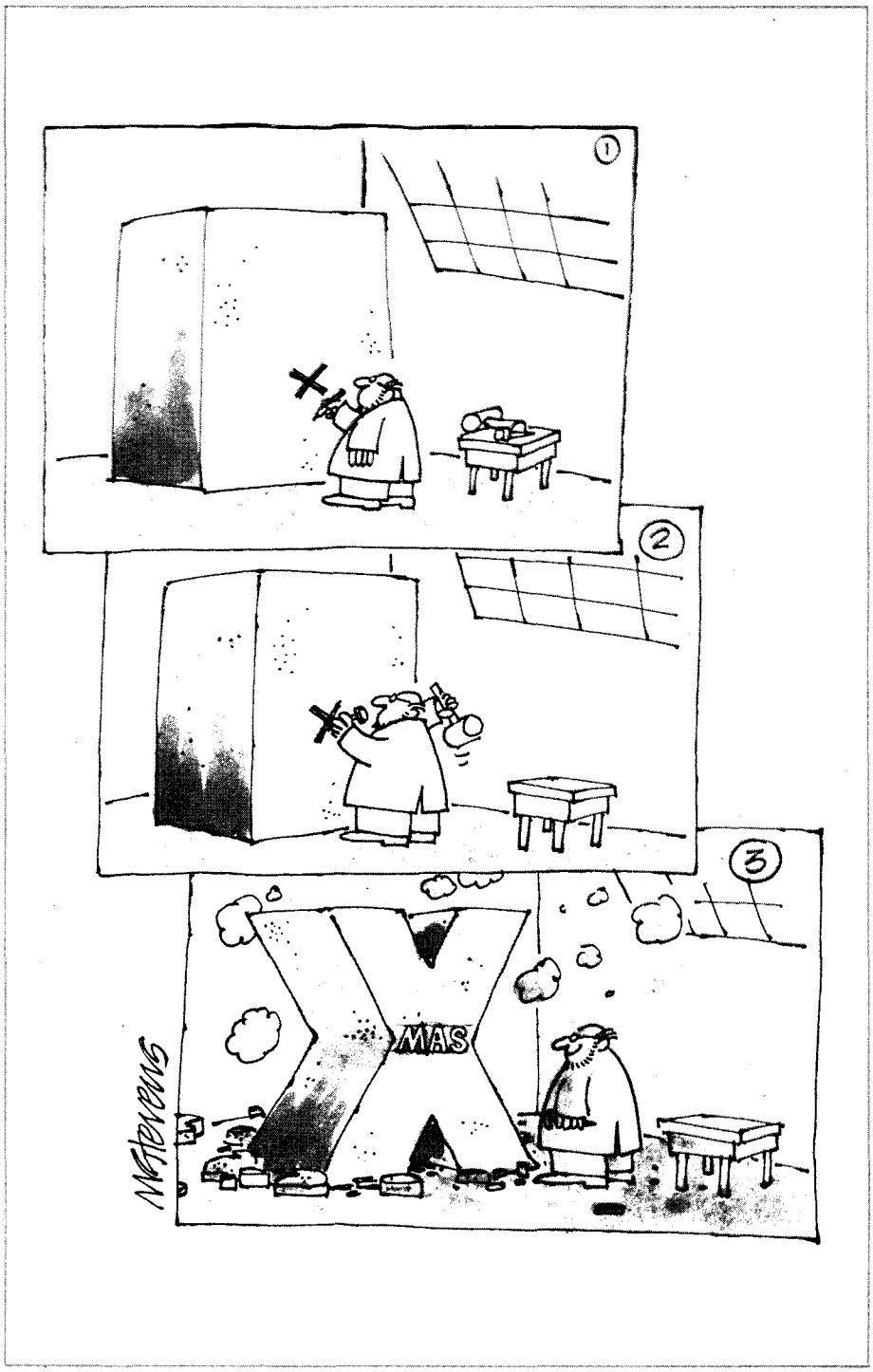
There are so many desperate peoples in the world. Why, from Viet Nam alone this year, nearly a million souls have flipped a coin with death and braved the sea in open boats in hopes of going—anywhere.

And here? Why, here we are so confident of our freedom we can safely turn loose men and women who have shot at presidents and congressmen. Freedom itself is the best shield against tyrants; and the world knows America is free—they vote with their feet and with their lives to attain our shores.

But what about the rest of us who don't take off our shoes in reverence but carp and criticize and "sit 'round and pluck mulberries?" Why, that's the beauty of it; the marvelous freedom of America is so spontaneous we take it for granted, breathe it like air, and drink it like water.

We are not so naive as to be unaware that worse times are around the corner. The time may well come when we look back on this as our finest hour; a time when we had no strength left except that one great, great strength of freedom.

May God bless that collection of men, so very mortal, who somehow have guided our land safely through another year. It was no small thing. And to the rest of you munching the mulberries—as Tiny Tim would say—"God bless you, every one."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Record Review

continued from page 83

Now . . . This Is Christmas! features familiar melodies, but the arrangements depart from the traditional styles to a greater degree than any of the other albums reviewed here. The vocalists are backed up by arrangements which are basically up-tempo and rhythmic, occasionally edging on disco style.

This year, open your packages, sip a glass of wine, and flow with the musical harmony of the holiday season.

Karen Silkwood

continued from page 35

tragic events about Karen turned out. There is talk that her children will get $6.5 million, but he told me: "It is still undecided. The lawyers have contingency fees. The jury didn't specify exactly. Spence wants much more now. And Bill Silkwood is the administrator. We're just waiting. I don't have much contact with Bill."

Karen Silkwood is gone. So much has been said about her, attributed to her, heaped on her, that in death she has taken on great proportion. It is sad what happened to her. Much of her adult life was sad. But there must be a Karen Silkwood without tears.

Speaking Out

continued from page 36

in the sparse spiritual soil of communist Poland requires he be made of strong stuff. He must have the intellect to outthink the bureaucracy. He must have the wit to walk the line and avoid saying the illegal, lest he land in jail. He must have the courage and resolve to stand by his convictions. And in the end he must have charismatic leadership qualities which so endear him to the people that governments dare not bring him down.

Karol Wojtyla has all these. He was a philosopher and a poet before becoming a priest. His poetry covers such a range of ideas, images and inspirations that it is not possible to describe its scope in a few lines or with a few examples. The beauty comes through even in translation from the Polish language. Note the following lines in which the poet considers himself releasing talents hidden in others:

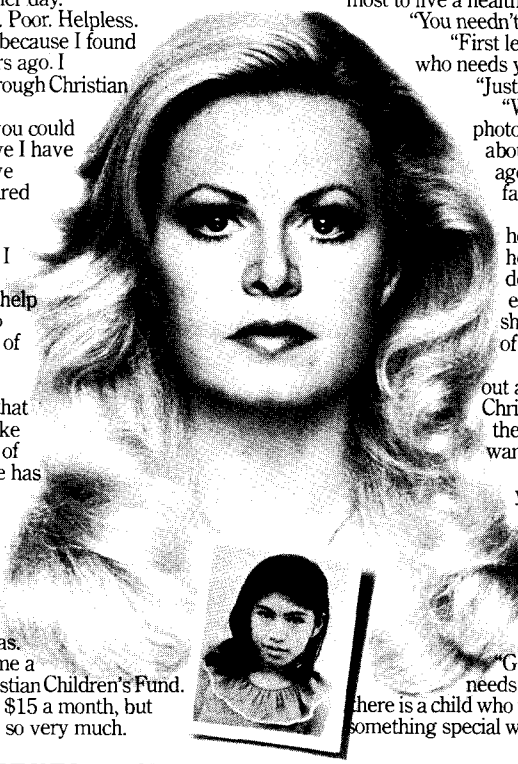
I am a giver, I touch forces
that expand the mind;
Sometimes the memory of a
starless night
Is all that remains.

As a poet he well understood the dignity and sacred nature of toil as shown in these lines:

How splendid these men, no
airs, no graces;
I know you, look into your
hearts,
No pretense stands between us.
Some hands are for toil,
some for the cross.

The world owes Pope John Paul II a debt of gratitude. He is a Christian leader who rises above one single creed or doctrine. Benjamin Franklin would have embraced such a man. Martin Luther left his parent church because he could not find him. John Paul II has shown us all some of the good that is within us. It is indeed reassuring to know just how strong God's love is within us all.

Sally Struthers' Christmas Wish.



"Somewhere in the world there is a child who will spend Christmas Day the same way she spends every other day.

"Hungry. Poor. Helpless.

"I know, because I found such a child five years ago. I became a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"I wish you could know the joy and love I have known these past five Christmases I've shared with Marites.

"Since I became her sponsor, I know Marites has daily meals, medical help and a chance to go to school. And the kind of love that every child needs.

"But all that I have given seems like nothing when I think of the new meaning she has given to my life.

"You can know the richness, the joy of giving to a child who needs your help.

"You can know it in time for Christmas.

"You can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"All it costs is $15 a month, but you help give a child so very much.

"Regular meals, medical attention, the chance to go to school, or whatever that child needs most to live a healthy, productive life.

"You needn't send any money now.

"First learn about the child who needs you.

"Just send the coupon.

"We'll send you a child's photograph and tell you about her way of life—her age, health, interests and family background.

"We'll also tell you how this child can be helped, and give you details on how you can exchange letters and share a very special part of her life.

"After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

"Simply send in your check or money order for $15 within 10 days. Or return the photo and background materials so we can ask someone else to help.

"Get to know a child who needs your help. Somewhere there is a child who wishes she could share something special with you this Christmas.

Love."

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills NSAPDO
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl. ☐ Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.
☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.
☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Member of American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc.
Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario M4T 1Y8.
Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Capitol Quiz

With the presidential race apparently up for grabs, it is interesting to note that our Chief Executives, like the rest of us, have come in assorted sizes and characters, as the following questions about ten of them show. How many of the ten described can you name? *Answers on opposite page.*

1. Which President weighed less than 100 pounds?
2. Which President weighed more than 330 pounds?
3. Which President's wife refused to serve liquor or wine in the White House?
4. Which President was taught to read and write by his wife?
5. Which President never saw a map of the United States until he was 19?
6. Which President's wife smoked a corncob pipe in the White House?
7. Which President had an artificial jaw?
8. Which President made 140 speeches in 30 days without repeating himself?
9. Which President was arrested for speeding in Washington?
10. Which President slept 11 hours a day?

—J. H. Pollack

A Taste of Authority

At a company-sponsored first-aid course, the instructor singled out one of the workers. "What is the first thing you would do if you discovered you had rabies?"

"I'd locate my supervisor," the man replied.

"Then what would you do?" the instructor asked.

"Bite him," the man replied.

—Lane Olinghouse

For the Discerning Diner

A husband and wife went into a diner. She looked around and said, "This place isn't very clean." "Stop being so picky," her husband admonished.

They sat down at the counter and the waitress asked them for their orders. "I'll have a cup of coffee with cream," the man said. "I'll have the same," his wife said, "and make sure the cup is clean."

When the waitress left, the man turned to his wife. "You didn't have to say that," he said. "Suppose she felt insulted?"

The waitress came back. "Two coffees with cream," she said. "Which one of you wanted the clean cup?"

—Lucille Boyce

Familiar Figure

A young teacher substituted for a friend who was taking a few days off for a honeymoon during the school term. A short time later, at a party, someone started to introduce her to the groom.

"Oh, you needn't bother to introduce us," laughed the young man, "I know this lady quite well. She substituted for my wife on our honeymoon."

—Honey Greer

Diplomatic Exchange

A member of the Japanese diplomatic service was visiting this country and in the course of his travels attended a session of the United Nations. Afterwards, he was a guest at one of those seemingly inevitable cocktail receptions that follow such sessions. And he found himself chatting with one of those "gushers" who attend such functions.

"What 'nese' are you?" she asked. "Chinese, Japanese, Javanese or what?"

Replying that he was Japanese, the diplomat took his turn at probing: "What 'kee' are you—Yankee, monkey, donkey or what?"

—T. J. McInerney

Sole Solution

An employer had spent a great deal of money to ensure that his men should work under the best conditions. "Now, whenever I enter the workshop," he said, "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task, and therefore I invite you to place in this box any further suggestions as to how that can be brought about."

A week later the box was opened; it contained only one slip of paper, on which was written: "Don't wear rubber heels."

—Morris Bender

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pronounced Problem

At a meeting of intellectuals in Moscow, a stooped and elderly member of the group kept repeating, "Tolstoi, Tolstoi, Tolstoi."

"Why does he do that?" a member of the gathering asked.

"I'm not sure," his friend replied. "I think it's because he can't pronounce Solzhenitsyn."

—Phillip Lazarus

Coinable Retort

A grade school teacher was instructing her youngsters on the value of coins. She took a half-dollar and laid it on her desk. "Can any of you tell me what it is?" she asked.

From the rear of the room came the shrill voice of a small boy: "Tails!"

—Herm Albright

Idol Thoughts

Today's busy congressmen, senators and cabinet members, who complain of feeling tense and harassed by the demands upon their time and energy, could well profit by the example of President Calvin Coolidge. Coolidge proved that he had mastered the art of throwing off tension and care when he invited a number of guests for a cruise on the presidential yacht. He was standing alone at the rail, gazing intently out over the waters of Chesapeake Bay.

One of the guests gushed: "Look at that slight and slender figure! What thoughts must be in the mind of that man, with all the problems of the nation weighing on him!" Other guests nodded sympathetically.

Finally, Coolidge turned around, walked toward them and said, "See that sea gull over there? Been watching it for twenty minutes. Hasn't moved. I think he's dead."

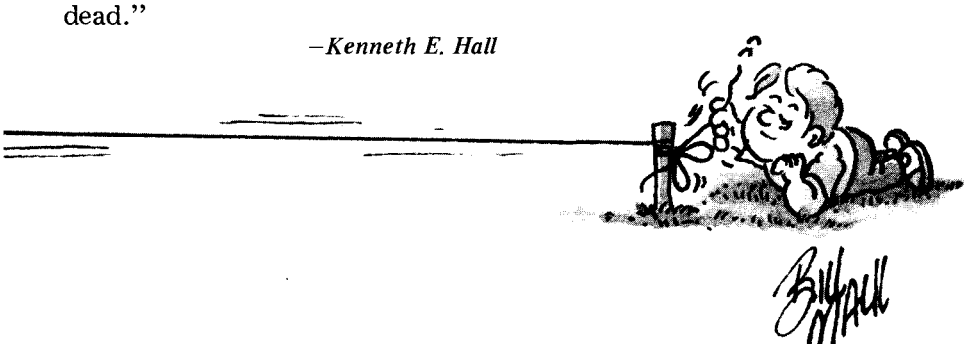
—Kenneth E. Hall

"Go ahead and ho, ho, ho, sir, but I assure you, that if you total the retail prices on this list, you would come to the sobering conclusion that shopping for today's child is no laughing matter."

Tape-Deck the Halls

Our Christmases are not the same
As those in former years;
It seems today that nothing's
quite
The same as it appears.
We take great care to decorate
Our artificial trees;
And yule logs on the hearth
are rolled-
Up paper, if you please.
The candles glowing on our sill
Are made of fiberglass;
Our holly wreath is plastic (so's
The mistletoe, alas).
But surely, now, those carolers
Must be what one expects;
Their harmonizing must be real
—Or is it Memorex?

—Mary Margaret De Angelis



Food For Thought

"Mommy, my tummy aches," complained little Sally.

"Never mind, dear," comforted her mother. "It's only because it's empty. It will feel better when you get something in it."

At the weekly bridge session that afternoon, one of the ladies mentioned she had a headache. Little Sally was at her side instantly. "You'll feel better after you get something in it," she said.

—Samuel J. Stannard

Answers to Capitol Quiz

1. Madison.
2. Taft.
3. Mrs. Hayes. Critics called her "Lemonade Lucy."
4. Andrew Johnson.
5. Fillmore.
6. Mrs. Zachary Taylor.
7. Cleveland. He developed cancer of the mouth.
8. Benjamin Harrison, on a Pacific tour.
9. Grant, when his horses exceeded the speed limit.
10. Coolidge—nine hours at night plus a two-hour nap.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Better or Worse

continued from page 59

didn't mention it, for good reason: One night I put my foot down and bravely announced that I was going to Shannon's Roaring Twenties or know the reason why. And she picked my foot up and told me the reason why.) Anyway, instead of spending around $2.50 for hot dogs and buns and maybe another buck for gas, we shot $1,600 on a trip to Hawaii. It was the most expensive idea I ever had.

Because I believe in writing only on subjects I know a little something about, I am leaving the sex problems in divorce to the sexperts—Dr. David Reuben, Masters and Johnson, Harold Robbins, Hugh Hefner and that crowd. But when it comes to money, or the lack thereof, I pride myself on being somewhat of an authority. And, thanks to inflation, I become more authoritative by the day.

The zodiac aside, normal women are born under the dollar sign. Their main mission in life is to spend. And normal women pursue this sacred responsibility with a zeal that would rank Carrie Nation and Florence Nightingale as campfire girls by comparison.

My wife can spend money faster than anyone. She is so well known at local stores that any day she doesn't show up the managers telephone to see if she is sick. The one time I trusted her with a $20 bill to "run to the grocery for a loaf of bread," she ran back with $20 worth of groceries. She has a Teflon billfold (nothing will stick to it). If they only had competition at the state fair in getting rid of money, she would have enough blue ribbons by now to make a quilt. I sometimes think she believes that all money was printed by lepers. Or perhaps as a child she struck a corner of her head on a cash register and she is devoting her life to getting even.

My one hope, now that I have been brainwashed to where I'll never be a statistic in the divorce column, is that Ralph Nadar may read this piece. If he does, the 1941 (or whatever that date) wives may be recalled. In which case I will require a loaner until mine comes back from the shop. The more I think of it, that could very well be the solution to the whole divorce problem. ☒

True Grit

continued from page 49

HE RODE WITH QUANTRILL!
HE RODE FOR PARKER!

Scourge of Territorial outlaws and Texas cattle thieves for 25 years! "Rooster" Cogburn will amaze you with his skill and dash with the six-shooter and repeating rifle! Don't leave the ladies and little ones behind! Spectators can watch this unique exhibition in perfect safety!

So he was coming to Memphis. Little Frank had teased me and chaffed me over the years about Rooster, making out that he was my secret "sweetheart." He had penciled a note on the cutting that said, "Skill and dash! It's not too late, Mattie!"

I rode the train to Memphis by way of Little Rock. I speculated on whether the marshal would recognize me. My thought was: *A quarter of a century is a long time!*

"I feel terribly guilty. He said he couldn't make it until payday."

When my train reached the Bluff City I saw that the show train was on a siding there at the depot.

I found Cole Younger and Frank James sitting in a Pullman car in their shirt sleeves.

Younger told me that Rooster had passed away a few days before while the show was at Jonesboro, Arkansas. He had been in failing health for some months, suffering from a disorder he called night hoss, and the heat of the early summer had been too much for him. Younger reckoned his age at 68 years. There was no one to claim him and they had buried him in the Confederate cemetery in Memphis.

I did not stay for the show as I guessed it would be dusty and silly like all circuses. I had Rooster's body removed to Dardanelle on the train. He was reburied in our family plot. Rooster had a little C.S.A. headstone coming to him but it was so small that I put up another one beside it, a $65 slab of Batesville marble inscribed:

REUBEN COGBURN
1835-1903
A RESOLUTE OFFICER
OF PARKER'S COURT

People here in Dardanelle and Russellville said, well, she hardly knew the man but it is just like a cranky old maid to do a stunt like that. People love to talk.

I heard nothing more of the Texas officer, LaBoeuf. If he is yet alive and should happen to read these pages, I will be pleased to hear from him. I judge he is in his seventies now, and nearer 80 than 70. I expect some of the starch has gone out of that cowlick of his. Time just gets away from us.

This ends my true account of how I avenged Frank Ross' blood over in the Choctaw Nation when snow was on the ground. ☒

Dr. Franklin

continued from page 61

all sects" to contribute to the building fund of the Hebrew temple in Philadelphia. He followed his own advice by donating five pounds.

In 1773, with a friend, he published an abridged edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, which sold very poorly. He rewrote but never published his revision of the Lord's Prayer. It is not surprising, then, that critics would attack Franklin as a man who had the audacity to seek to change the unchangeable!

Historians have not agreed on whether Dr. Franklin was a Christian, yet there seems to be general acceptance that he was a liberal religious individual who actively supported the development of all religious faiths. He was not above issuing an occasional barb or two when it came to what he thought were unreasonable practices of religious groups. He complained mightily when anti-war Quaker legislators refused to defend frontier settlers in Pennsylvania.

He compared those citizens who were against the adoption of the federal constitution with the ancient Jewish tribes who believed they were a chosen

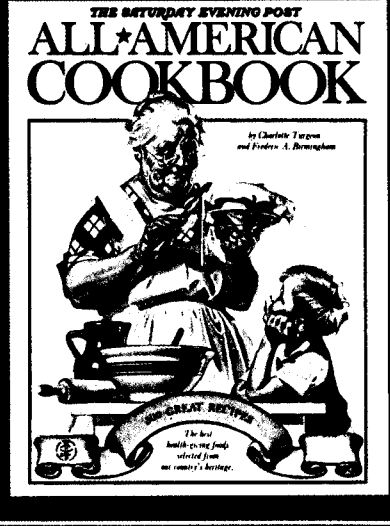
Continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recipe for Great Reading

Man the Menu

That's what we call the section of our magazine devoted to making your table fare something special. Blend that with page after page of cost-cutting do-it-yourself country wisdom, great fiction and timely articles about keeping the countryside *country* . . . and you have for yourself 112 pages of delicious reading. Make your reservation for four servings a year of the quarterly with country flavor and receive this great *All-American Cookbook*, filled with 225 all-time favorite recipes from the rich heritage of America, absolutely *free* with every paid subscription! Try *The Country Gentleman* —it's tasty!



The Country Gentleman
1100 Waterway Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46202

☐ **2 years (8 issues) $8.95**
☐ **3 years (12 issues) $12.95**

☐ Enclosed Check or Money Order
☐ Bill me later
☐ Bank Americard/Visa
☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. _____
Expiration Date _____
If Master Charge enter 4-digit
Interbank No. _____

Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State, Zip _____

Outside the United States add $2.00 postage per year. 450A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

race. As a youth he attacked, using a *nom de plume*, the quality of the education and the poor admissions practices for ministerial students at Harvard College.

Much has been made of Franklin's comments about a French Jewish merchant J. de Neufville. He carefully used a story from the Old Testament to illustrate what he thought to be poor actions on the part of de Neufville.

M. de Neufville caught Ambassador Franklin's wrath when he refused to deliver goods for the colonies during the Revolutionary War due to the fact that he had not been paid for a previous shipment. Franklin compared the actions of the merchant with the Old Testament story of Jacob. In a letter to John Adams, Franklin said: "Jacob was not content with any percents, but took the whole of his brother Esau's Birthright, and his Posterity did the same by Canaanites, and cut their throats in the bargain; which in my conscience I do not think M. J. de Neufville has the least inclination to do by us—while he can get anything by our being alive."

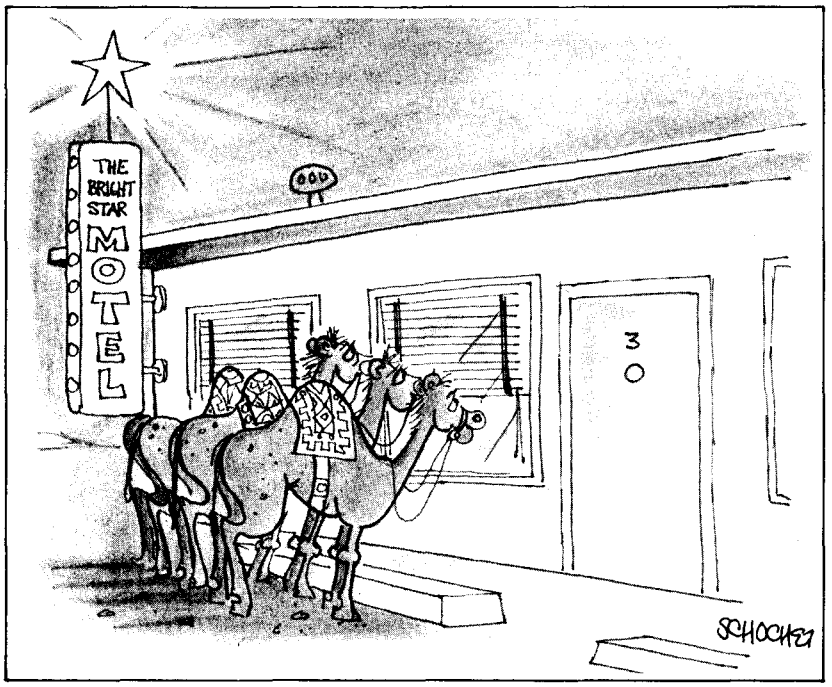
We can conclude that the good Doctor Franklin was a religiously tolerant man yet we are quite sure that he did not accept the exclusiveness concepts taught by certain faiths, including the Catholic and the Hebrew.

Franklin's openness and liberal views toward religion (when in accordance with the times in which he lived) made him a choice candidate for misunderstandings, misquotes, and plain old unfounded rumors. One story that has survived to this day is that Franklin fathered numerous illegitimate children, something no one has ever proved! It is true that we do not know who was the mother of his elder son, William. His reputation as a great favorite with the ladies of France, a country in which he lived from his 70th to his 78th year, was quite a compliment. To achieve such a reputation at an advanced age is rather uncommon!

The rumor perhaps most damaging to Benjamin Franklin's reputation is a claim that has arisen in the past 40 years. In the 1930s a story appeared in a fascist-related North Carolina newspaper that evidently attempted to champion the anti-Semitic beliefs of Nazi Germany. The title of the article was "Franklin's Prophecy." It was a vicious story which stated that Franklin made a speech at the Constitutional Convention of 1787 in which he called for the exclusion of Jews from the United States.

Supposedly the quote came from the diary of Charles Pinckney, who attended the convention as a delegate from South Carolina. "Franklin's Prophecy" was picked up and printed over and over by newspapers in Germany and Switzerland only to filter back to the United States over a period of three to four years. In September 1934 the "Prophecy" was reprinted in a pamphlet distributed in New York City.

In 1937 it appeared again in the American press despite the fact that in 1935 the eminent historian Charles A. Beard had published in the magazine *Jewish Frontier* a statement labeling the Pinckney diary as a "barefaced forgery." The diary obviously never existed. Historians led by Carl Van Doren, Franklin's greatest modern biographer, did everything they could to stamp out the cruel hoax.



Yet, many times it seems impossible to undo untruths. Reputations are flimsy things. People sometimes choose to believe that which is not true. Some still believe Franklin was anti-Semitic.

Toward the end of his life, following his return from France, Franklin wrote to a longtime friend in Europe: "Thus finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall in some shape or other, always exist, and with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine, hoping however, that errata of the last may be corrected."

A deist, yes; a Christian deist, unlikely, and yet, looking with 20th-century vision at a life lived 200 years ago, who can know? Throughout his long life Dr. Franklin supported the utility and propriety of all sects. Also, he never wavered from his belief that a person who committed sins would atone for his transgressions either in this world or the next.

In 1790, just a month or so before he died, Franklin responded to Ezra Stiles, president of Yale University, who had written to ask about Franklin's portrait, but went on to diplomatically ask the old philosopher about his opinion of Jesus Christ. In replying, Franklin offers to sit for the portrait, sends along a book for the Yale library, and then dutifully writes: "As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think His system of morals and His religion as He left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is likely to see, but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present dissenters in England, some doubts as to His divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon, an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the consequence, as probably it has, of making His doctrines more respected and more observed, especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss by distinguishing the unbelievers in His government of the world with any peculiar marks of His displeasure."

With Franklin supporting churches of all kinds, investigating various faiths, preparing his personal creed, and writing of Jesus Christ, one must conclude that Dr. Franklin's God was his personal Lord and that the good doctor wanted very much to pass through the gates of heaven as smoothly as possible and with little delay!

A product of 17th-century New England Puritanism, who had the courage to question topics whether they be social, scientific, religious, medical or otherwise, Benjamin Franklin continues to be known as one of the most fascinating and versatile humans.

He, like each of us, has his critics, yet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his image continues to stay modern, perhaps because he thought he perceived basic questions about his 18th-century life and was able to express himself in a manner that most people understood, then and now.

During the national celebration of the 200th birthday of the U.S. Constitution, many people learned that records of the convention showed that it was Franklin who called for the convention to pray daily for divine guidance—a motion, incidentally, which did not pass.

In many ways, the product of this convention, our Constitution, was the greatest result of the Revolutionary War, for it fostered individual freedoms and liberties previously unheard of in the history of the world. Certainly many people feel that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of 1787 were inspired by a divine creator.

With religious freedom always serving as an illustration of the essential personal freedoms enjoyed in our country, we all are indebted to Benjamin Franklin for his courage in believing and speaking out publicly about his religious, social, and political beliefs. Critics did not bother him during his lifetime, and it would appear that today his stature is certainly holding its own—the mark of a great man. ☒

Christmas Bonuses

continued from page 77

1 cup medium-sharp grated Cheddar cheese
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
1 cup finely chopped celery
1 cup chopped pecans
1/2 pound mushrooms
1 pound green noodles (homemade or bought)

Advance preparation: Heat 2 tablespoons of the butter or margarine in a skillet. Add the onions and garlic and cook until the onion is soft. Add the shrimp, sherry and nutmeg and cook very gently for 5 minutes, stirring frequently.

Heat the rest of the butter in a saucepan. Stir in the flour and cook for 2 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the milk and whisk until smooth. Stir in 3/4 cup of the cheese and the mustard and stir until blended. Remove from the heat and stir in celery, pecans and mushrooms (washed and sliced). Season to taste.

Cook the noodles in 8 quarts boiling water to which 1 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon salad oil have been added. Boil just until tender. Do not overcook. Drain and rinse with cold water.

Alternate layers of noodles, shrimp and sauce in a large greased casserole. End with a layer of sauce and sprinkle with the remaining cheese. To serve: Bake 35 minutes at 400°F.

Frutto Misto

The larger amounts are suggested for groups larger than twelve.
2 to 3 cups white grapes
2 to 3 cups honeydew melon balls
2 cups sliced peaches or nectarines
2 to 3 cups sliced bananas
4 tablespoons creme de menthe
2 teaspoons lemon juice
3 to 4 pints lime sherbet

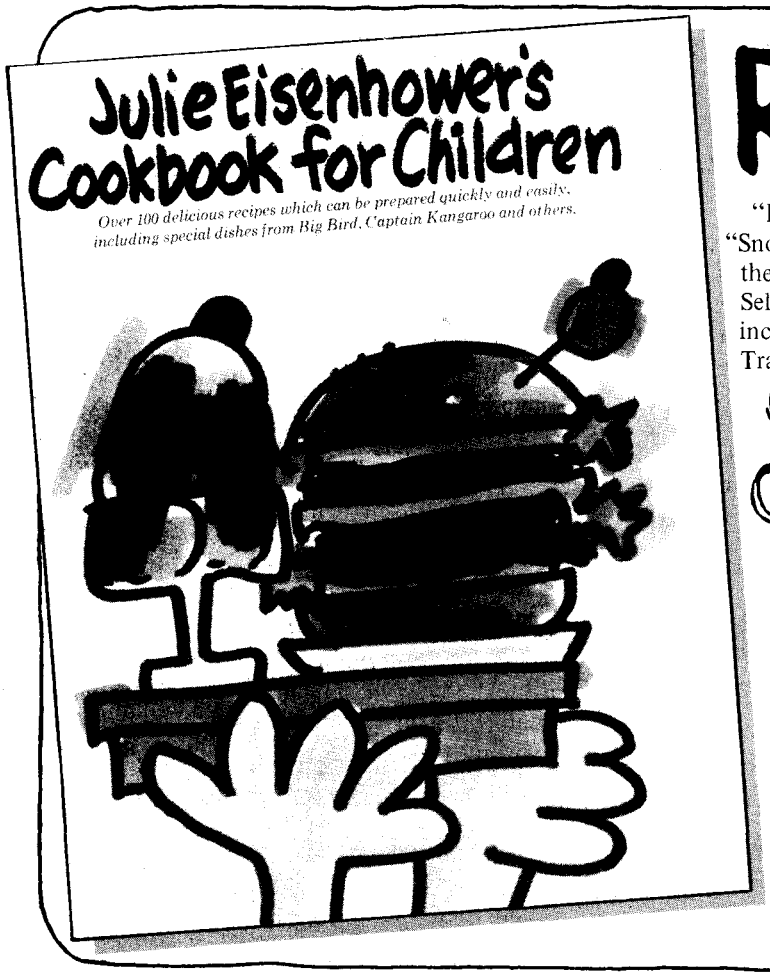
Advanced preparation: Prepare fruit and combine in silver or glass bowl. Stir in the creme de menthe, lemon juice.

To serve: Put scoops of sherbet in bowl just before serving.

Banana Milk Shake
(without ice cream)

1 large banana
2 cups ice-cold low-sodium milk
1 tablespoon non-fat powdered milk
1 tablespoon unsalted peanut butter
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Nutmeg

Slice 6 thin slices of banana and cut the rest into chunks. Place the chunks, the milk, powdered milk, peanut butter and vanilla in a blender or food processor and spin until thick and smooth. Pour into 2


Julie Eisenhower's Cookbook for Children
Over 100 delicious recipes which can be prepared quickly and easily, including special dishes from Big Bird, Captain Kangaroo and others.

Recipe for Fun

"Brown Paper Bag Chicken," "Magic Six Tomatoes," "Snowflake Cake," and "Easy Homemade Ice Cream" open the pages of *Julie Eisenhower's Cookbook for Children*. Selected especially for children, ages 6 to 12, the recipes include favorites of such well-known people as Maria von Trapp, Captain Kangaroo, Big Bird of Sesame Street, as well as Julie and some of her young friends. The volume is hard-cover, 8¾" x 11¼"– a colorfully illustrated 96 pages. Cook up some fun with the kids in your life!

The Saturday Evening Post Library
P. O. Box 528 B, Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

Please send me_____ copy(s) of "Julie Eisenhower's Cookbook for Children" at $6.95 each plus 50 cents for postage and handling. (Please allow three weeks for delivery.)

☐ Check enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No._____ Expiration Date_____

If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name:_____

Signature_____

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. 19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glasses and top with the banana slices. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg.

Carob Chip Cookies
(2 dozen)

3 tablespoons butter or margarine margarine
1 cup dark brown sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
3 cups unbleached all-purpose flour flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
10 ounces carob chips

Preheat oven to 350°F. Cream the butter or margarine with the sugar and vanilla. Add the eggs one by one, beating after each addition. Combine the flour and baking powder and stir until blended. Stir in the chips.

Drop the mixture by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet, leaving room for the cookies to spread. Bake 12 to 15 minutes.

Turkey Frankfurters with Mustard Sauce

Turkey frankfurters are low in calories but have a piquant taste that make them a good appetizer. Poach in simmering water. Cut into bite-size pieces and spear each morsel with a toothpick. Serve the sauce ice cold to contrast nicely with the hot meat.

MUSTARD SAUCE

4 tablespoons Dijon mustard
1/2 cup mayonnaise
2 teaspoons red wine vinegar

Mix in a small serving bowl and chill.

Cardinal Lobster

One lobster will feed 4 people at a buffet. This dish looks much more complicated than it is, and it can be prepared in advance.

3 or 4 1-3/4- to 2-pound boiled lobsters
1-1/2 pounds mushrooms
8 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 tablespoons flour
1/3 cup dry white wine
2 cups chicken broth
4 tablespoons Madeira or sherry
1 cup rich milk or cream
2 teaspoons lemon juice
2 drops red vegetable coloring
1 small truffle or 6 ripe olives
2 cups grated Swiss cheese
Parsley
Dash of Cayenne

Advance preparation: Remove the claws from the lobsters. Take out the meat and cut into small pieces.

Split the bodies in half lengthwise and divide the tails from the bodies. Remove everything from the body, extracting all edible parts and setting the tomalley aside. Remove the tail pieces and cut them neatly into 1/4″ slices. Place the body and tail shells intact in a shallow oven-serving pan, so that they look like split lobsters.

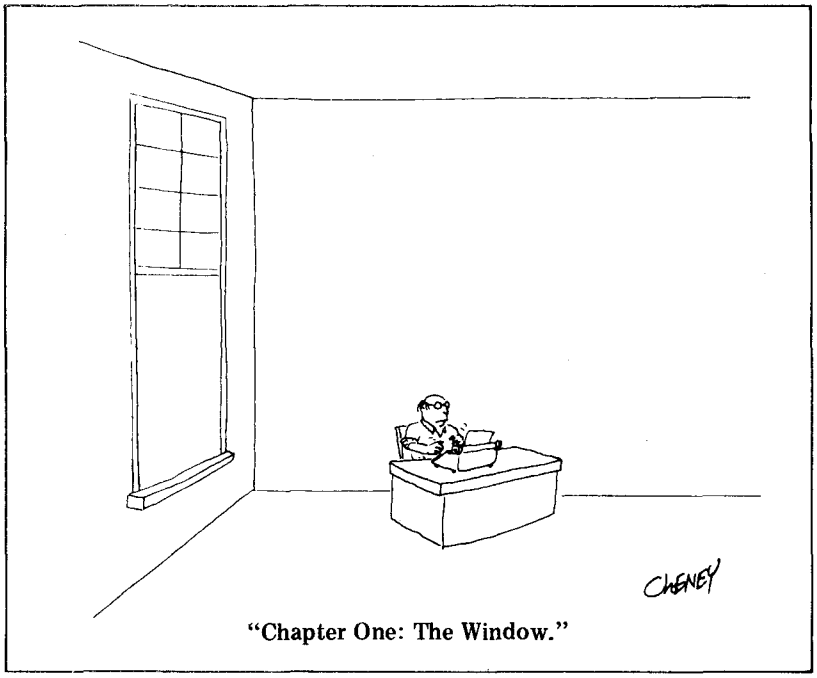
Wash, trim and stem the mushrooms. Place the caps in a buttered pie plate. Dot with butter and cover with foil. Bake 15 minutes at 350°F.

Cut the stems into quarters and saute 3 minutes in 2 tablespoons butter.

Jeat 4 tablespoons of the butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour. Cook 2 minutes over a moderate flame. Stir in the white wine and broth and whisk until smooth. Add the Madeira or sherry, the tomalley and the milk or cream. Stir until thick and season with lemon juice, salt and cayenne. Add a drop or two of coloring to give the sauce a rosy hue. Add the claw and body meat and the mushroom stems. Remove from the heat.

Fill each shell with a thick layer of sauce. Cut the mushroom caps in half and alternately place the lobster tail slices, mushroom halves and slices of truffle or black olives in an upright position the length of the shells. Cover with a thin layer of sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese. Cover and refrigerate.

To serve: Bake 15 to 20 minutes at 400°F. or until bubbling. Lightly garnish with fresh parsley.



"Chapter One: The Window."

Brown Rice Salad Tomatoes

12 to 16 ripe tomatoes
2 to 2-1/2 cups cooked brown rice
1/2 to 3/4 cup chopped scallions
1 cup pine nuts
6 tablespoons salad oil
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
4 to 6 tablespoons mayonnaise

Wash the tomatoes and dip into boiling water for 30 seconds. Slip off the skins. Cut a 1/4″ cap off each tomato and set aside.

Scoop out the seeds and center pulp leaving a 1/2″ shell. Strain the pulp to remove the seeds.

Combine the cooked rice with the scallions, pine nuts, oil and vinegar and strained tomato pulp. Season to taste with salt and white pepper.

Fold in the mayonnaise—just enough to make the rice stick together.

Fill the tomatoes with the rice mixture and cover with the tomato caps.

Artichoke and Red Onion Salad

2 cans artichoke hearts
1 large red onion
1 pound fresh spinach
2 heads green lettuce
1-1/2 cups seasoned croutons

DRESSING

1/3 cup tarragon vinegar
1/3 cup peanut or safflower oil
1/3 cup olive oil
1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
1/2 teaspoon Dijon mustard

Advance preparation: Drain the artichoke hearts and cut each one in half. Place in a non-metal bowl. Peel and slice onion very thin. Place in a bowl of ice water. Wash the spinach and remove all but the small stems. Wash and dry the lettuce. Store in plastic bags in the refrigerator. Make or buy the croutons. Mix the dressing and pour it over the artichokes. Let stand in the refrigerator. To serve: Combine the marinated artichokes and the dressing with the other salad ingredients in a large bowl and toss well. ☒

Festive Foods

continued from page 75

1/2 cup water
Grated rind of 1 orange
1/8 teaspoon black pepper
Unrefined honey to taste

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peel pears from top to bottom with a vegetable peeler. Quarter and core. In a 5-quart pot, combine wine and vanilla bean and bring to a simmer. Add pears and simmer until pears are tender but not mushy. Cool. Store pears in their cooking liquid overnight in refrigerator. They can be kept for up to 3 days.

Up to 3 days before serving, cook cranberries in water until they pop. Remove from heat and pass them through a food mill or strainer. Stir in orange rind, pepper (this heightens the berry's character) and honey. Remember the purée should be tart to contrast to the pears' sweetness. Chill until shortly before serving.

To serve: Remove pears from their liquid with a slotted spoon. Pour a little of the liquid around pears to form a pool and then daub each pear with a little of the purée. Serve remaining purée in a sauce boat.

Holiday Health Cake

It wouldn't be Christmas without fruit cake. Our creation offers some positive changes that ensure a healthful as well as delectable experience. Instead of sugar-laden candied fruits, we use unsulfured dried varieties. Whole wheat flour and wheat germ replace white flour, offering more fiber and vitamins. If baked in several small tins, this makes an ideal holiday gift. We've used a 10″ bundt pan.

1 cup currants
1-1/2 cups white raisins
1 cup dark raisins
1 cup chopped dried apricots
1/2 cup dried pineapple, chopped
1/2 cup chopped dried apples
3/4 cup chopped dried figs
3/4 cup chopped dried dates
1-1/2 cups port wine
2 cups stone-ground whole wheat flour
1/4 cup wheat germ
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon ground ginger
1 cup unsalted butter at room temperature (65 to 70° F.)
2 cups unrefined sugar
5 large eggs, at room temperature
1 cup mixed nuts, chopped
About 1/2 cup port

If possible, make cake about 3 weeks before serving to allow it to mellow.

Combine all fruits with first quantity port, cover and let marinate overnight.

The next day, grease and flour a 10″ bundt pan. Preheat oven to 275° F.

Combine flour, wheat germ, baking powder and spices in a bowl and set aside. With an electric mixer set at medium speed, cream butter until fluffy. Gradually beat in sugar and continue beating another minute. Beat in eggs one at a time (keep mixer at medium speed). Add one-third dry ingredients, beating only long enough to blend. Add one-half fruit mixture, then another third of dry ingredients and then remaining fruits. End with dry ingredients. Stir in nuts.

Turn batter into bundt pan and bake for 4 hours or until cake shrinks from sides of pan. Let cool 30 minutes in pan and then turn out on rack to cool completely. Wrap in cheesecloth and sprinkle with remaining port. Wrap securely in foil or plastic and place in a cool spot to ripen for 2 to 3 weeks.

Have a joyous holiday! ☆

Hired for a Song

continued from page 63

be at the St. Paul Civic Center when we do our show."

"Yes, sir, I'll be there!" He told me to be there a few minutes early and "just sing the songs you sang for me in North Dakota; that'll be fine." He was so gracious, you would think I was doing him a favor by consenting to show up.

The St. Paul Civic Center is a huge hulking complex covering several blocks. I found a parking space three blocks from the main entrance and walked quickly past the little park toward the auditorium.

Inside I found the backstage area was just a cavernous end of the auditorium.

Then the cast members arrived. I watched each of them coming through the employees' entrance, and I thought of the many times their voices had filled our living room and mingled with the sounds of Brad and me wrestling and the smells of dinner on the stove. Anacani and Gail had their hair in curlers and bandanas, and wore dungarees and sneakers. The dancer, Cissy, was wearing a rumpled red jump suit, her platinum hair tucked beneath an oversized straw hat, and perched on her nose was the largest pair of spectacles I'd ever seen. (So! Stars' clothes get wrinkled, too!) I recognized most of the musicians.

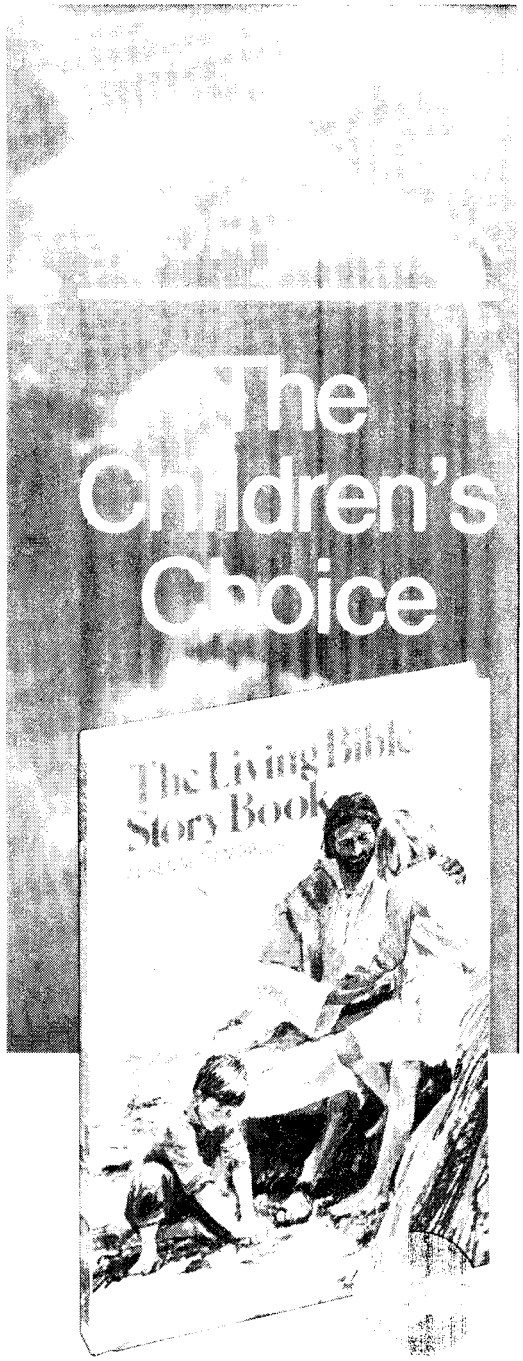
Harold and Sheila Schafer were there, also. They had flown in from Bismarck, rented a suite at the North Star Inn, and made arrangements for a reception following the show. They were becoming like a second mom and dad to me.

As the musicians took their places in the orchestra, I saw Lawrence Welk coming toward me. He was dressed in a powder blue suit, shirt, and shoes, and looked smaller than when I saw him in North Dakota. He was smiling a warm and friendly smile. "Are you ready to sing for the people today, Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's good. Well, I'll be putting you on in the middle of the show so you just stand by and be ready. You're not ner-

Continued on page 101



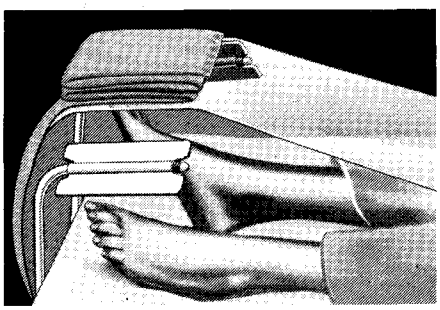
An exciting new children's book by the master of paraphrasing, Kenneth N. Taylor. Here are 73 Bible stories—from both the Old and New Testaments—which will captivate your children's interest and teach them great Christian truths. Not the least of the attractions of *The Living Bible Story Book* is the breathtakingly beautiful art—75 full-color pictures—by Frances and Richard Hook, famous American illustrators.

Cloth, only $5.95.

Available at your bookstore.
If ordered by mail, include 50¢ for postage and handling.

TYNDALE
HOUSE PUBLISHERS
WHEATON, ILLINOIS 60187

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOOT COMFORT As You Sleep

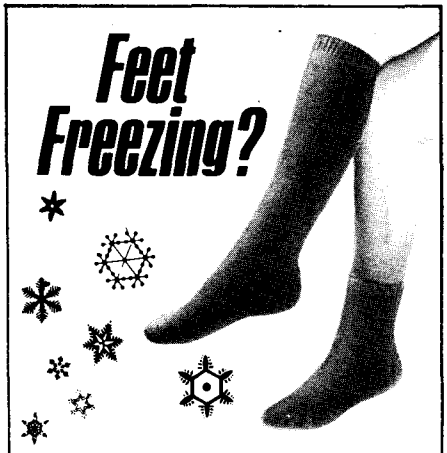
Want relaxed sleep? Free your feet from the weight of sheet and blankets. Folding **Deluxe Blanket Support** fits all beds and lifts regular, contoured or electric blankets for roomier foot comfort. Also conveniently holds bedspread and extra covers until needed. Makes beds seem bigger. Plastic-coated steel arms fold invisibly flat when bed is made. Ideal gift for restless sleepers, arthritics, convalescents — **$8.98**.

Add $1.00 postage and handling.
NJ residents add 5% tax. We ship promptly.

Send Check or Money Order to —
Better Sleep Inc.
Box NV, New Providence, NJ 07974

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
QUALITY PRODUCTS SINCE 1951

Feet Freezing?



Step out in cozy comfort, whatever the weather. Damart's socks are the warmest in the world! That's because they're made from Thermolactyl, the miracle fabric worn by Mount Everest expeditions.

These socks protect and insulate your feet as no others can. The cushion double knit boucle Thermolactyl actually retains body heat. At the same time it lets perspiration evaporate so your feet always are snug and dry.

There's no weight or bulk, just comfortable warmth in any temperature. Damart socks are made in knee and ankle length at $9.95 and $6.95 a pair, plus handling and shipping—$1.25 per pair. In navy only.

Limited Warranty to Consumers ★ Good Housekeeping PROMISES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND IF DEFECTIVE

Damart, Inc. Dept. 61279
1811 Woodbury Ave.
Portsmouth, N.H. 03805

Please rush me my Damart socks. I enclose a check or money order for____pair(s).

Shoe Size_____ ☐ Ankle length ☐ Knee length

Print Name

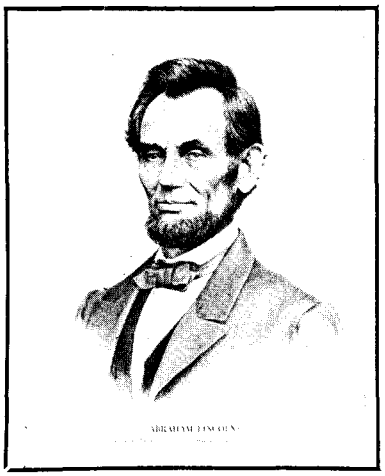
Address

City State Zip

© 1979, Damart

Damart

POST SAMPLER

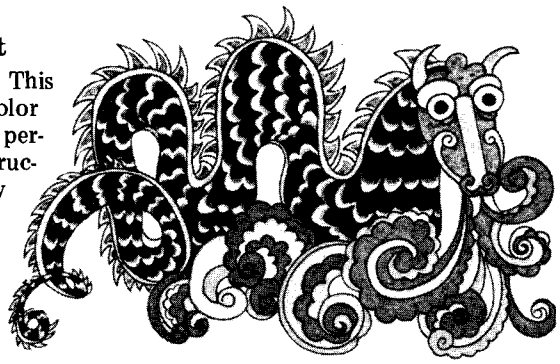


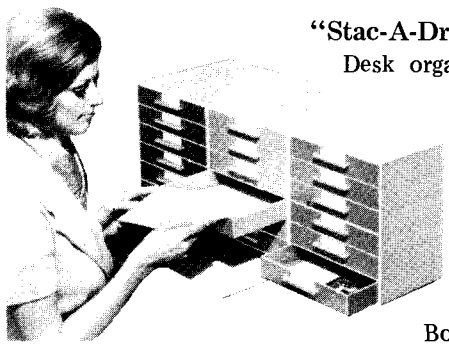
Abraham Lincoln portrait

A graphite portrait by Frank Morton, capturing with great feeling Lincoln's dignity and integrity in an authentic but rare view which all admirers will want to add to their collections. Printed on Vicksburg vellum and personally signed by the artist (not numbered), a limited supply of 1971 1st edition lithographs bearing Lincoln's name and a famous quotation may be ordered before Christmas with a savings of $15.00. Send $25.00 & $2.00 p&h with order to: Morton's Collectors Gallery, Dept. 112, 5012 Shirley Dr., La Palma, CA 90623. Other portraits also available.

Dragon needlepoint kit

Put a demon in your life! This kit includes 10″x14″ 6-color design on 12-mesh canvas, persian yarn, needle and instructions. $18.00 value, now $7.95 plus $1.00 p&h. Shipped in 72 hours. Jomar Industries, Dept. SEP, 460 S. 10th Ave., Mt. Vernon, NY 10550.



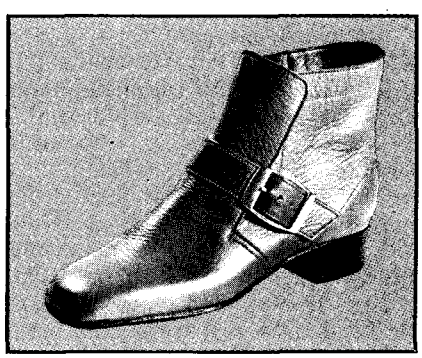


"Stac-A-Drawer"

Desk organizer. Stack 2, 4, 5 or more of handy units without tools. Each has 3 drawers 9½″ x 11¼″ x 1½″. Made for rugged use from high-impact styrene. 3 colors to choose from: Gold, Blue, Orange, mix or match. $9.95 ea./2 sets $18.50/3 sets $24.95 + $1.45 p&h per set. Holst, Inc., Dept. SP-109, 1118 W. Lake, P.O. Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

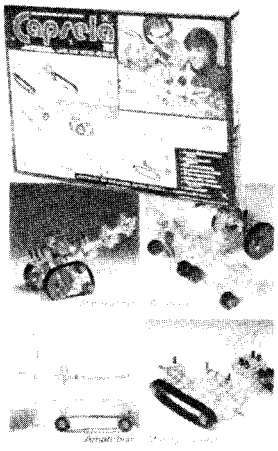
Cavalier pant boot

Smooth genuine glove leather with no-seam vamp and adjustable buckle strap. Platform sole and 2″ covered heel in camel, brown, bone. Ladies full & half sizes 6-9 & 10N, 5-9 & 10M & W for $22.95 & $1.95 p&h. Also in 1″ heel in combination sizes 6-10½N, 5-10½ M & W for $28.95. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. SADCP, 600 S. Country Club, Tucson, AZ 85716.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Construction toy

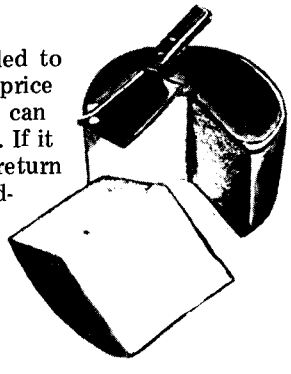


CAPSELA is the construction toy of the future, the 1980's answer to Tinker Toys and Lincoln Logs. Using a variety of capsules and parts, a multitude of motorized models can be created for both land and sea. It's so ingenious, so expertly engineered, that a model sits on permanent display in the New York Museum of Modern Art. Its construction teaches the basic principles of physics, aerodynamics, amphibious flotation, vacuum, mechanics, and electricity. CAPSELA can be built by a child of 7 and still fascinate an adult with its complexity. Eight series available. For more information, write to Play-Jour Inc., 1271 Ave. of the Americas, Suite 3530, New York, NY 10020.

Colorful holiday dining

Christmas servings are extra special on this charming tablecloth! Carolers, bells, sleighs, trees in red and green with golden accents are screen-printed with a needlework-sampler look. White cotton; machine washable; colorfast. 51″ x 70″, **$8.99.** 60″ x 90″, **$11.99.** Fringed 68″ round, **$11.99.** Add $1.50 p&h ea. Old Village Shop, Dept. VZ-2028, Hanover, PA 17331.

All-natural cheddar cheese



No color, chemicals or preservatives are added to this cheese. Aged slow. Cured sharp. For half price we'll send you a 3-lb. wheel of it—and you can nibble all you want without further obligation. If it isn't the best Cheddar you've ever tasted, just return what is left, and all your money will be refunded, plus postage cost. Send $7.49 + $2.00 p&h (reg. $15.00) to Gerard Paul, Dept. 150-16, Cheeselovers Bldg. Box 1200, Westbury, NY 11590. Or telephone toll free (800)327-2777.

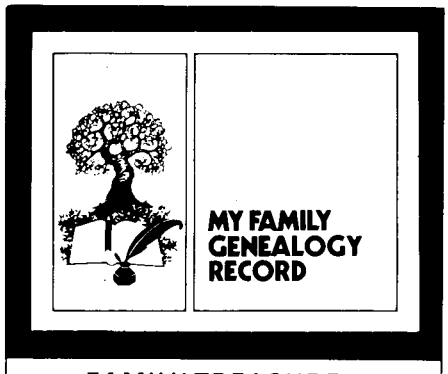
Robert F. Kennedy portrait

For those who enjoy fine art and historic mementos, a limited supply of original 1968 1st edition lithographs is available. Measuring 9″ x 12″ and printed on finest quality vellum, authenticity is assured as each one is hand-signed by artist Frank Morton (not numbered). Previously selling nationally for $40.00 each, now specially at $12.95 + $2.00 p&h if ordered by Christmas 1979. Send payment with order to: Morton's Collectors Gallery, Dept. 111, 5012 Shirley Dr., La Palma, CA 90623. Other portraits in the Great Americans Series also available. See ad this issue featuring "The Duke."

DOG PORTRAIT NOTE PAPER by Earl Sherwen

more than 90 breeds
$2.50 ppd. per box of 10 all-one-kind.
BREED SAMPLE 15¢
CATALOG 25¢
also, PRINTS & PLAQUES
WIS. RESIDENTS ADD 4% TAX.
Write, Dept. P : DEALERS INVITED

Lakeshore Artisans Inc.
BELGIUM · WISCONSIN · 53004



MY FAMILY GENEALOGY RECORD

FAMILY TREASURE
- UNIQUE GIFT

At last, an inexpensive and simple guide for "discovering your roots." An attractive booklet for recording your family's important events: children, parents, grandparents, great grandparents. Start an exciting hobby or just preserve special family memories for coming generations. Certainly a thoughtful gift idea at a price you can afford for every family member.

8½" x 11" Only $2.50 EACH (Add 50¢ post & hand.)

Make check or M.O. payable to:
BROTHERS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. BOX 139
WESTMINSTER, CALIF. 92683

Personalized 2¾" wood
GOLF GIFT!
YOUR NAME HERE
Personalized Golf Tees
The Perfect Xmas Gift for Golfers

Package of 50 golf tees only $5.95 plus 95¢ postage.
Additional orders $4.95 plus 50¢ postage.
Credit cards accepted
ORDERS SHIPPED 1st CLASS IN 72 HOURS
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

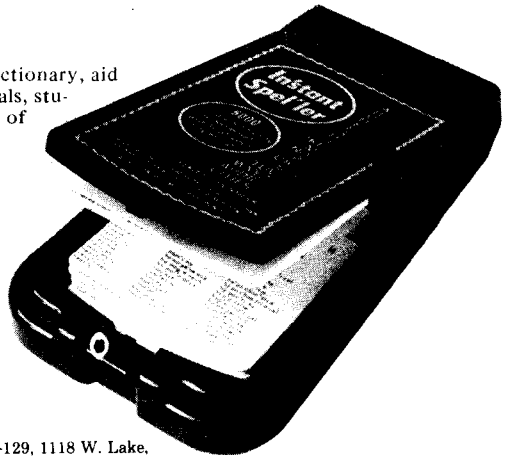
Send golf tees to: _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip ____
Name(s) on golf tees: _____

JOMAR INDUSTRIES, INC.
460 S. 10th Avenue Dept. 35
Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10550

Orders received by Dec. 19 guaranteed delivery by Xmas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INSTANT SPELLER



Faster and handier than any dictionary, aid to businessmen and professionals, students, secretaries. Puts a world of words right at your fingertips. The 6,000 most commonly misspelled words are correctly spelled, divided and accented. Works on touch method. Press down release tab with pointer on first letter of word wanted. In a flash find your answer. No pages to turn. For every home, or office. Great Gifts $4.97 plus $1.00 p&h. two for $8.97 plus $1.50 p&h.

Send check or M.O. 15 day money back guarantee

J. W. Holst, Inc. Dept. SP-129, 1118 W. Lake, P.O.Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763

WOMAN FINDS $1,200 HIDDEN IN CHINA CABINET

Minneapolis (Special)... A local woman recently found $1,200 she never knew she had hidden in her china cabinet when she came across a porcelain plate she'd received as a gift a few years ago. She was planning to sell the plate at a garage sale for about $10 until she checked a current Plate Price Trends listing and found out it was actually valued at *$1,200*.

If you've been given collector's plates as gifts or have your own collection, it pays to know what those plates are worth. Plate Price Trends, published by Plate Collector Magazine, can tell you. Right now, the president of a large society for collectors will send you a free copy of this authoritative listing, just for the asking.

For your free copy and information on what to look for when collecting new plates that could be tomorrow's valuables, write to:

Stafford Calvin
Calhoun's Collectors Society
Dept. 4EB
Calhoun Center
7275 Bush Lake Road
Minneapolis, MN 55435

DENTURE PAIN?

When emergency relief of denture irritation pain is needed, get on-the-spot relief with Ora-Jel/d. Ora-Jel/d contains an analgesic, anesthetic and antibacterial . . . so it works 3 ways . . . to relieve pain, help heal and prevent infection.

And if your dentures are new, Ora-Jel/d will help relieve denture discomfort during the break-in period.

Ora-Jel/d provides on-the-spot relief until you can see your dentist.

ora-jel®/d

INVENTIONS WANTED

FREE CONSULATION ● NO IDEA TOO SMALL

Disclosure protection. Cash or royalties from manufacturers seeking new ideas. For free information on how to protect your ideas. Call or Write

American Inventors Corp.
59 Interstate Dr. Dept. SEP
West Springfield, MA 01089 (413) 737-5376
A Fee Based Service Company

Now Available

Norman Rockwell Collectibles Value Guide only $8.95 *(add 75¢ postage and handling)* From the Saturday Evening Post Library P.O. Box 528B, Indianapolis, IN 46206 *or local book stores*

SALE! only $14.88

LET LOGTRAM LUG YOUR LOGS!

Enjoy Your Fireplace To The Fullest With *Safe, Convenient* Transport And Storage

Stop breaking your back . . . messing your floor

Bravo! Another dirty, uncomfortable job gone forever. This handy Logtram log lugger *manhandles* the heaviest hardwood pieces, *effortlessly*. Carts three to four armloads in one quick trip . . . with no sprained muscles, snagged clothing, or debris on the floor. Big, thoughtfully designed carriage rack is easy to load.

Oversized wheels practically 'walk' up stairs. Compact styling lets Logtram double as a dandy, *moveable* fireplace bin. Durable metal construction in handsome brass'n black finish. Disassembles for convenient off-season storage.

Logtram (Z477968)
SALE Only $14.88

ORDER NOW for quick delivery!

OLD VILLAGE SHOP *NO-NONSENSE* GUARANTEE

You must be delighted with your double-duty Logtram log carrier. You must agree it is a thoughtfully engineered, quality-constructed piece of equipment . . . or return it for a prompt full refund of purchase price—no questions asked! We guarantee it . . . in writing!!

Old Village Shop,
Hanover, PA 17331

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! ORDER TODAY!

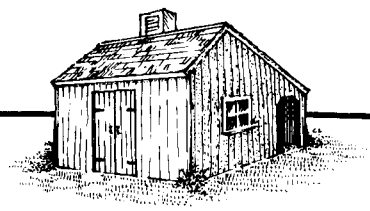
Old Village Shop, Dept. VZ-2024
340 Poplar St., Hanover, PA 17331

Please rush _____ Logtram Log Carrier(s) **(Z477968)** at the low, direct-to-you price of only **$14.88** each plus $3.00 heavyweight shipping and handling on Full MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.
Enclosed is $_____ (PA residents add sales tax)
CHARGE IT:
☐ American Express ☐ VISA/BankAmericard ☐ Carte Blanche
☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge Interbank No. _____
Acc't No. _____ Exp. Date _____
PRINT NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

© Old Village Shop 1979

RUPTURE AGONY DISAPPEARS . . .

WHEN you slip into a Brooks Appliance! Your reducible rupture will be held securely, yet gently, night and day. Send for our free booklet now.
BROOKS, Dept. , Marshall, Mich. 49068



We would like to share some of our most successful design plans. This handsome 16'x16' saltbox storage shed or campers' cabin, can be built in two weekends.

...6' wide door, overhead storage, covered storage in rear (bikes, mowers, etc.) and chimney vent...Plans include materials list and instructions for anyone who can hammer nails.

Send $10.00 for plan #121S to: P.O. Box 5086, Manchester, NH 03108

(Coming next...Porch for three seasons.)

HISTORIC HOMES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APRON HOOP

Here's the easy way to make an APRON. Just stitch two hems in a straight piece of cloth and slip on the hoop. The plastic APRON CURVET comes in three sizes: small, 20-28" waist; medium, 28-34" waist; large, 34-44" waist. The pattern is included. $1.75 each postpaid. Great fund-raising item for churches, clubs, etc. One dozen, $14.00 plus $1.00 postage and handling.

The Country Store
P.O.Box 1144,
Indianapolis, IN 46206.

The Amazing
STRONGITES BY-THE-YARD!
Wrap yourself in fashion with synthetic diamond-like stones and gold. Sparkle plenty with the latest fashion rage. Twist and twirl these dazzlers around your neck, daytime, nitetime, anytime. 14K yellow gold chain with 10pt. Strongites.
16" Chain, 3 Strongites - $47
18" Chain, 4 Strongites - $56
FREE catalog rings, and earrings
THE STRONGITE CO.
Dept. U, 2 West 47th St.
New York, N.Y. 10036

Medical Update is a valuable monthly bulletin that saves you money and keeps you tuned in to what's happening in areas of vital personal interest to you and your family: How to save money on drugs. Advances in surgery. Health tips. Food and nutrition. Preventive medicine. Vitamins. Exercise. Birth control. Sexual medicine.

Subscribe now for only $10 per year. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. The Medical Education and Research Foundation, Inc. is a non-profit organization.

Medical Update

c/o The Medical Education and Research Foundation, Inc. 19
1000 Waterway Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46202

Please enter my subscription to **Medical Update** at the low rate of only $10 per year.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

PROTECT YOURSELF NOW!

Food shortages, transportation strikes, natural disasters, civil unrest or something as personal as illness or unemployment in your family. . . all show the wisdom of food storage. Canned goods have a nutritional shelf life of only about 18 months. Ordinary dehydrated foods just 12 months. ALPHA OMEGA SURVIVAL FOODS offers you modern controlled vacuum dehydration along with inert gas (nitrogen) storage atmosphere to keep good taste and appearance and to give you up to 20 years shelf life with an 80% reduction in storage space required. What about freeze dried food? Fine, but count on paying three times as much! It's simple to provide a balanced "just in case" diet for you and your family from ALPHA OMEGA SURVIVAL FOODS. Your order is shipped direct to you from the producer - Perma Pak (Vacu Dry) - the leader in long term storage foods. An insurance policy or investment you can eat!

A

PROVIDES 2467 CALORIES & 91.6 GRAMS PROTEIN PER DAY FOR ONE YEAR SHIP. WT. APPROX. 789#

B

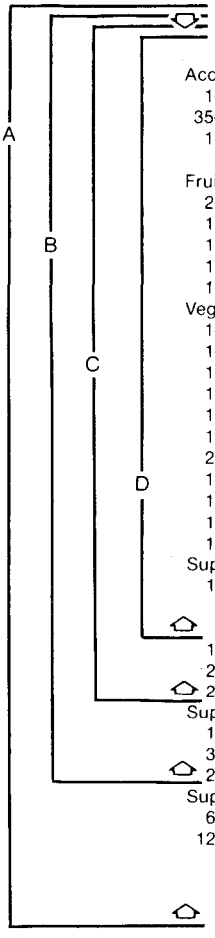
PROVIDES 2007 CALORIES & 86.2 GRAMS PROTEIN PER DAY FOR ONE YEAR SHIP. WT. APPROX. 689#

C

PROVIDES 1859 CALORIES & 85.9 GRAMS PROTEIN PER DAY FOR ONE YEAR SHIP. WT. APPROX. 619#

D

PROVIDES 1733 CALORIES & 77.6 GRAMS PROTEIN PER DAY FOR ONE YEAR SHIP. WT. APPROX. 592#



PACKED IN #10 CANS, 6/CASE

Accessory Unit
- 1-Culinary Capers Cookbook
- 35-Plastic Lids for Cans
- 1-Allocation Sheet (to budget food)

Fruit Unit
- 2-Fruit Flavored Apples
- 1-Fruit Galaxy
- 1-Peach Slices
- 1-Apple Sauce
- 1-Apple Slices

Vegetable Unit
- 1-Vegetable Blend
- 1-Carrot Dices
- 1-Green Beans
- 1-Green Peas
- 1-Tomato Crystals
- 1-Yams
- 2-Granulated Potatoes
- 1-Diced Potatoes
- 1-Peas & Carrots
- 1-Sweet Corn
- 1-Onions

Supplement X
- 1-Breakfast Drink (112% MDR Vitamin C - use approx. 1 2/3 tsp. per day)
- 1-Breakfast Drink (additional)
- 2-Syrup Mix
- 2-Non-Dairy Creamer

Supplement Y
- 1-Cheddar Cheese Mix
- 3-Egg Mix
- 2-Gelatin Dessert

Supplement Z
- 6-Margarine Powder*
- 12-Shortening Powder*

*cannot be used for greasing pans, etc.

Sugar Unit
- 6-Granulated Sugar

Protein Unit
- 12-Nonfat Milk
- 5-Meat Flavored Textured Vegetable Protein
- 1-Bacon Flavored Bits

Grain Unit
- 18-Whole Wheat Flour
- 18-White Flour
- 6-Cracked Wheat Cereal
- 3-Dry Beans
- 3-Quick Cooking Oats
- 2-Elbow Macaroni
- 1-Yellow Cornmeal
- 3-Rice (long grain)

Cooking Aids
- 1-Cornstarch
- 2-Egg Mix
- 1-Bouillon or Gravy
- 1-Iodized Table Salt
- 1-Margarine Powder*

Calories Count!

Daily Requirement for Average Persons with Average Activity

age	cal.	protein(g)		
1-3	1300	23		
4-6	1800	30		
7-10	2400	36		
females			**males**	
11-14	2400	44	2800	44
15-22	2100	48	3000	54
23-50	2000	46	2700	56
51+	1800	46	2400	56

ALPHA OMEGA SURVIVAL FOODS, DEPT. 10, P.O. BOX 1040, CAPITOLA, CA 95010

ALPHA OMEGA SURVIVAL FOODS, DEPT. 10, P.O. BOX 1040, CAPITOLA, CA 95010

NAME_____ ____ "A" Unit(s) @ $827.15 $ _____

ADDRESS_____ ____ "B" Unit(s) @ $702.75 $ _____

CITY STATE ZIP ____ "C" Unit(s) @ $633.80 $ _____

or make up your own combination from individually priced items . . . write for complete price & item list. ____ "D" Unit(s) @ $603.00 $ _____

SHIPPED FREIGHT COLLECT FROM SALT LAKE CITY, UT Total Enclosed $ _____

Prices and exact contents of units are subject to change without notice. If some item is not available, it will be replaced in kind and value or an appropriate refund will be made.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Directory

Advertise personals, vacations, rentals, books, art, gourmet items, employment opportunities, real estate exchange and any item of general interest. Rates—$2.60 per word, 1-time insertion; $2.45 per word, 3-time insertion; $2.30 per word, 6-time insertion. For further information contact: Alana Hall, Classified Advertising, The Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Phone (317) 634-1100.

Antiques

Armours & middle-ages reproductions, other handmade Italian items from: Lippay, Via Molin Nuovo 69, I-33100 Udine, Italy. Dealers invited!

Arts & Crafts

Pine cone crafts: Illustrated instructions, lighted Christmas tree, wreath. Easy, inexpensive. $1.00, SASE. Mountain Crafts, Box 3083, Greeley, CO 80633.

Crocheted dollhouse! Pattern $4.00. Mrs. Lake, Box 11, Rockwood, PA 15557

Stained glass catalogs: Beginner books, supplies. Send 50¢, Saylescrafts, 171 Main St., Nyack, NY 10960.

Kits: Ship 'N' Bottles. Early American ship models (pine). To $14. Catalog 30¢. Shipyard, Box 171S, San Lorenzo, CA 94580.

Crocheted granny-square afghan patterns grafted from popular quilt designs. $2.00. S.A.S.E. S. Proulx, Box 591, Lapeer, MI 48446.

Dolls! Repair parts, wigs. Catalog 50¢. 9918 Lorain, Cleveland, OH 44102.

Automotives

Sperry-Owens Teflon motor treatment. Free details. Write Handley, Box 216P, Magnolia, TX 77355.

Gasoline mileage increased dramatically!! Details free!! Toll-free recording, 1(800) 446-8289 anytime. Techneering, Box 12191SP Norfolk, VA 23502.

New luxury car without cost! Free details. Codex-M, Box 6073, Toledo, OH 43614, (419) 865-5657.

Books/Publishers

"Christmas Is December 25"—Illustrated booklet calculates original date of Christmas. $1.00 postpaid to "Christmas Booklet," Box 65, Newport News, VA 23607.

Librarian Bookfinders search worldwide titles or subjects plus 150,000 indexed stock. Pabs, 2917 Atlantic, Atlantic City, NJ 08401. (609) 344-1943.

"Borrow, Lend and Get Rich" is a book that will show you how to build a fortune through real estate with little money. Order from your favorite book store or send $7.95 to: Wealth Publishing Co., P.O. Box 26218, San Jose, CA 95159.

Free book. Prophet Elijah coming before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 12, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, NY 14619.

Publishers' overstocks. Over 4,000 bargain books, all subjects. Free catalog. Hamilton, 98-50 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

Self-improvement books! Fascinating! Authoritative! Achieve success . . . happiness . . . wealth! Free catalog! Dependable, Box 2016-SE, Columbus, OH 43216.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. EYW, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Business Opportunities

We need you. Respected national firm offers startling, new, simple, moneymaking plan. No Gimmicks! Work from home—own hours. Become our money agent. Secure funds for yourself and others. Earn big fees. $100.00 and more per day possible. Full staff to guide and assist you. Free Details: Diversified Financial Corporation, Dept. 34-D-12, 1145 Reservoir Avenue, Cranston, RI 02920.

Home import mail order business. Start without capital. Free Report. Mellinger, Dept. S113C, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

Stay home! Earn money addressing envelopes. New genuine offers 15¢. Lindco, 3636-SP Peterson, Chicago, IL 60659.

$20,000 monthly possible. Work leisurely from the comfort of your home with low investment but operate this highly profitable mail order business, part time or full time. Make it your perfect way to beat inflation. This is the answer to your pursuit for wealth and happiness—truly a cheerful contentment for life if you manage this lucrative and well-paying business faithfully. Write for free details. Dinehdeal, 6638 N. 20th Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85015.

Earn $750.00 stuffing 1,000 envelopes. Details: Rush stamped envelope plus 25¢: ASHCO, Box 4394-SE4, Corpus Christi, TX 78408.

Catalogs

Free catalog of distinctive gifts. Beautiful items. Horace Enterprises, 510 Lathan Drive, Newport News, VA 23601.

American wicker catalog. Beautifully crafted, original designs. $1.00 to Box 723-SEP, Bristol, TN 37620.

Christmas Ropes

Christmas ropes. Bags of real western feeder and tiny pine cones. Decorate these pretty red and green braided yarn ropes. $3.95 each plus 50¢ postage. Houstons Gift, P.O. Box 383, Hayden Lake, ID 83835.

Color Slides

Super 8, videocassettes, and 16mm full-length features and digest films in color and black/white. Rock movies, Jack Nicholson, Sherlock Holmes. Bogart, Selznick, hundreds of titles. Free illustrated catalog. Niles, Box 1576-SR, South Bend, IN 46634.

Do It Yourself

Head start reading for preschoolers by reading clinician. Illustrated manual shows you how! $4.95. Wescon, 329 E. California, Pasadena, CA 91106.

Colonial Beverages—books, recipes and supplies. Make ale, beer, wines, cordials and soda-pop at home. Blended teas, herbs, spices. Listing, "Brewmaster," Odessa, NY 14869.

Education/Instruction

College students! Improve your grades. Send $1.00 for 356-page term paper catalog. 10,250 topics. Research Assistance, Box 25097S, Los Angeles, CA 90025. (213) 477-8226.

Home study course in Economics. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free; small charge for materials. Henry George Institute, 55 W. 42 St., New York, NY 10036.

Employment Opportunities

Australia—New Zealand: 50,000 jobs! Guidebook, employment listings $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 4116-S, Hayward, CA 94540.

Foreign Newspapers

Worldwide English newspapers. 65 countries! Sampler: 3/$1.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-18, Dana Point, CA 92629.

Gourmet Foods

Festive holiday desserts. Tired of the same desserts? Try 10 of our international favorites for the holiday season. $3.00 to Recipes, P.O. Box 183, Riverdale, NJ 07457.

Health & Beauty

Weight Loss Tricks, a pamphlet explaining ten ways to trick your mind and body into eating less. Send $2.00 to Weight Loss Tricks, P.O. Box 385, 3815 Susan Dr., San Bruno, CA 94066.

Help Wanted

Parttime piece work. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Send name, address, phone number to Webster, 175 5th Avenue, Suite 1101-ZZ-83A, New York, NY 10010.

Indian Artifacts

Wanted anything American Indian. Potawatomi Museum, R. 3, Angola, IN 46703.

Jewelry

Jewelry 50% discount, on all 14kt gold jewelry. Free color Christmas gift catalog. Aikin Gem Company, Box 85P, Avery, TX 75554.

Literary Services

Writing, research. Superior library facilities! Professional staff. Confidential. Writers Unlimited, Box 4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

Dissertations, theses, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Confidential. We deliver what others promise—that's why we're number 1! Intellex, Box 5000, Dayton, WA 99328.

Loans By Mail

Borrow from home. Any amount, any purpose, within 30 days. Competitive rates. Also, you can earn unlimited income as our Money Agent. No experience—own hours. National Company to assist every possible way. No Gimmicks! Free details: Financial, Dept. 34-C-12, 1145 Reservoir Avenue, Cranston, RI 02920.

Miscellany

Ideas, inventions, new products wanted for presentation to industry. Free invention Disclosure Kit-SEP, IMI, 701 Smithfield, Pittsburgh, PA 15222.

Handpaint novelties for fun or profits. Send SASE to Shelley Roger, N. Gate Apts. #71, Bldg. #10, Crowley, LA 70526.

Money Making Opportunities

$205.80 minimum Guaranteed for 5-hour work week at home. **Ladies** only. Rolene, Post Office Box 1232, Donna, TX 78537.

Pass any credit investigation. Secret techniques, procedures, and guidelines, plus special loan application. No Gimmicks! National company. Free details: Loan Department 34-E-12, 1145 Reservoir Avenue, Cranston, RI 02920.

Notices & Personal

Christian? Single? Meet and correspond with other singles throughout the world through a publication called "Contact." Write Single Christians Fellowship Int'l., P.O. Box 10338, Dept. S, Bradenton, FL 33507.

Lost friends? Everybody's lost an address of a friend from the past: long separated families; boot-camp buddies; school-mates etc., with no way except pure luck of ever communicating with them again. We all move around too much! Our service, the National Locater, will send by Christmas, to every public library branch in the country (all 15,000 of them) a permanent listing, by name and location, under the state in which you knew your friend last. Reunions or self-listings are acceptable too. Confidential. Use our address. Rates, subscription information. National Locater, P.O. Box 179, River Pines, CA 95675. (Spring Lane & Pigeon Trail, River Pines, CA 95675.)

Of Interest to All

Naughtiness Remedies. Santa's Little Joke—surprise for any age—includes fill-in letter from Santa; based on well-known tradition. Rockhead Award—for your favorite rockhead; sculptured desk-display. $4.25 each to: LIttle Joke or Rockhead, Box 462, S. St. Paul, MN 55075. Everybody's been a little naughty this year!

How to play bridge . . . according to Hoyle. 36-page illustrated booklet, crammed with practical bridge-playing tips. Four color cover, 4 × 7". Only $1.00 postpaid. William Hanvik, 1412 West 36th Street, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

Mysteries solved! Anywhere. Missing persons, insurance fraud, industrial espionage, attorney cases, etc. Henry Farag, Private detective unsurpassed. 5401 Broadway, Merrillville, IN 46410. (219) 884-3768.

Proving it was yours! After fire or theft. For brochure send $2.00. T. Coker, Box 240, Stone Mtn., GA 30086.

ID-necklace 30¢—Waynes, 1915 West Fifth, G.I., NE 68801.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Luckiest number combinations. Exactas, trifectas, dogs, policy, horses. List $3.00. Sports, Box 309, Temple City, CA 91780.

Jesus Christ loves you and wants to be your hope. c/o Douglas King, P.O. Box 1302, Salt Lake City, UT 84101.

Signature rubber stamps—real time savers! Write name in black ink on white paper exact size. $6.45 plus 55¢ postage. Hub Engravers, Inc. Box 65, Rochelle, IL 61068.

How to win magazine and television contests. Send $2.00. ELJ, Box 459, Live Oak, FL 32060.

Private investigators: Male and female—missing persons experts. Professional martial arts body guards. American Investigative Bureau—Santa Ana, CA. (714) 547-3808.

Of Interest to Women

Living together? Avoid costly lawsuits. Buy security—only $10.00. Binding, legal, safe. Co-habitation agreement prepared for you. Legal Services, Post Office Box 10252, Milwaukee, WI 53210. (414) 463-7668.

Save on prophylactics. 24 assorted: $4.50. Catalog—free. Valdisco, Shelf 382, Orem, UT 84057.

Checking overdrawn? Can't balance? Bank penalties? Math errors? Send $2.00 for unique system to build monthly reserve—reduce errors! 100% satisfaction guaranteed. Temple House, P.O. Box 5721, Sarasota, FL 33579.

Amish and Mennonite Cookbook. Over 750 recipes! Ideal gift! Free details. Write: Cookbook, P.O. Box 496P, Shipshewana, IN 46565.

Save to 90% weekly on groceries! Guaranteed! Information: Rush self-addressed, stamped envelope plus 25¢! Martens Ent., 1046 Greenwood Ct., Rm7SEP, Oshkosh, WI 54901.

Delicious pecans, walnuts, fruitcake. Carrolltrees Farm, Box 428-SEP, Carrollton, GA 30117.

Old Radio Programs

7,000 radio shows! Catalog $1.50. Radio Vault, Box 9032, Wyoming, MI 49509.

Old radio programs on cassette tapes. Send 15¢ stamp for catalog. P.O. Box 16365, St. Louis, MO 63125.

Golden Age Radio. Complete taped shows. Box 25215-K, Portland, OR 97225.

Free catalog—Quality radio tapes. Carl S. Froelich, Route One, New Freedom, PA 17349.

Free catalog. Cassette Library Center, P.O. Box 5328, Baltimore, MD 21209.

Pets/Pets Products

Bloodhounds, AKC champion bloodlines. Dr. James L. Crandall, Rt. 1, Hayden, AL 35079. Phone (205) 429-2955.

Real Estate

Big free summer catalog. Over 2,600 top values in farms, ranches, acreages, recreational properties, businesses, town and country homes coast to coast! United Farm Agency, 612-WB West 47th, Kansas City, MO 64112.

Free! Big fall-holiday catalog. Over 5,400 country properties described, pictured. Land, farms, homes, businesses, recreation, retirement. Selected best throughout the U.S.! Over 700 offices, 43 states, all across America! Yours **free** from the World's Largest! Strout Reality, Inc., 7 S. Dearborn, (Dept. 5450), Chicago, IL 60603.

Recipes

Mouth-watering cookies. Recipes including chocolate dipped $2.00 Maryann, 2252 Vermont, Connersville, IN 47331.

Party snacks for holiday entertaining. Easy, delicious. 10 recipes $2.00. Pinoak Press, Box 1754, Champaign, IL 61820.

Old Virginia golden corn bread recipe. Absolutely delicious! $1.00. Mullins, 2620 Clintwood Road, Midlothian, VA 23113.

Super recipes for pasta and rice $3.00 SASE, J. A. Miller, Box 7640, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

Delicious recipes for chicken $3.00 SASE, J. A. Miller, Box 7640, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

Christmas cookie recipe collection. Send $3.95 to: Recipes Unlimited, Box 6492, Rockford, IL 61125.

Holiday delight—Smokey Mountain Whiskey Fruitcake recipe $2.00. Norie, Rt. 1, Box 350, Glen St. Mary, FL 32040.

Stale bread crumb recipes. Three tasty desserts. Send $1.50. 1512 N.W. 19th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33311.

Simple and superb—Glorious Sunshine Cake, Marvelous Fudge Pie, Divine Watermelon Rind Cake. $2.00 SASE, Marie, 510 West Garden St., Pensacola, FL 32501.

Delectable desserts $2.95 Bubbie, Box 312, Rollingsford, NH 03869.

Treasured cream horn plus sample metal horn $2.00. Linn, Box 55484, Houston, TX 77055.

Dandelion and 3 other old wine recipes $2.00. No expensive equipment needed. P.O. Box 251, Akron, MI 48701.

"How to make good bread" and "Mincemeat Pie." Send long SASE and one dollar for each. R Richwine, Rt 1, Westport, IN 47283.

Tarall: recipe (Italian pretzels). Send $1.25 to Maryland, 424 No. 11th St., Newark, NJ 07107.

Chinese recipes $2.00 Favorite's, 6307 Pincay Oaks, Houston, TX 77088.

Bohemian fruit bread recipe plus three more of my grandmother's easy to bake recipes for sweet goods. $2.00, Bohemian, 925 N. Madeira, Baltimore, MD 21205.

Retirement Village

Retired? Unique village—live independently, inexpensively. Ranch house—life lease $7,500, or $75 monthly, plus improvement charges, modest monthly fees. Apartments too. Bristol Village, Waverly, OH 45690.

Schools & Camps

Learn auctioneering. Free catalog. VA approved. Col. Gordon E. Taylor, Reisch World Wide College of Auction, Inc., P.O. Box 949, Dept. 1, Mason City, IA 50401.

Songs Wanted

Songs, poems. Your songs or poems may earn you money. Free examination. Columbine Records, 6340 Sunset Blvd., Suite 1221, Dept. SP, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Special Gifts

The ultimate for tired feet—Foot Facial Kit—$15.75—A heavenly experience. Shaklee Gifts, 1132 Oakleaf, Phoenix, AZ 85008.

Stamp Collecting

Free catalog: 3,000 different packets! Ullery, 1016 Meridian, Mishawaka, IN 46544.

One! Two! Three! cent stamp approvals. Regardless Catalog. Kidster, 4164-52 St., San Diego, CA 92105.

55 different selected United States stamps only 50¢, approvals. Carver, 420 Overlook Rd., Mansfield, OH 44907.

Travel/Vacation

Roam the world *by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! TravLtips, 163-09 Dept. F29N, Flushing, NY 11358.*

Florida information from hard experience. Map included. Send $3.00 to Lee Underwood, Box 3505, Longwood, FL 32750.

Wine Making/Beer Making

Beermakers, winemakers, free catalog, recipe. Finest ingredients, equipment, service. SPI, Box 784 EP, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

The Traditional Nightcap

The red cotton flannel classic in luxurious double layers to really keep you warm in bed. *(Physiologists have measured that 30% of body heat is lost through the scalp!)* **Home-made and hand-finished;** adjustable for snug fit. **$7.95 ppd.**

Putnam Antiques
22 Pond Rd., Middlefield, Mass. 01243

Speaking of Conversation Pieces!

...Now You Can Own a Piece of History

THIS IS THE AUTHENTIC ORIGINAL PAY TELEPHONE—COMPLETE WITH GRAFFITI, UNRETOUCHED AND IN *GUARANTEED* WORKING ORDER

UNBELIEVABLY PRICED AT Only $69.50 WHILE SUPPLY LASTS

IMPORTANT! STOCK IS FAST RUNNING-OUT. THIS MAY BE LAST TIME THIS OFFER APPEARS!

Grand old pay phones retired from public service. Enjoy 'em as you remember 'em. Original finish – **NOT** repainted, with minor mars and scars of passing years. (Sorry, not responsible for graffiti!)

Parts renewed or replaced where necessary. Fully tested, guaranteed in perfect working order. No coin needed—but don't tell guests or kids! Just plug into any standard jack and bank coins toward phone bill. Huge capacity for nickels, dimes and quarters.

AN INVESTMENT as well as a novel decoration. Identical phones sell for much more than our low direct-to-you price. Collector's treasure—bound to gain in value. Quantity LIMITED—Order Today!

BEIGE, GREEN or BLACK (As Available) $69.50
EXTRA-CLEAN (No Graffiti) with ringer $79.50
DeLuxe CHROME with ringer (Very Scarce) .....Only $99.50

READY TO PLUG-IN and USE
Compatible with all phone companies' equipment. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or return within 30 days for full refund of purchase price.

A TRULY UNIQUE GIFT FOR SPEEDIER DELIVERY
PHONE TOLL-FREE and CHARGE IT!
(800) 645-6276*
Sorry, No C.O.D.s
Orders Accepted 24 Hrs — 7 Days
N.Y. STATE ONLY: Call (516) 352-7000
(Div. of Latting Town Group Ltd.)

LONG ISLAND PHONE COMPANY
121 Lakeville Rd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040
Dept. PM-152

Please rush me ____ PAY TELEPHONE(S) at $69.50
____ EXTRA-CLEAN (Color _____) at $79.50
____ De Luxe CHROME PHONE(S) at $99.50

Ship'g., Hndlng. $10 ea. (Canada, Hawaii, Alaska, $20; Foreign, $25)

PRINT NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____ ZIP _____
Sign _____
Credit Card No. _____ Expire Date _____

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED
Charge to:
☐ MASTER CHARGE (Bank No. _____)
☐ VISA ☐ AM EXP
☐ DINERS CLUB

(N.Y. ONLY: Add 4% state tax, any local tax)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT AMERICANS SERIES
by Frank Morton

A 16" x 20" graphite portrait of "The DUKE" faithfully portrayed as we knew and loved him by renowned portrait artist, Frank Morton. Lithographs of luxurious quality are available to serious collectors and admirers in limited quantities for $18.00* each. For the more ardent collector who knows the growing value, an "Exclusive Signature Edition" is also available for $55.00* each. Only 2500 will be personally signed and numbered by the artist.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

As the artist, I would like to state my Great Americans Series is dedicated to Great Americans who have distinguished themselves in their particular field of endeavor, whose high standards have become an inspiration not only to America, but to the world. Through these and many more great people, God has blessed America, may she ever remain free! *Frank Morton, Artist*

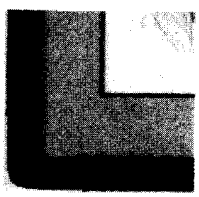
Portraits of famous people have been Frank Morton's specialty for years. Among the famous people captured by Mr. Morton are Billy Graham, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Bing Crosby, Glen Campbell, Sam Yorty and many others. Commissioned by such companies as KHJ Radio and television in Hollywood, MGM Records, Capitol Records, CBS, and many, many more, he is a renowned artist in the field of portraiture.

His art is sure to bring lasting joy and pleasure to all who are fortunate enough to acquire his work. As an extra bonus, his growing reputation offers serious collectors an outstanding investment value. *Richard Roth, Artist Agent*

*All prices include shipping and handling charges. Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery. Future offers subject to price change. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send orders with payment to:

Deluxe Custom Frames

A beautiful leather bound oak frame with walnut finish, true grit suede mat and wood slip designed by the artist to enhance "The Duke" and its' surroundings. Ready to display with signed and numbered lithograph mounted using museum preservation techniques. $160. Framed With unsigned lithograph, $125.

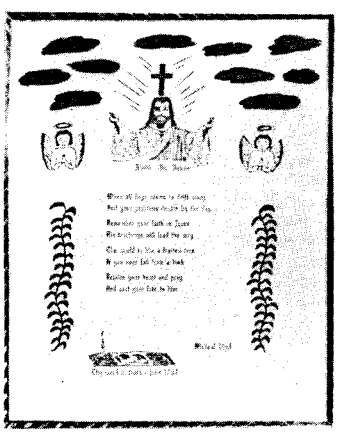


Morton Collectors Gallery

☆ *Famous Portraits & Limited Editions*

5012 Shirley Drive - P2

La Palma, CA 90623 Ph (213) 865-6003



THE PERFECT GIFT

Faith in Jesus

My Lord's Prayer

CHRISTIAN ART and POETRY

Ideal for Christmas, Easter, Birthdays, Baptism and other special occasions. Express your love with Christian poetry to someone special. 8"x10" in size and comes with a beautifully colored gold frame.

☐ Faith in Jesus ☐ My Lord's Prayer $10.95 each

Please enclose $1.50 per poem to cover postage and handling.

Faith In Jesus ——— P.O.Box 77717, ——— Stockton, CA 95207

"SIREN LIGHT"

Feel Safe and Secure When Out Alone at Night

Our new flashlight has a built-in siren that screams loud and clear when needed . . . so loud it can be heard up to a mile away.

Measures 8" long.

Batteries Not Included.

ONLY $5.98

Shipped Duty Free in U.S.A.

Please Send Check or Money Order to:

DURHAM MAIL ORDER
730 CEDAR ST., UNIT 11
OSHAWA, ONT., CANADA L1H 4M6

FAMILY CREST RINGS

Ring #11
16x14mm top

Solid 14k Gold
$260.00

•

Sterling Silver
$115.00

WE WORK IN THREE BASIC WAYS

1. If you do have a coat of arms, just send us a photostat or picture of it and that is what we engrave.
2. If you do not have a coat of arms send us your name and we'll look it up for you at no extra cost, or you may check it against our list (see below).
3. If you wish you may design your own coat of arms.

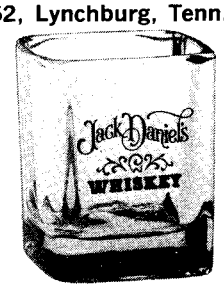
SEND FOR OUR FREE COLOR CATALOGUE

If, in addition to our free catalogue you wish to get our booklet containing over 20,000 names for which we have records of coats of arms and for which this jewelry is available, plus instructions on "how to design your own coat of arms". **SEND US $1.00.**

HERALDICA IMPORTS, INC. Dept. SE
21 WEST 46th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

Box 352, Lynchburg, Tenn. 37352



JACK DANIEL SQUARE GLASS SET

Mr. Jack Daniel was the originator of the square bottle for his whiskey and always wanted to have a matching square glass. Well, here it is! This hefty square glass (each weighs 14 ounces) is the perfect companion to a bottle of Mr. Jack's finest. The inside is rounded to make drinking a pleasure and the original design is fired on for good looks and durability. My **$15.00** price for a set of 4 glasses (8 oz. capacity) includes postage.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.)
For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items, send $1.00 to above address.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hired for a Song

continued from page 93

vous, are you?"

"I think I am, Mr. Welk . . . a little bit."

"I'm glad you admitted that. Shows you're honest. Well, a little nervousness never hurt a performance. It actually makes it better." Then, taking lively little steps, he hurried on stage to the thundering ovation of his fans.

Bobby and Cissy were doing their dance number when I stepped into the shadows offstage to pray. "Lord, I commit this night to You. If it is Your will that it all works out, then wonderful. I'm going to have peace now that You are in control of this performance as well as my entire life. If I do well, fine. If I do terribly, then I'll know it's not Your will that I get a job with Lawrence Welk."

The minutes fell away. I watched Arthur Duncan tap dance, Gail Farrell play the piano, Anacani sing, and then I heard Mr. Welk's voice near me. "Are you ready now?" He pulled some notes out of his jacket pocket and read them over. "At the end of this number by the orchestra I am going to introduce you."

I swallowed. *Dear Jesus, help me.* I felt as if I were back at Bloomington High ready to go on stage for the first time in the class play. Did Donny Osmond ever suffer like this?

Then I heard Lawrence. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a very special surprise for you today. I want to introduce you to a young man I met in North Dakota—come on out here, Tom, and say hello to the folks." My feet moved and I was smiling and striding across the stage to the microphone. The spotlights shone on me and followed me across the gigantic stage.

"His name is Tom Netherton and he's from Bloomington, Minnesota." (Thunderous applause.) "I've asked him to come and sing for us today."

I heard Bob play my intro and I began the song, "I Asked the Lord." When the song was over, I heard an eruption of applause that stunned me. The people were shouting and applauding.

"Just listen to that applause!" Lawrence shouted. "Just listen to that audience! That was Tom Netherton, ladies and gentlemen! Tom, come over here! You'd better sing another song." Then nodding his head up and down to the audience he said, "Would you like that, ladies and gentlemen?"

There was an uproar of applause.

My intro began and I started, "I talk to the trees . . . "

When I finished the song the audience was clapping and shouting and waving their arms in the air. I had never heard anything like it in my life.

I bowed and started off the stage.

"The audience is always right, Tom," he said. Then, holding onto my sleeve, he turned to the audience and said, "Well, what do you think of him? Do you like this Minnesota boy?" The audience applauded their approval. I tried to find my family in the sea of faces.

Then Lawrence was talking to his audience as though he were talking one-to-one to old friends. "There's only one thing I can do, folks. Tom, how would you like to come out to Hollywood and be on my television show?"

The crowd went absolutely wild. Right before our eyes an American dream had come true.

I was overwhelmed with well-wishing people, shaking my hand, patting my back, talking all at once, and asking for my autograph. As I looked into their faces I couldn't help but think of my dad, and secretly wondered how he felt about what had just happened. We hadn't always been able to understand each other, but I always knew he deeply loved me, and I hoped that today he was proud of me.

In the talk and the clamor, I sensed that somewhere in the distance, not too far, there was a dawn breaking; yellow, bright, beautiful—and the morning would follow.

Subscription Service

To Subscribe or Renew:

☐New subscription ☐1 year $9.95
☐Renewal ☐1 year $11.95
Foreign
☐Payment enclosed
☐Bill me initial here _____

1z

(please print) Name _____ Apt. _____ Address _____ Zip Code _____ State _____ City _____

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

MAIL TO: The Saturday Evening Post
1100 Waterway Blvd., Indpls., IN 46206

PLUMBING STOPPED UP?
LET
Mr. Rooter®
DO THE DIRTY WORK

"Quick-as-a-wink"®

SERVING HOMES, APARTMENTS, BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY . . . COAST TO COAST.

Plumbing stoppage problems demand fast, professional service. Your local Mr. Rooter offers "Quick-As-A-Wink" Service . . . and that's not just a slogan . . . it's Mr. Rooter's way of doing business. When a stoppage problem is about to spoil your day, call Mr. Rooter, he's in your Yellow Pages, under plumbing.

$5.00 DISCOUNT COUPON

This coupon is good for a $5.00 discount on your next Mr. Rooter Service call. Clip this coupon and attach it to the Mr. Rooter ad in your Yellow Pages. One per customer, good at participating dealers.

For franchise information, write:
Mr. Rooter Corporation
4220 N. W. 23rd Street
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73107

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DAY I PAINTED IKE

The artist read in Ike's face qualities of greatness—strength, humor, compassion and unshakable integrity.

by Norman Rockwell as told to Thomas Rockwell

I'll never forget the night when William Oberhardt, a fellow illustrator, accused me of artistic treason. We met at a dinner of the Society of Illustrators. He grabbed my arm.

"I hear you've gone over to the enemy," he said bitterly. "You're painting from photographs."

"Oh—well—you know, not actually," I mumbled.

"You are," he said. "Judas!"

It was true. I was taking a lot of photographs of the model, and painting from the photographs. Until 1936 I myself had been denouncing illustrators who used photographs. It had seemed a form of cheating, a dishonorable crutch for lazy draftsmen, a betrayal of artistic principles. Oh, I'd been very stiff-necked about it.

Gradually, however, I had given in. The pressures were irresistible. First, there had been the deteriorating model situation. The old professionals had died off or taken jobs that paid better than modeling. Most of the younger ones refused to pose for me all day. They could make more posing for photographers, who paid $10 to $15 an hour. Three appointments a day would net a model $30 to $45. I couldn't match that. It took me four days to paint a single figure from the model. So I was in a dilemma.

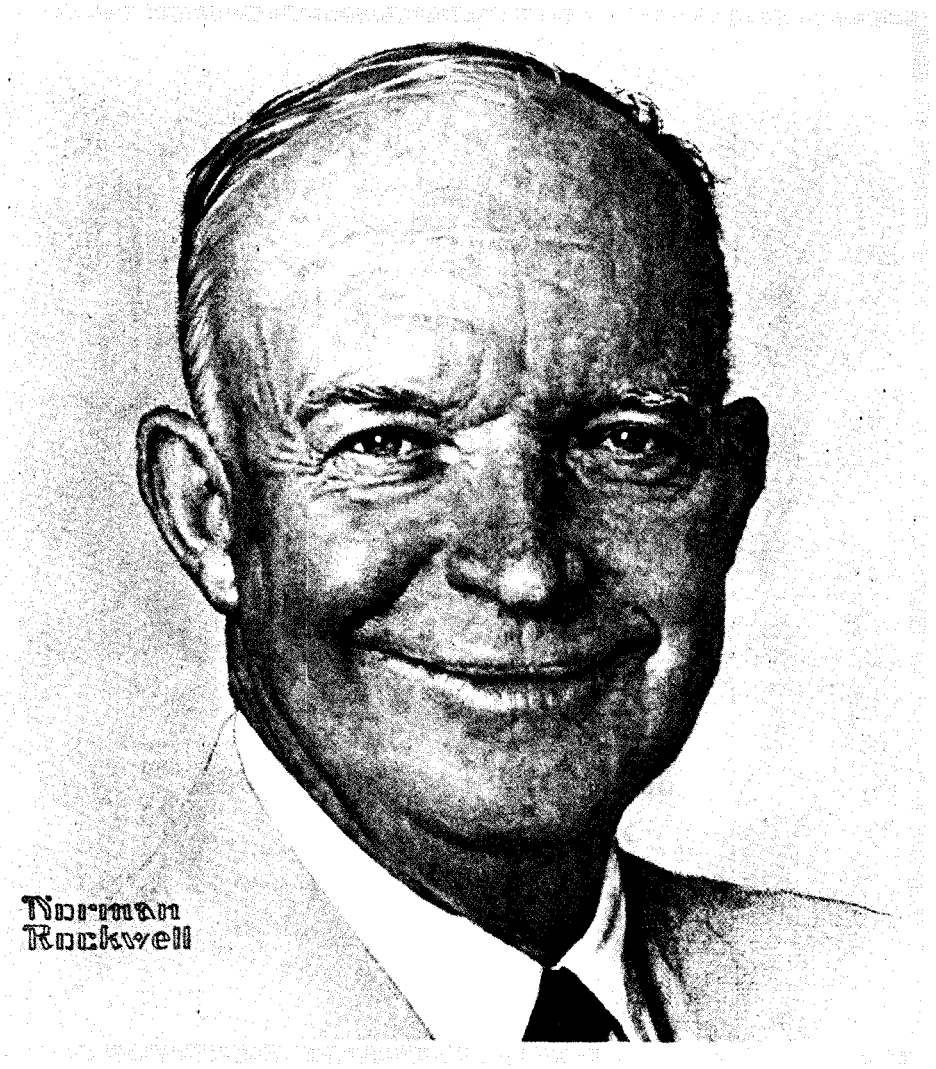
Then, there had been the invasion from the Middle West. Suddenly a whole army of new, young illustrators had sprung up—Al Parker, Emery Clarke, John Falter, Stevan Dohanos, and others. These young fellows did pictures at weird angles—looking through girders, up staircases, down from rooftops—angles which it was impossible to get working from the model in a studio. You had to use photographs if you didn't want to spend six weeks getting the perspective right.

At first I used photographs only occasionally, trying to hang on to the shreds of my self-respect. But it was like taking a touch of morphine now and then. Before I knew it, I was an addict. Photographs cleared up all my difficulties immediately.

Nowadays, I use photographs for all my work. I still feel guilty about it, but I comfort myself with the thought that many of the great painters used aids to drawings: the camera obscura, the camera lucida, mirrors, and so on. Holbein had a system for drawing on glass. Albrecht Durer invented and presumably used a drawing aid. Toulouse-Lautrec and Degas

A good portrait artist is able to capture the subtle variations in a subject's expressions that give insight into his character. From the 90-minute photo session that Rockwell spent with Dwight Eisenhower, he sketched 47 different expressions ranging from Ike the General to Ike the Trout Fisherman. Even under the strain of a GOP convention, Eisenhower was the perfect model —he had the most mobile face that Rockwell had ever seen. The final product in oils (opposite), a smiling Ike, appeared on the October 11, 1952, cover of The Saturday Evening Post.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



sometimes worked from photographs. These men used the camera and other devices as aids, never slavishly. I think I do the same.

I don't copy photographs. Lots of people have the idea that when you work from a photograph, you just tint it. If that were so, anybody could paint a *Post* cover, which is manifestly absurd. On an average, I take at least 100 photographs for a single *Post* cover. They are guides, nothing more. The essential ingredient in my finished paintings is me—my feelings, ideas, and skills. After all, I did paint directly from the model for over 25 years, and at times I still do.

Working from photographs has many advantages. I no longer have to depend on four or five professional models, painting them over and over again. I can use anybody—the butcher, the baker, the plumber, Mrs. Grundy, Grandma Wilcox.

I never use the camera myself. Instead I work with the model, and when the smile has widened and the eyebrows are way up and the eyes are sparkling, a photographer snaps the picture. Before, as the hours of modeling passed, the expression would freeze into a grisly parody of glee. I'd had to settle for a fairly static pose, and there was a limit to the number of sketches I could make. Now, with photographs, I can try endless variations.

Photographs helped when I was painting the Four Freedoms, but the work still took six months, and left me dazed and weary. I relaxed by doing my first April Fool's cover, in which an elderly woman wearing ice skates and an old man wearing roller skates are playing checkers without checkers, surrounded by bottles suspended in air, flying ducks, a dozing deer, a zebra coming out of a picture frame, a woodpecker, a skunk, a fish leaping up a cascade in the stairway, a rug sprouting toadstools, and so on.

April Fool! I thought I had fixed the people who write in about mistakes, but I hadn't. I put 45 mistakes and incongruities into the picture; a man wrote me from South America claiming to have found 120.

Also to relax, I painted a Boy Scout calendar. But that night my studio in Arlington, Vermont, burned to the ground.

My son Tom woke me at 1:30 a.m., shouting an alarm. I looked out the window. Flame crackled red and molten gold in the interior of the studio and rolled in a thundering cloud of sparks and smoke through the roof.

Pulling on a pair of pants and buttoning my shirt, I ran downstairs and tried the phone. Dead. The wires came through the studio. Mr. Wheaton, our hired man, rushed out of his room, nightshirt whipping about his knees. I sent him in the car to Walt Squires' house, a half mile up the road, to call the fire department. Then I ran outside to see if anything could be saved. It was no use; I couldn't get within 30 feet of the studio.

Pretty soon the fire truck drove up, volunteer firemen hanging all over it, some still in pajamas. Somebody yelled, "Save the barn, the studio's gone!" and five or six men grabbed a hose and ran to the river.

In half an hour's time the front lawn was crowded with people who had come to see the fire. The walls of the studio caved in with a crash and a shower of sparks, and people said, "A-a-ah, what a shame!"

I didn't feel sad at all. Maybe I was in a state of shock. The only thing that seriously worried me was the loss of sketches I'd made recently at the White House for a double-page spread in the *Post* titled, "So You Want To See The President." I'd spent four days at the White House, sketching what a visitor to President Roosevelt would see from the moment he passed through the gates until a secretary ushered him into the President's office. Now I wondered whether they'd let me hang around the White House again to redraw the sketches.

The next day I called one of the secretaries at the

Continued on page 120

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

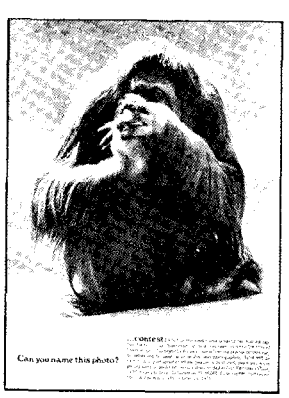
Can you name this photo?

...contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. Black and white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEve Post Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by December 10, 1979.

Photo Contest Winner

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Joyce Engel of Houston, Texas, for the winning entry in our October photo contest.

Man likes to conclude we're related,
A theory that's long been debated.
Between me and you,
If the theory is true,
Our species de-ter-i-o-ra-ted!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Cowperson

continued from page 14

"Changing lifestyles are transforming the attitudes of American people," Marvin notes. "There is a new buzz-word in the marketing business. It's called 'psychologistics', a term created by A.C. Markarian. Products have personalities and product personalities help products fit into today's lifestyle. All of us have inner impressions about the products we buy. People consciously or otherwise relate to impressions of sadness, joy, and happiness. We relate to gender, temperature, thirst, hunger, color, texture, flavor, strength, thickness, and the like. Go into any supermarket; most sell colas with personality plus private brands that sell for a third less because they lack personality. Pepsi and Coca-Cola have the personality and *most* of the sales. Just look what happened to 7-Up when it was given a personality."

Marvin Herb should know. A native of Syracuse, New York, he was graduated from the University of Buffalo in 1959 and received his MBA in marketing from the University of Toledo in 1964. He was store manager of a number of supermarkets, and then went on to join the Pepsi-Cola Company. Along the line, he was vice-president for advertising and promotion in the New York area, during the years when Pepsi was helping to nudge milk aside as a family beverage in all those supermarkets.

He joined Borden, Inc., in 1972, and here we begin to see the future of Elsie the Cow in Marvin's developing career. He ultimately became president of the Dairy and Services division of the company, following in Gail Borden's footsteps from a start in upper New York state to Houston.

"We in the dairy business have lulled ourselves to sleep. We have a product which will give all of us the excitement which goes hand-in-hand with vitality. We have an action-packed product of energy and the sense of well-being that goes along with it. The future of the dairy industry will be determined by the personality of our products, and our ability to get that personality into the American lifestyle. In the case of Borden, Elsie is still our spokesperson."

Marvin doesn't mess around. "The same people who love the word 'natural' are buying and loving imitation cheese on their pizza, and preferring non-dairy whiteners in their coffee. We have to fight for our share of the public's mind. Milk goes with the younger feeling of America. Milk goes with the singles group, with the physical fitness group, with pizza and pretzels, with weight-watching, staying thin and dancing all night. Milk is vitality—the miracle word for years to come." ☒

POST TRAVEL CENTER

Make this the merriest of Christmases by giving your family a holiday vacation. And have a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Mexicana Airlines: Excellent service to Mexico from many U.S. cities; a wide choice of packages to 24 of the most popular resorts, including Mexico City, Puerto Vallarta, Mazatlan, Guadalajara, Conzumel, Cancun, Merida, Ixtapa. Free brochure. 1

Palm Springs offers the best of California's sunny days and moonlit nights. Dine, dance, shop, swim, explore or relax. A variety of choices are yours in our colorful brochure. 2

South Africa offers a world tour in one country. Exciting, different, sophisticated—but still Africa. Send for 17 deluxe tours described in one brochure. . 3

Your guide to travel bargains. Send for information on *Traveler's Update* (formerly *Holiday Travel Newsletter*). Monthly tips on saving money on pleasure and business travel. Discounts on travel-related products. News and up-to-date information for globe-trotters and adventurers. 4

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS since 1946

KRAUS Originals "like wearing gloves on your feet"

DANCING DOLL

GENUINE GLOVE LEATHER

Glove-soft genuine leather with leather sole and 1¼" heel. Foam padding softens every step. Has elasticized throat & adj. buckle strap. YELLOW, LT. BLUE, PINK, WHITE, BONE or BLACK. Comb. sizes 6-10½ N, 5-10½ M.

FREE CATALOG with order **$22.95** plus $1.95 p&h SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS Dept. SADDD
600 S. Country Club, Tucson, Arizona 85716
Call for charge orders: 602-795-1281
(no collect calls please)
Enclose $1 For Fashion Catalog (refundable with first purchase)

THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND IN FLORIDA

A holiday setting of untamed beauty just 18 minutes by car from Miami Airport.

Beautiful Key Biscayne. As unspoiled a vacation island as you've ever seen. On its shore, a vacation resort as superb as its setting, at low summer rates now through December 16th. Far away in feeling, yet just a short causeway drive from Miami.

You'll find miles of wild beaches. White sands. Blue seas. Walking trails. Two swimming pools. Ten cushion-surface tennis courts. Championship golf five minutes away. International cuisine. Luxurious rooms with two double beds, private terraces, ocean views. And all the amusements of Miami close at hand whenever you want them.

See your travel agent. Or call toll-free **800-325-3535.**

ROYAL BISCAYNE
BEACH HOTEL & RACQUET CLUB • 555 OCEAN DRIVE, KEY BISCAYNE
A SHERATON RESORT HOTEL A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

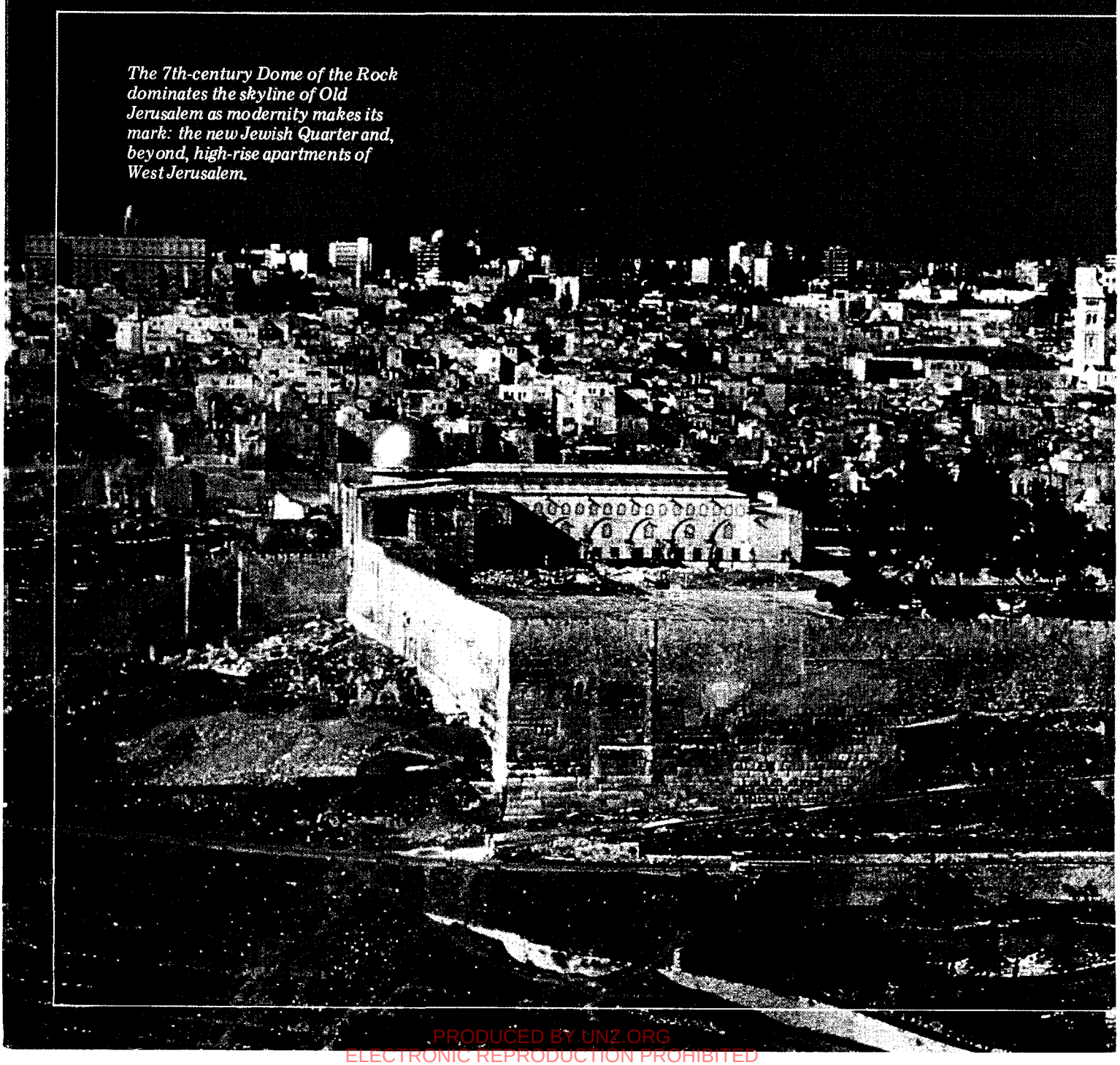
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holy City for All Ages

Surrounded by conflict, Jerusalem—the Golden City—sits serenely on the hilltop, sacred to the devout of three major religions.

by Landrum R. Bolling

There are many holy cities scattered across the world, but there is only one Jerusalem. Sacred to Jews, Christians and Muslims, it has a special pull upon the loyalties of more people than any other place on earth. Here, on any given day, you can see more different types of pilgrims, more different styles of religiously identifiable garb than anywhere else under heaven. Here people of all colors, nationalities, backgrounds and faiths, speaking scores of

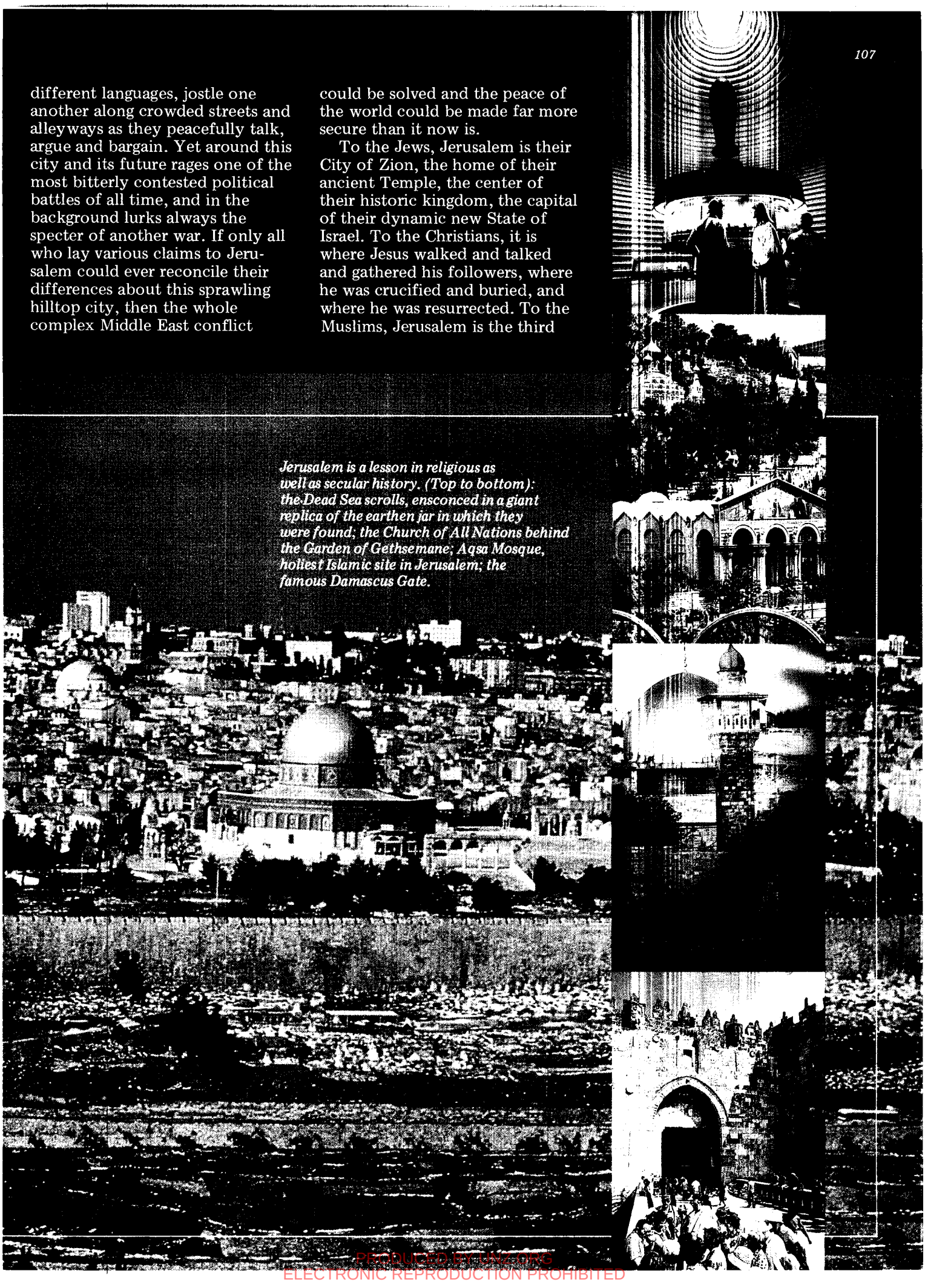


The 7th-century Dome of the Rock dominates the skyline of Old Jerusalem as modernity makes its mark: the new Jewish Quarter and, beyond, high-rise apartments of West Jerusalem.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different languages, jostle one another along crowded streets and alleyways as they peacefully talk, argue and bargain. Yet around this city and its future rages one of the most bitterly contested political battles of all time, and in the background lurks always the specter of another war. If only all who lay various claims to Jerusalem could ever reconcile their differences about this sprawling hilltop city, then the whole complex Middle East conflict could be solved and the peace of the world could be made far more secure than it now is.

To the Jews, Jerusalem is their City of Zion, the home of their ancient Temple, the center of their historic kingdom, the capital of their dynamic new State of Israel. To the Christians, it is where Jesus walked and talked and gathered his followers, where he was crucified and buried, and where he was resurrected. To the Muslims, Jerusalem is the third



Jerusalem is a lesson in religious as well as secular history. (Top to bottom): the Dead Sea scrolls, ensconced in a giant replica of the earthen jar in which they were found; the Church of All Nations behind the Garden of Gethsemane; Aqsa Mosque, holiest Islamic site in Jerusalem; the famous Damascus Gate.

PRODUCED BY UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holiest shrine in all of Islam, after Mecca and Medina; it is where the Prophet Mohammed made his famous night journey from earth to heaven and back on a great winged white horse, where two of the most celebrated mosques are located, and where the prayers of the faithful are likely to be heard. In some interpretations of all three religions, Jerusalem is where, at the end of time, all human souls will be summoned one day for the Final Judgment.

Meanwhile, very earthy human beings struggle over the basic question of who owns Jerusalem. The original United Nations decision that it should be a neutralized international city has, by now, been rejected by everybody.

For the three million Israelis, and most of the remaining twelve million Jews dispersed through many lands, the issue is quite simple—and has already been settled. Jerusalem is *their* city. Their ancestors built it, and, even during long centuries of the Jewish Diaspora, there was always a Jewish remnant that clung to it. Divided for almost two decades, following the first Arab-Israeli war, Jerusalem was united by the victorious Israelis in June 1967, has undergone a forced-draft expansion of its Jewish population since then, and is now irrevocably the Israeli capital. (The fact that no other country, not even Israel's only firm ally, the United States, accepts that Israeli claim is annoying, but not dissuading.)

Meanwhile, to the three million Palestinians, two-thirds of whom are now scattered to other lands since the establishment of Israel, and to many of the other one hundred million Arabs, Jerusalem is the symbol of their defeat, their shame and their frustration. Nevertheless, they do not surrender their claim to the eastern sector of the city, where at least 70,000 Arabs still live, and to control over the non-Jewish religious shrines. They insist that Arab East Jerusalem, including the beautiful Old City, should be under an Arab flag and, some say, should be the capital of a Palestinian state.

To sort out these and other conflicting claims would require the wisdom of Solomon, one of the great builders of Jerusalem. Those claims, however, are by no means either mysterious or new.

Jerusalem has been a settled place for at least 4,000 years. Its first mention in the Book of Genesis indicates that people were living there before Abraham arrived. Modern archeologists, with carbon-dating techniques, have surmised that crude artifacts they uncovered in a dig near the railway station suggest that some kind of prehistoric community existed there possibly 200,000 years ago. The real history of Jerusalem as a significant city, some would say, began with King David, even though the Canaanites came there two thousand years earlier. During the long centuries of their rule the land of Canaan underwent numerous invasions and a long period of Egyptian overlordship. Eventually, two invading groups—the Philistines, who came down the coastal plain, and the Hebrews, who arrived from east of the Jordan River—undermined the Canaanites. In about 996 B.C. David captured Jerusalem and made it his capital. It was a good choice. Here was a neutral zone previously uncontrolled by any of the twelve tribes of Israelites that David, and his predecessor King Saul, had been trying to weld into a unified nation. Each of the various tribal groups with their local home-district loyalties would have preferred another seat for the new central government, but David was able to persuade them to accept the farm village he had seized from the Jebusites.

"We share a lot in common. I've been lionized myself, you know."

Here David brought the Holy Ark with its stone tablets carved with the Ten Commandments God had given to Moses. Here David erected a palace for himself and his court, its stone walls lined with cedar. Here in Jerusalem he received the divine promise that his would be an unending dynasty. All of that, however, did not prevent the first in a long series of disasters that befell Jerusalem.

David's ambitious son Absalom, much aware of the grumbling against his father's rule, raised a small army, had himself annointed King in a defiant ceremony at Hebron and marched back northward to Jerusalem. Totally surprised, David had to abandon his palace to his rebellious son and fled to the east across the Jordan River. Absalom, however, let his easy victory go to his head and grew careless as he dallied with his father's concubines, who had been left behind. David pulled together a fresh fighting force, marched back up the mountain slopes from the Jordan valley and regained his throne. Absalom, despite David's orders that his life be saved, was slain in the fighting. David continued to reign over the Israelites from Jerusalem until he died in about 965 B.C.

Solomon, the son who succeeded David, gave Jerusalem its earliest real glory. His first major work was to build a magnificent temple on land David had acquired for that purpose on the top of Mount Moriah. For generations a favorite threshing floor for the local farmers, the site was a rocky promintory where the winds blew free and there was a long view of the undulating hills of Judea. Nothing like Solomon's Temple had ever been seen in the region before. It took seven years to construct and employed, according to Chronicles II, 153,000 laborers. Imported Phoenician architects and craftsmen from the more culturally advanced coastal area that is now Lebanon gave it a special artistic quality. They created for him a beautiful and opulent structure made of fitted limestone, polished cedar and gold. Sculptors, carvers and gilders produced huge cherubim with outstretched wings to guard the Ark, wall decorations of flowers and palm trees, and an ablutions pool supported by twelve giant brass oxen. All of that was destroyed long ago. The Ark and its contents disappeared along the way.

Solomon not only built the Temple that was given his name. He also extended the walls of the city and erected a great palace for himself and his harem, a structure that took thirteen years to build. It, too, has disappeared, but the quarries from which the stones for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Temple and the palace were cut are still deep scars upon the landscape.

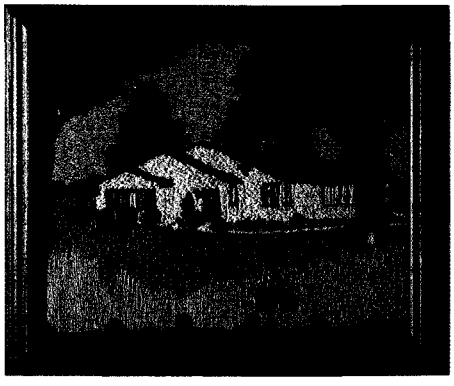
In many and varied ways Solomon's reign was a kind of golden age for Jerusalem as it became a center for international trade and culture and the administrative headquarters for what was at the time a considerable empire. However, Solomon, for all his vaunted wisdom, over-extended himself and his kingdom. He piled up such a debt to King Hiram of Tyre for lumber and other materials for his construction projects that he had to cede a coastal strip of his territory near present-day Acre to the Phoenicians. Meanwhile, his devotion to the religion of Yahweh was beginning to wane as he took on an assortment of wives who had other gods. When Solomon died in about 925 B.C., the unified Kingdom of Israel and Judea was already falling apart. Within three years the kingdom David created and Solomon expanded had split in two. Ten of the twelve tribes grouped themselves together in the Kingdom of Israel and established their capital in the north. The two remaining tribes of the south constituted the Kingdom of Judea and held on to Jerusalem, which became a rather provincial, sleepy hill town again. The Israelite towns became new centers of power and trade and the chief links with the broader world.

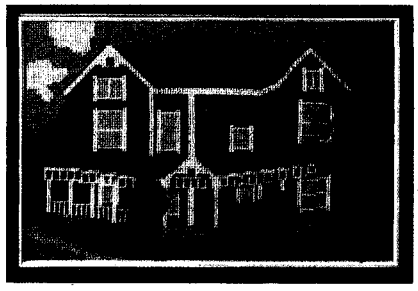
In time the Egyptians moved up across the Sinai and the Babylonians invaded from across the Jordan valley. For several years these regional superpowers maneuvered against one another for dominance, and the local people tried to protect themselves by making alliances with one and then the other. Finally, in 589 B.C. Nebuchadnezzar and his Babylonians undertook a major offensive against the Egyptians and their Judean allies. Within two years they were battering at the walls of Jerusalem. In the summer of 586 B.C. Jerusalem fell. The Judean King Zedekiah fled to Jericho, where he was captured by the Babylonian victors; his eyes were put out and he and his people were led off in chains to Babylon. The Jerusalem they left behind was looted and burned and Solomon's Temple was destroyed.

The Babylonian captivity was one of the great soul-searching experiences of the Jewish people and crucial for the future of Jerusalem. It was during those 50 years that their religious faith was tested and their indomitable spirit was reaffirmed. Unlike most captive peoples, they refused to be assimilated and they refused to bow down to the gods of their conquerors. They clung to their belief in the one God, Yahweh, and to their holy city of David as the home to which they would one day return. They accepted their bondage as

Continued on page 116

Your Home in Needlepoint or Crewel – A Treasure to Keep or Give





Needle Graphics

360 Hayward Ave. Mt. Vernon N.Y. 10552

Each NEEDLE GRAPHICS Kit is an original work of art, signed by you. *There is not another like it anywhere. Since each kit is made from a photo of your home, all the charming details can be captured on the canvas.*

Every kit comes complete and ready-to-use. *Yarns, needle, hoop, canvas backing, color guide and personal instructions are provided.*

Send a COLOR PHOTOGRAPH with the coupon attached. *Complete the information requested, and add anything pertinent that comes to mind. Specify the season you prefer if it differs from the photo, and comment on budding trees or seasonal flowers. (All photos are returned undamaged.)*

Only your talent can bring this family treasure to life. *Completion of a* **NEEDLE GRAPHICS** *Kit will bring endless years of pleasure to anyone who remembers the homestead fondly.*

To keep or to give, it's priceless.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Phone_____

Style	**(Circle one)**
Crewel	Needlepoint
Size	**(Circle one)**
11" x 14"	14" x 17"

About the attached photo:

What season do you want depicted in your kit?_____

Describe below flowers, flowering trees or bushes that are not in the photo?_____

11" x 14" Crewel or Needlepoint $34.95
14" x 17" Crewel or Needlepoint $39.95
Special sizes available, quotes available

Please make check or money order payable to:

NEEDLE GRAPHICS

360 HAYWOOD AVE., MT. VERNON, N.Y. 10552

Include $2.50 for handling. N.Y. residents add 8% state tax.

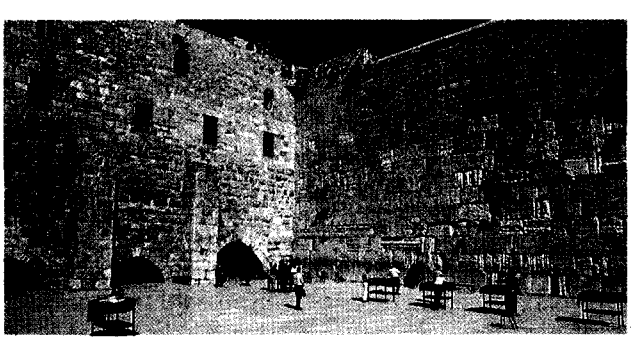
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

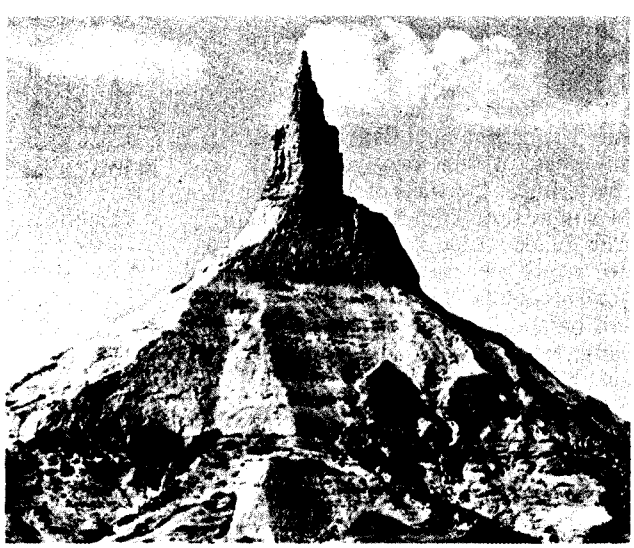
Religion has motivated great men, caused empires to fall and inspired magnificent works; we'll tell you about the faces, you guess the places.

1 ☐ Berlin ☐ Paris ☐ Warsaw
A meditative Benjamin Franklin resides in the courtyard of the American Embassy in the city to which he traveled in 1776 to seek aid for the embattled colonies. A strange sight in his fur hat, worn to cover a skin ailment, Franklin's wit and religious tolerance soon attracted a cult following; his portrait appeared on everything from snuff boxes to chamber pots. Franklin stayed here two years after the war investigating Mesmer's "animal magnetism."

2 ☐ Gibraltar ☐ Sicily ☐ Malta
Tranquil now, this Mediterranean island fortress was once the scene of a stand in 1565 by its outnumbered Christian defenders, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, against 40,000 Turks. The Knights in Fort St. Elmo were overwhelmed, their bodies nailed to crosses and floated to Fort St. Angelo, the last Christian stronghold. But the Knights in St. Angelo successfully counterattacked.



3 ☐ Cairo ☐ Alexandria ☐ Jerusalem
When Herod the Great acquired despotic powers over this city in 37 B.C. he was determined to rebuild it into the cultural equivalent of Rome. But of all his great works (a gymnasium, a magnificent palace, a massive fort, a theater and a completely reconstructed city temple), only ruins remain. This segment of the western wall of the temple is a holy place where Herod's descendents come to pray.



4 ☐ Nebraska ☐ Utah ☐ Oregon
Chimney Rock is in a state named after the Oto Indian word for "flat water," but the lack of it, flat or otherwise, forced early fur traders bound for the mountain trapping ranges to follow the banks of the nearby Platte River. Successive generations of homesteaders seeking land, prospectors seeking gold and Mormons seeking religious freedom all contributed to carving out its famous trail.

(Answers on page 116)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COME TO OUR WORLD IN ONE COUNTRY

How'd you like to go on a world tour for your vacation this coming season . . . and spend only as much money as if you were travelling in one country?

Come on over to sun-drenched, warm and welcoming South Africa.

It won't cost a lot (like it does in Europe or anywhere else) because South Africa is one country left where the dollar still buys you the great life.

And travelling in South Africa is like taking a world tour because this is the land of contrasts. 24 million people speaking over 50 different languages.

Landscapes that change from surf-washed shores to snow clad mountains, deserts to the wild African bushveld, rolling prairie-lands to sophisticated cities.

Here you can go trail hiking, game spotting or night-clubbing. If you're the sporting type; golfing, tennis, yachting or just about anything you care to name.

ONLY IN SOUTH AFRICA CAN YOU VISIT A HINDU TEMPLE IN A CHINESE RICKSHAW PULLED BY A ZULU WARRIOR FOR LESS THAN 50c.

Take the sub-tropical cosmopolitan city of Durban.

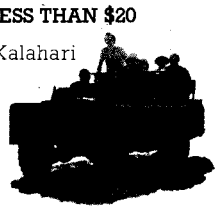
Here peace-loving Hindus worship their gods (and make some of the greatest curry anywhere), while just around the corner proud Zulu tribesmen stamp the earth in a ceremonial victory dance.

ONLY IN SOUTH AFRICA CAN YOU SIT DOWN TO DINNER WITH A KING FOR LESS THAN $4

Imagine you're one of the people in the main illustration of this advertisement. It's twilight over the bushveld, there's a giant steak sizzling over an open fire, (we call it braaivleis), the beer's cold, the company great. Then somewhere out there among the thorn bushes an African lion (our king) roars his defiance in the growing darkness.

Isn't that living?

ONLY IN SOUTH AFRICA CAN YOU GO DUNE HOPPING ACROSS THE DESERT IN SEARCH OF THE FABLED UNICORN AT A DAY RATE OF LESS THAN $20



The legendary Kalahari desert, where the gemsbok (our unicorn) runs free and tales of lost cities echo on the wind.

No matter how you travel; by train, by air, by automobile (with a trailer if you like).

No matter where you stay; in 5-star luxury hotels, mountain chalets or thatched cottages by the sea.

No matter where you are in South Africa from the beautiful Cape of Good Hope to the Kruger National Game Park, you'll discover how it's possible to live in the civilisation of the 20th century . . . and leave unspoilt the primeval splendour of a continent as old as time.

You've heard and read a great deal about South Africa during the past few years.

Now come and see the truth for yourself. It's going to cost you a lot less to discover:

OUR WORLD IN ONE COUNTRY.

I want to come to your world in one country

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SEP12

WELCOME TO SOUTH AFRICA THE DOLLARS BEST FRIEND

South African Tourist Corporation: New York: Rockefeller Centre, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020. Los Angeles: Suite 721, 9465. Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212. Toronto: Suite 1001, 20 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto M4R 1K8. Also at: Chicago, London, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, Paris, Milan, Zürich, Sydney, Salisbury, Tokyo, Buenos Aires and Pretoria.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

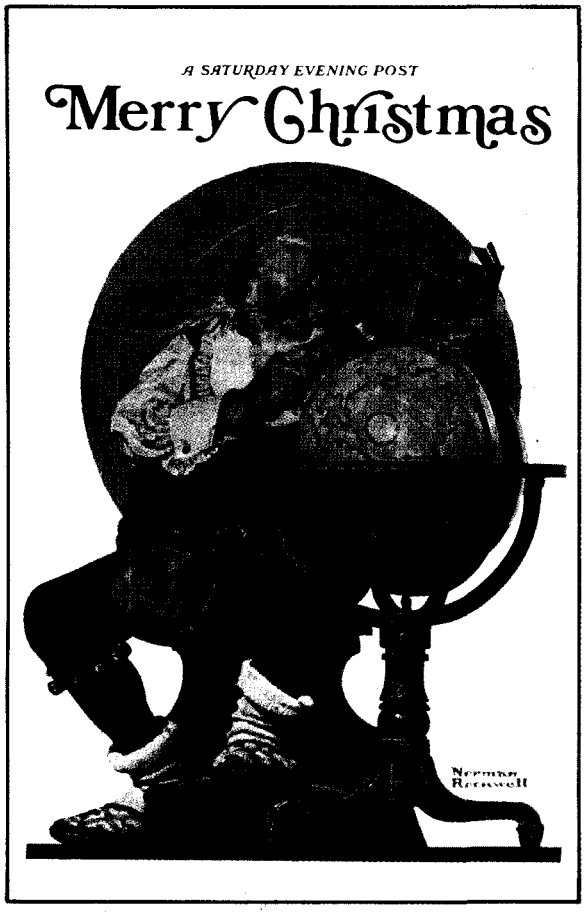
This Year's Christmas Issue FREE
With Each Gift Subscription

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give the POST for Christmas

A Gift That Keeps Coming... All Year Long

FREE: Norman Rockwell Gift Card to announce your gift



Treat those special people on your Christmas list with a gift subscription to the *POST*. We will send a gift card to those you prize so highly, announcing your gift of hours of reading pleasure. Sing out a Merry Christmas in the old-fashioned way this year, and give them the traditional Wassail of the old *POST* in the grand new *POST*. The beautiful Norman Rockwell gift card, shown here, breathing the spirit of the holidays, will bring your loved ones the news that the *POST* will come a-singing to their doors issue after issue for a year—or years, to make it even better.

Merry Christmas to one and all! The one, of course, is your own good self. Make sure that during this coming year you enjoy the beautiful pages of the *Post*: its beautiful illustrations and photographs, its messages of inspiration and joy, and its news of the best things and people in life. But most of all, solve one or more of your gift problems with subscriptions for your loved ones.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
1100 Waterway Blvd. Indianapolis, IN 46202

1 year (9 issues) $9.95 (save $3.55 from the newsstand price)
2 years (18 issues) $18.95 3 years (27 issues) $26.95

☐ Enclosed check or money order ☐ Bill me later Bill to: ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge Credit Card Number _____

Expiration Date _____ If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank Number appearing above your name _____ _____ _____ _____

Signature _____

Gift Name (Print) _____ My Name (Print) _____

Address _____ Address _____

City _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

Outside U.S. add $2.00 postage per year

☐ Please send a gift card in my name

☐ Also please send a subscription to my name above.
☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years ☐ Renewal ☐ New

266 F

©CPC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother"—Proverb

The gift of good health is the most important gift of all . . . you can get in the Christmas spirit by taking someone for a check-up who might never go alone . . . Many needy or elderly never have preventive checks for glaucoma, carcinoma, hypertension or a myriad other problems which are best caught early. Doctors' offices are sometimes less crowded when Christmas shopping and entertaining crescendoes.

Hi-Fiber Diet

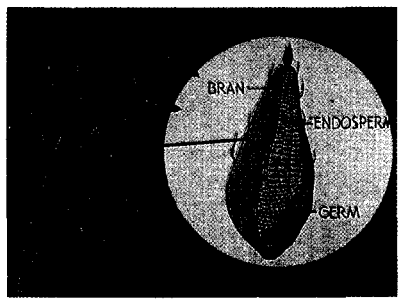
A diet high in fiber can reduce the insulin requirement of some diabetics and, in a few cases, eliminate it completely, says Dr. James Anderson, Professor of Medicine and Clinical Nutrition at the University of Kentucky College of Medicine at Lexington. "The data we have are strictly on thin diabetics; however, we are encouraged by preliminary data that show some positive effects on obese diabetics as well," said Dr. Anderson.

Insulin therapy was discontinued in most patients taking less than 25 units a day, including 16 of 18 patients taking 15 to 20 units a day. Thirteen patients who were taking 25 to 40 units of insulin a day were studied. After they had been on the diet for several weeks the insulin requirement dropped to an average of seven units. Five of the patients were able to discontinue their insulin completely. This included two patients who had been taking 32 units of insulin a day. The results of the study of five patients with juvenile-onset diabetes were not as dramatic. Those patients were able to reduce their insulin requirement by approximately 25 percent, dropping from 40 to 55 units a day to 30 to 34 units a day.

The diet, which Dr. Anderson says can easily be adapted for home use, is 55 percent carbohydrates.

"But for some reason, Prudence, I've never felt better in my life."

Using unrefined complex carbohydrates, 45 to 50 grams of plant fiber per day can easily be consumed.



The fiber in oat bran lowers cholesterol (wheat bran does not). The endosperm provides protein, and the germ contains vitamins and minerals.

Dr. Anderson uses lentil rice casseroles and many recipes containing oats to increase fiber. He has found oat fiber is better than wheat fiber in lowering cholesterol. He explained, "Basically, you can divide fibers into two categories, based on their water-solubility. Some fibers are water-soluble, others are water-insoluble. The water-soluble fibers are the ones that lower the cholesterol to the greatest extent. Wheat bran is mainly water-*insoluble.* It doesn't do anything to the cholesterol. Oat bran is very rich in soluble fibers and it's very effective in lowering cholesterol. From our reading we had deduced that oat bran would be a good product. We went to Quaker Oats, and they said they could make it. We then tested it and found it to be very effective."

Exercise for Health

Heavy physical labor protects against fatal heart attacks, according to Dr. Norman N. Kaplan, Professor of Medicine at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas. In his book, *Clinical Hypertension*, he asserts that during "isotonic" or dynamic exercise such as jogging, walking or swimming, the systolic but not the diastolic blood pressure rises as the heart pumps more blood. Also the heart rate increases. The increase in arterial pressure is greater in hypertensives. After a period of training, the rise in arterial pressure and heart rate is less marked. *In a small test of hypertensive patients, the non-exercising blood pressures were also lower millimeters of mercury—an average of 14/10 mm Hg after physical training.*

While heavy physical labor protects against fatal heart attack, Dr. Kaplan cautions against isometric exercise. He feels there are no good effects of isometric exercise (pushing, pulling, and lifting) and the high pressures attained during sustained muscular contraction may precipitate angina, congestive failure, and cerebral hemorrhages. Therefore, hypertensives should be warned not to perform isometrics. This is particularly necessary since advertisements for isometric devices which falsely offer improved cardiovascular fitness may entice hypertensive men who are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerned about their health. In these, both the diastolic and systolic pressure and the heart rate increase.

Sexual intercourse may also cause significant rise in pulse and blood pressure. In an experiment, the blood pressures and pulse responses in ten normal young men were the same whether the man was on top or on bottom, despite the presumably greater amount of isometric contractions with the man-on-top position.

Cadavers

If you wish to perform an important service at the time of your death, you may bequeath your body to science. This gift has been referred to as the ultimate gift to infinity. One registry is the Anatomical Gift Registry, Ltd., General Post Office Box 1644, New York, New York 10001; telephone number: (212) 896-4444.

In a number of medical schools, private services are held on campus by students in memory of the cadavers. This Christian rite is reassuring for relatives.

There is a crying need for cadavers in orthopedic surgery according to professors at Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. There is a real need for cadavers "to save lives," they report. Recently when a pelvic malignancy was discovered in a young girl, surgeons at Columbia rushed to practice a completely new technique of resection on a cadaver before performing the successful operation. Columbia's Anatomy Department, which previously provided surgeons with a lot of cadavers, last year could give only two.

Hypertension

English women who took oral contraceptives for five years developed hypertension at an incidence 2.6 times greater than that noted among non-pill-users. In this study 5 percent of all who took the pill developed hypertension. It is thought that estrogen is the probable culprit; however, synthetic progesterones may also be involved, perhaps by their conversion into estrogen. Post-menopausal estrogen therapy may also cause hypertension, but the incidence is unknown. Since hypertension is so prevalent in post-menopausal women, the role of estrogen as a post-menopausal factor is more difficult to ascertain. Women who are on estrogens, no matter what their age, should have their blood pressure taken every six months. And estrogens probably should not be prescribed to women already hypertensive.

Health Benefits Ascribed to Magnesium

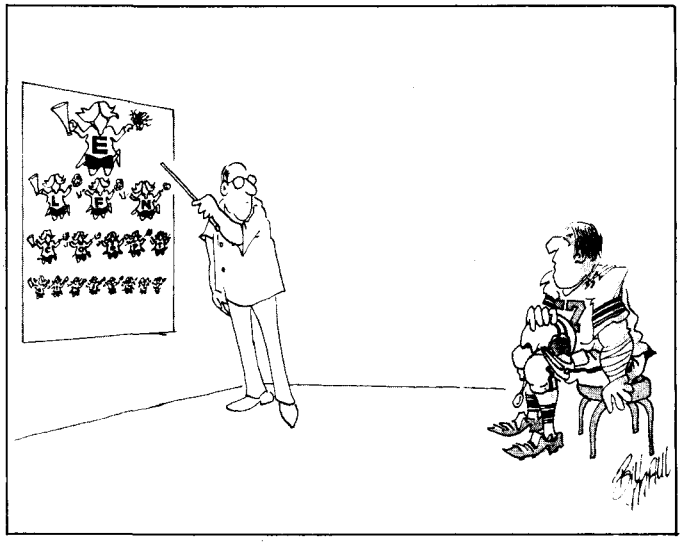
Healing properties have been ascribed to magnesium as far back as 1618, when a pool of water discovered in the English village of Epsom was found to have a purgative effect. The healing effects of the magnesium-containing waters attracted visitors from all over Europe and established Epsom as the outstanding health spa of its day. One unknown poet wrote as follows:

Here lies I and my three daughters,
Died from drinking Cheltenham waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts;
We shouldn't be lying in these cold vaults.

In a clinical trial conducted by two investigators at the University of Pretoria, an attempt was made to induce nocturnal sleep in 200 adult patients by the administration of magnesium chloride tablets. Sleep was induced rapidly, was uninterrupted, and waking tiredness disappeared in 99 percent of the subjects. Anxiety and tension decreased during the day. According to the report, 30 minutes after arousal serum magnesium decreases and is available for energy storing and releasing processes. The researchers believe this probably accounted for the lack of waking tiredness.

Magnesium deficiency occurs in disease, and some physicians think magnesium levels should be determined as routinely as serum sodium and potassium levels. Western diets can be relatively deficient in magnesium and subclinical deficiency may be more common than is generally recognized, according to recent research. Meat, milk and leafy, green vegetables provide the dietary sources of magnesium. As milk is abundant in calcium, this affects magnesium absorption, because calcium always has the upper hand in competing for the absorption pathway. Magnesium deficiency can be induced by prolonged diuretic therapy and digitalis preparations. Magnesium deficiency is frequently seen in chronic alcoholic patients due to poor dietary intake and increased urinary excretion; furthermore, ethanol itself may induce a pronounced diuresis of magnesium. Alcohol increases urinary excretion by its direct inhibitory action on renal tubular absorption of magnesium and by production of excess lactate, which also inhibits magnesium absorption.

Sweating causes many electrolytes to be lost from the body. Replacement solutions of various types have been advocated for athletic participants. Some physicians feel these solutions do not contain sufficient quantities of magnesium. From studies it would appear that magnesium is perhaps depleted to a greater extent after a marathon run than some of the other electrolytes and that replacement solutions containing magnesium as well as the other electrolytes should be evaluated to replace this deficit. Dr. Kenneth Cooper, who studies aerobic medicine, advocates two 78 mg. magnesium tablets per day to his joggers and marathon runners.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jerusalem

continued from page 109

divine retribution for the sins of their fathers but re-doubled their loyalty to their homeland. In this time one of the exiles wrote:

By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down.
Yea we wept when we remembered Zion . . .
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

After five decades of captivity, when Cyrus of Persia conquered Babylon, the Jews were told they could go home. Most of them went, and when they got there they rebuilt their shattered, decaying city.

This, however, was not the end of the sufferings of Jerusalem—or the end of challenges to Jewish control of the City of David. Over the centuries there came other conquests: by the Greeks, the Romans (who renamed the city Aeolia Capitolina), the Arabs, the Seljuk Turks, the European Crusaders, the Mameluke rulers of Egypt, the Ottoman Turks, and finally, the British, who ended 400 years of Turkish rule in December 1917. Through all those long centuries of repeated invasions and subjugation, however large a percentage of the Jews was scattered across the world and however few of them remained on the site, the Jewish people never gave up their claim to the City of Zion. "Next year in Jerusalem" was the prayer tenaciously repeated by pious believers around the world, century after century.

By the middle of the 19th century the Jewish population in Jerusalem, native-born plus new settlers from abroad, had increased until they constituted at least half the inhabitants of the city, although they were only a very small percentage of the total population of the holy land. Around the turn of the century the Zionist movement, led by a Viennese journalist, Theodor Herzl, became an increasingly powerful force, and Jewish migration from Eastern Europe and Czarist Russia was accelerating. The Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917, conveyed a British promise to Zionist leaders that the British Government would "view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." From that point on, with confirming action at the Paris Peace Conference, the flow of Jewish settlers into the holy land and into Jerusalem increased.

Through the years of the British Mandate that followed World War I the Jewish presence in Jerusalem grew steadily. Hebrew University began to flourish. The Hadassah Hospital complex developed. Cultural and commerical activities of many kinds began to demonstrate the vitality and tenacity of the Jewish population of Jerusalem.

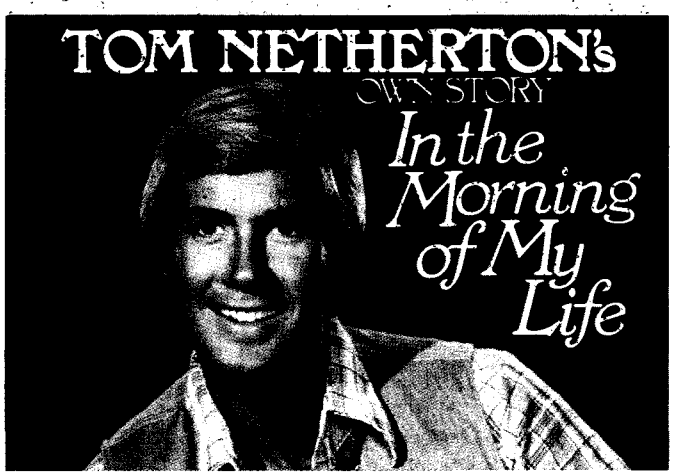
Along with growing Jewish strength came increasing Arab resistance.

When the British threw up their hands over their inability to resolve the conflict between Jews and Arabs in Palestine and announced they were surrendering their control in May 1948, the United Nations proposed a Jewish state, a Palestinian Arab state and an internationalized Jerusalem. The Jews reluctantly accepted the plan, the Arabs rejected it, and both sides denounced the internatioal status proposed for Jerusalem. In the first Arab-Israeli war that broke out on the day the State of Israel was proclaimed, May 15, 1948, the Israeli forces fought with the greatest determination to link Jerusalem with the coastal plain, an area over which they quickly established control. They succeeded, despite heavy casualties, in carving out and holding that corridor, although in the end they had to settle for a division of Jerusalem, with Arab forces holding all of the Old City, including various Jewish holy sites, most notably the Wailing Wall at the edge of Temple Mount.

For the Israelis the sweetest part of their victory of June 1967 was the capture of all of Jerusalem and the freedom, after 18 years, for Jews to walk freely through the Old City and to pray at the Wall again. Promptly, also, the Israeli authorities undertook a massive and rapid expansion of housing for new Jewish settlers, with high-rise apartment blocks ringing the city on virtually all sides. As these developments spilled over into the Arab sections, previously under Jordanian rule, there was much muttering from the Arab Jerusalemites who saw themselves being hemmed in and the character of their district threatened by unwelcome change. Such protests have in no way deterred the Israeli authorities, and Jerusalem continues to grow outward and upward, as new hotels, factories, office buildings and apartments increasingly alter the skyline.

Whatever divisions are to be found among the Israelis—and there are many among these individualistic and articulate people—there is almost complete unanimity on the judgment that Israel must retain firm control over a unified Jerusalem, "never to be divided again."

Meanwhile, the Arabs, particularly those who are devout Muslims, keep saying that they will never agree to a settlement of the conflict with Israel that gives to Israel all of Jerusalem. Their argument starts by citing the population figures on the Arabs of East Jerusalem, between 70,000 and 80,000, with more expected to return from exile if peace should ever come. They go on to argue the right of Muslim and Christian Arabs to have control of their non-Jewish holy places. Some even contend that since an eventual Arab-Israeli peace must allow for the establishment of a Palestinian homeland, perhaps even an independent Palestinian state, Jerusalem is the only logical place to be the administrative headquarters for a Palestinian homeland. Indeed, some Palestinians and their friends suggest that the real confirmation of Jerusalem as the City of Peace



IN THE MORNING OF MY LIFE is Tom Netherton's story, one in which he shares himself honestly with readers. Tom was a discontented youth, always striving, through loneliness and despair, for something which seemed just beyond his reach. Then, one night, God showed him reality in life. At last Tom sensed the steady guidance of God as he worked toward his dream of becoming a professional singer. Today Tom Netherton is a star on the Lawrence Welk Show, he is the star of his own concert tour, but, most important, he is an ambassador for Jesus Christ. This is a book you'll read and want to pass along to a friend. Cloth, $7.95.

Available at your bookstore.
If ordering by mail, include 50¢ for postage and handling.

TYNDALE HOUSE PUBLISHERS
WHEATON, ILLINOIS 60187

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will come on that day when Arabs recognize West Jerusalem as the capital of Israel, when the Israelis recognize East Jerusalem as the capital of Palestine—and both Jews and Arabs work out a cooperative agreement for jointly administered municipal services of a unified Jerusalem, with a self-governing Arab borough and a self-governing Jewish borough. Far-fetched? There are idealist moderates on both sides who think such a dream might some day be achieved.

Regardless of all these political speculations, Jerusalem remains one of the most colorful, exciting and awe-inspiring cities on earth. It is a magnet for artists, scholars, traders, diplomats—as well as for pilgrims of many faiths from around the world. Despite wars, looting, destruction, occupation, and barbed-wire division, it has been raised again and again from its ruins. Jerusalem lives. Jerusalem inspires. It will no doubt continue to excite the minds and stir the spirits of countless generations yet to come, whatever the political future may bring.

Courage to Quit

continued from page 10

better life waiting, and that's the one that counts.

Some players have knocked the game. I'll never do that. Some players have said the game is dehumanizing. Well, I don't feel as if the game has done that to me. Maybe it's a lack of maturity on the part of the one who feels dehumanized. Football is a demanding occupation that requires a great deal of time. It is also a team game, and to mold an effective team you have to forget a lot of individual considerations and create an atmosphere where the team is your number one concern. It takes drills and lots of studying and a lot of repetition, and you're having someone else's philosophy put on you—but if you can accustom yourself to that and grab hold of the fact that this is the only way it will work, then I don't think you get robbed of anything. There's nothing dehumanizing about having an 11 o'clock curfew. Everybody in the world ought to be in bed by 11 o'clock anyway.

As much as I look forward to going to camp in the summer, it becomes drudgery. It gets boring. We're there six or seven weeks and it's tough. When we break camp, it feels as if we're getting out of prison. But we've been there for a purpose, to prepare ourselves mentally and physically for something very important.

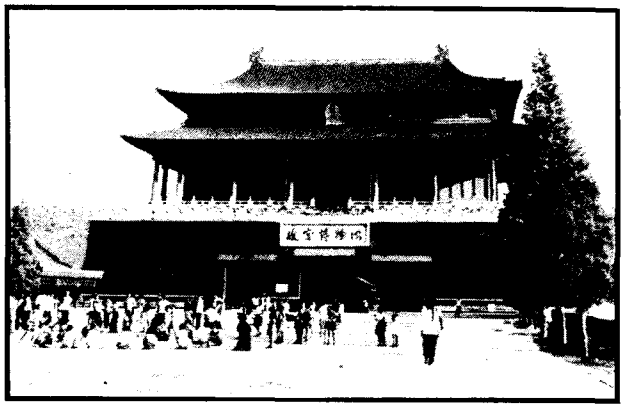
Once the season starts, there's another routine. On a normal week, we have Monday off and sometimes I'll go to the stadium for some treatment if I need it, or I'll just hang around and chew the fat with some of the guys, or maybe I'll play golf if the weather is good, or maybe I'll drive over to Atwater, Ohio, and see Bobby Dean Moore, a good buddy of mine who's in the cattle business.

On Tuesday it's back to work. We go over the film of the previous game. We watch it with the coaches, and I look closely to see how I called the game. I want to know why I did that, or didn't do the other thing. I sometimes pretend there's somebody else calling the game and I'm watching to see how he did it. I get to see the coverages again and the play I called. There are things I pick up in film that are really valuable to me, not only for the next time we play that team again but in my overall concept of myself as a quarterback. And the conversations I have with the coaches are vital. It's part of the continuous learning process. After that we run for a while.

Wednesday's a full day. I get to the stadium before nine in the morning, and we have meetings where we learn everything we can about the opposing team's defense. We discuss the opponent's personnel, its "tendencies." I get a complete profile on their defense. Then we get to our game plan. It's prepared by the coaches and we go over it play by play. We're talking here about what we call keys: what we want to do, and when, and the adjustments; the ifs and whys of the whole thing. It's an all-day affair. At home at night I go over the plan

Open-door-to China

CANTON • HANGCHOW
PEKING • SHANGHAI
NANKING • HONG KONG



16-day Orient tours including 10 days in Canton, Peking and other cities in China

From **$695.00** land only

plus G.I.T. air fare. Departures weekly

- ★ Round trip 747 jet from West Coast to Hong Kong
- ★ Accommodations, all meals, transportation, sightseeing in China under the administration of China International Travel Service
- ★ Deluxe accommodations, American breakfast daily, sightseeing in Hong Kong
- ★ Visa processing and handling
- ★ All travel documents to China

CHINA HOLIDAY TOURS

2262 So. Wentworth, Chicago, IL 60616
(312) 236-4960 TOLL-FREE 800-621-1551

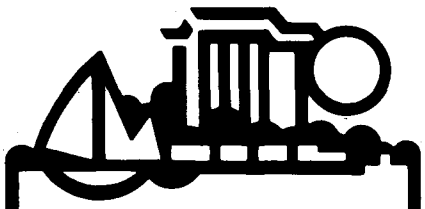
Please send your China program to: Dept. SEP

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bahia Mar. Ft. Lauderdale's private island resort.

On a 40-acre island in Ft. Lauderdale, you'll find one of the most unique resorts in the country. Bahia Mar Hotel & Yachting Center. With a towering 300-room luxury hotel and a magnificent 350-slip marina. Plus fine restaurants, lounges and shops. All on the Intracoastal and Lauderdale's famous 7-mile beach and minutes from great fishing, diving and sailing in the Atlantic.

Bahia Mar. Florida's popular marina resort.

BAHIA MAR

HOTEL & YACHTING CENTER

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33316
Toll-free
(in Florida, 1-800-432-3746)

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

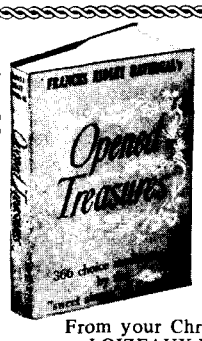
(Answers from page 110)

1 Benjamin Franklin was the first American to be truly à la mode in the fashion-setting city of Paris.

2 The only "knights" in Malta these days are the pleasant ones (annual mean temperature: 66 degrees F.) enjoyed by inhabitants.

3 The reminder of an unhappy past, Jerusalem's Wailing Wall is the sole remnant of Solomon's temple.

4 A pinnacle of red sandstone, Chimney Rock was the most famous Nebraska landmark for travelers on the Oregon Trail.



Loveliest gift book

by Frances Ridley Havergal

Daily Bible verse and selection from the prose and poetry of the beloved author of "Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee." Beautiful gold binding $5.50

Free catalog on request

From your Christian Bookstore or
LOIZEAUX BROTHERS, Inc.
P. O. Box 277-S, Neptune, New Jersey 07753

and study it and look at more films.

The next day it's more of the same. We are so heavily involved in study and preparation, the average fan wouldn't believe it. We practice in the afternoon for a couple of hours, then after we catch a shower, the quarterbacks have another meeting for about an hour. Usually by Thursday night I have things pretty much down pat in my mind.

Friday is a short day. We practice goal-line and short-yardage situations, scoring-territory plays. We review some basics and try to let the players get their legs back. The soreness from last week's game is pretty much out by then.

On Saturday, we go over the kicking game and loosen up. It's a short day for us. Mike Kruczek and I always have our punting contest on Saturdays. I'm terrific in practice, but I really fouled things up when I punted in an actual game.

On Sunday—or sometimes on a Monday night—we put it on the line again. Generally I don't sleep very well the night before a game. And I never can eat the day of a game.

I want to be an example and spread the Word in the way He chooses for me. I think God wants me to witness for Him in a cynical world. People think that being a Christian eliminates the fun from life. I can testify that my life started being fun when I formed a new relationship with the Lord and made Him first.

Ways to Keep Christmas

continued from page 7

a party as well. She tells of one quite touching luncheon conversation. Her guests that day were twin sisters, just seven years old, happy and gay. And not very demanding—as it turns out—because when Mrs. Bales asked them what they thought they would like *most* for Christmas, they finally revealed (through a spate of giggles and blushes) their very hearts' desire. For each, her own toothbrush. It seems that in their family of seven kids, all the children had to use the same toothbrush. To quote the little girl describing the condition of this busy article: "All of its hairs are falling down." Be happy to hear that the family got seven new toothbrushes with upstanding "hairs," and the two little girls each a spiffy wardrobe.

The children remember. Mrs. Bales is constantly hearing from them as adults, thanking her for the joy she brought them at some Christmas years ago. As one young man, looking back, put it: "With the clothing you gave me, for the first time I was not ashamed to go to school."

So, would you like to start Clothe-A-Child in your community? It's an idea filled with joy and satisfaction, and in the very innermost spirit of Christmas. Give it a try, and if you wish to know more details, write the *Post*, and we'll send your request along to Mr. McAllister and Mrs. Bales and they'll tell you how to add to the Christmas cheer in your home town. (SatEvePost: 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202.)

And, last of all, tie a string around your finger on Christmas night to remind you to glow and gush and shriek with delight at each gift you open. Don't you dare let some hopeful pair of little eyes catch you looking disappointed. That will undo all the rest.

Ways to Give Christmas

continued from page 23

7. Map out his future. You'll never believe this, but men do not know where to keep maps. Throw them in a file, they take up too much room. They lump up in big envelopes. They fall behind things when you put them on top. But a map box—ah! And a simple one can be made very easily and cheaply and be handsome besides. Take a box of a shape to hold the kind of maps most men save, the ones they get in a gas station. (You have to buy them in these days of inflation.) Take an old map and cut it so as to fit the top and sides of the box. Glue or rubber cement these strips of map to it and then finish with colored plastic tape. Your man will always thank you because he'll know in advance where he's going.

8. Shift into low. Buy a blood pressure cuff and learn how to use it before Christmas. Teach everyone in your family circle the useful technique of applying the cuff and reading it. Have a little fun recording everybody's pressures for 1979 in the back of the family Bible, and then next year, and in the years to come, you can record who has held his own, who has gone up, or, it is hoped, down.

Award the cuff and stethoscope to that family member who might benefit most in the year to come from frequent monitoring of his or her blood pressure.

9. Are you a book marker? Lots of us are—that is, we scribble in the margins of the books we read, agreeing, arguing, making witty-at-the-time wisecracks. Good habit or no, it makes your book a special volume, filled with your personality. Unless it is one you'd like to keep forever, pass it along with an inscription on the flyleaf to your Christmas friend, maybe with a little quip about being the second "author" of this book. Years later, at his hearth, you may have the pleasure of rediscovering the book in a treasured place, have a chance to read again a book you probably would have lost, and meet yourself coming back from a Christmas past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10. Pleated Angel Choir. Pleated tissue paper makes beautiful gowns for an angel choir mobile. For the halos use yellow construction paper or gold and silver wrapping paper.

You will need: tissue paper; construction paper, white and yellow; wooden toothpicks; needle and thread; wire; needle-nose pliers; black fine-line felt-tip pen; rubber cement; scissors; pencil; compass; and paper for patterns.

With your compass make a 1-1/4" circle pattern for the halo and a 3/4" circle for the face. Cut two faces from white construction paper and two halos from yellow construction paper for each angel. Cement each face to a halo and with felt-tip pen draw in facial features.

For each gown cut two pieces of tissue paper 4" x 6". Accordion-pleat the paper with 1/2" folds parallel to the 4" side. Press the folded strip flat and fold the top third to one side to form the sleeves of the angel. Pleat the second paper in the same way and fold the top third to the opposite side. Cement the edge of each sleeve to the gown where they meet. Then cement the lower half of a toothpick between the two sections of gown and cement the two halves together. Cement a face on each side of the top half of the toothpick. Run a needle and thread through the top of the halo at the center and tie.

To make the mobile, build 5 angels. Cut 3 pieces of wire 4", 4" and 7", curve them, and twist loops at their ends. The 7" wire is the top level of the mobile, with the 4" wires suspended from their centers by threads or string from the loops at each end of the 7" wire. Then, an angel is suspended from each end of the 4" wires, with the 5th angel being suspended from the center of the 7" wire. Hang by a string.

Unsolicited manuscripts, art work, and photographs submitted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork, or photographs.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semifiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Text Credits

Page 62, reproduced by permission of Tyndale House, Inc., from the book *The Morning of My Life* by Tom Netherton with Marie Chapian, copyright © 1979 by Tyndale House.

Photo & Illustration Credits

Page 8, 10, Pittsburgh Steelers; 18, 50, 53, Benson Co.; 19, Camera Clix; 20, Metropolitan Museum of Art; 21, Rijksmuseum; 22, 23, 61, Lucian Lupinski; 26, 28, court illustrations by Lyle Miller; 36, 126 (top left) Black Star; 51, 52, Top Billing; 62, Tyndale House; 64-67, Abingdon Press; 69-79, Freelance Photographers Guild; 82 (top) Sparrow Records; 104, Michael Bowerman; 106, 107, Israeli Government Tourist Office; 110 (top left) Clara Carucci, (top right) Edward Iginio Placidi, (bottom left) Landrum R. Bolling; 126 (bottom) Peter M. Fine.

Gift of the Magi

continued from page 55

haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

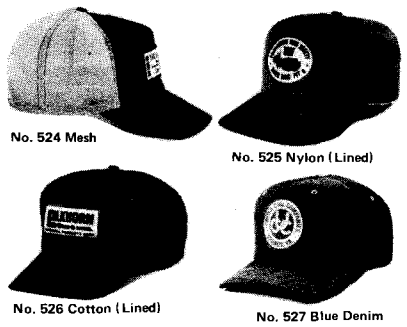
And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!" Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are the wisest. They are the magi.



ADJUSTABLE CAPS

WITH EMBLEMS USE FOR:

Safety awards, incentive for production goals, product promotion, advertisement, conventions, company picnics, trade shows, attendance awards.

Choose the cap that fits your need. Send us a copy of your logo or a rough pencil sketch and we'll do the rest. Your emblem expertly made and sewn on the best caps available.

Please furnish the following information:

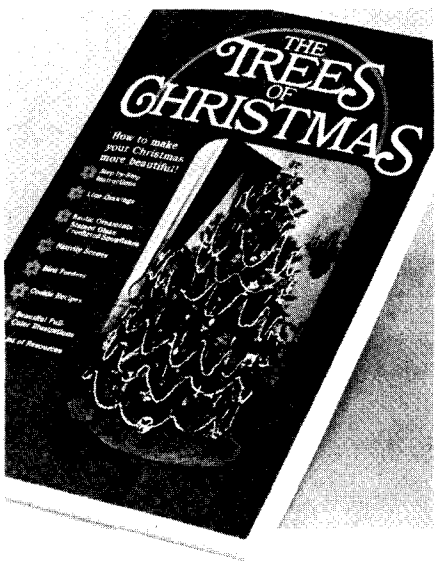
- Style No. _____ How Many _____
- Copy For Emblem _____
- Color _____ Royal Blue, Navy Blue, Red, Black, Orange, White, Gold, Kelly Green

Price includes one 1-color emblem sewn on front of cap. (Minimum Order — 72)

72	144	288	432	864	1728
$3.45 ea.	$2.98 ea.	$2.85 ea.	$2.75 ea.	$2.65 ea.	$2.55 ea.

CARDINAL™ CAP & JACKET CO.

Highway 460 Box 275 TOLL FREE
Grundy, VA 24614 800/336-0551
Alaska, Hawaii and Virginia
Call Collect 703/935-4545



Make your Christmas more beautiful!

This beautiful seasonal book joyously depicts the trees of twenty-three different countries and customs, along with instructions for making the exotic ornaments. *The Trees of Christmas* will put you into the Yuletide spirit.
$6.95, paper

abingdon
at your local bookstore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Painted Ike

continued from page 103

White House. "Come right down," she said. "You'll be welcome any time. We heard about your fire."

The work in Washington went quickly. When I returned to Arlington and saw the black ruins of my studio and the charred skeleton of the barn, I remembered what I'd lost in the fire—all my antiques, covers and illustrations that I'd kept over the years, my costumes, my collection of old guns, Howard Pyle prints, my paints, brushes, easel, my file of clippings—everything, the accumulation of 28 years of painting, traveling, collecting. It gave me an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I won't rebuild the studio, I thought. *I'll sell the place and move somewhere else.*

That night I talked it over with Mary. She agreed with me, and the next day we bought an eighteenth-century house on the village green in West Arlington. The mountains rose steeply almost from the back door, and the house was shaded by old maples. Across the green ran the Batten Kill, spanned here by a covered bridge.

I went back to my painting.

There was, for instance, the Willie Gillis series. After the first draft call, but before Pearl Harbor, I had conceived the idea of a series of *Post* covers depicting the experiences of a young civilian who suddenly found himself caught up in Army life. Mary had thought up the name for the series, and one night at a square dance on the West Arlington green I discovered the perfect model.

His name was Bob Buck, and I painted him in situations that I thought were typical of an average draftee's life in the Army: receiving a food package from home, sleeping late during a furlough, peeling potatoes. The series became so popular that I figured I was set for the duration. Then Bob Buck managed to get himself into the Navy. I sorrowfully laid Willie to rest.

No! said the editors of the *Post*, you can't drop him. He's too popular. This posed a problem. I didn't have a model. All I had were some old photographs of Bob Buck. And then I had a bright idea. I did Willie and his warlike ancestors, portraits of the Gillis men in uniform from Great-great-great-grandfather Gillis in his Revolutionary War uniform down through Great-great-grandfather Gillis (War of 1812), Great-grandfather Gillis (Civil War), Grandfather Gillis (Spanish-American War), and Willie's father (World War I) to Willie himself, grinning innocently from under his helmet.

The six portraits were all painted from the same photograph of Bob Buck. I altered the expressions, crowned each Gillis with a different hairdo, made the portraits different shapes and sizes, put them in a variety of frames, hung them on a flowered wallpaper and, *presto-whiz-bang*, I had a *Post* cover. Beneath the portraits I painted in a row of books with titles like *The Gillis Family Genealogy*, *A History of the United States and the Gillis Family*, *With Gillis at Valley Forge*, *Gillis and Lincoln*—purely imaginary titles. The books provided an anchor for the bottom of the picture. The cover was very popular—mostly, I'm sorry to say, because of those books. All the Gillises in America wrote to me asking where they could buy them.

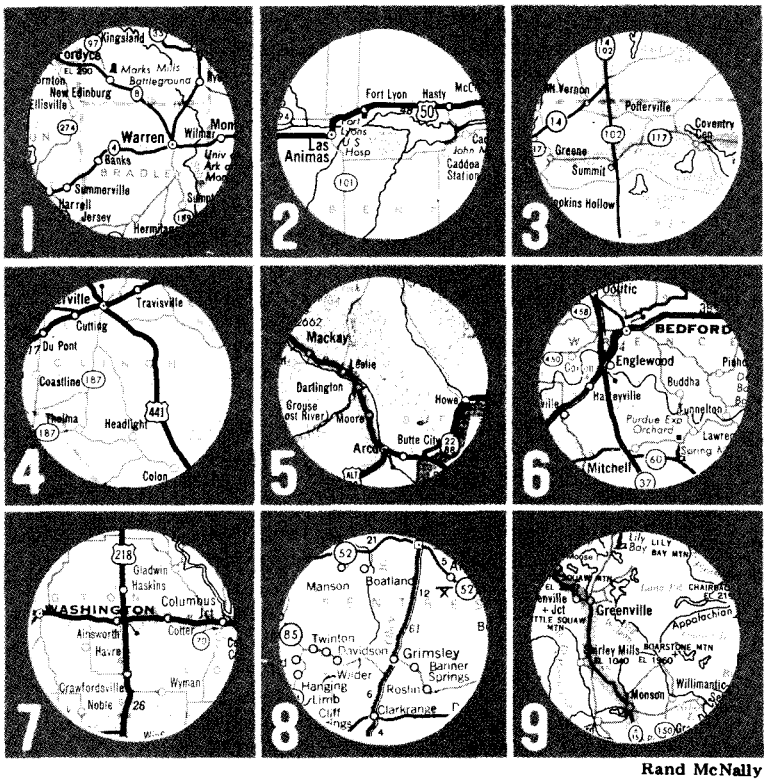
This cover was published in September 1944. By that time the war was nearing an end—though I didn't know it then—so I was saved the racking problem of thinking up another Willie Gillis cover that I could do without a model. After the war, when Bob Buck returned from the Pacific, where he'd served as a Navy pilot, I painted the last of the series, the eleventh: Willie as a college student sitting in a dormitory window, reading a book.

Finally, there were the homecoming covers—the Marine describing the landing at Iwo Jima to his friends in a garage; the sailor basking in a hammock on the front lawn of his parents' house; the soldier surprising his family and friends in the backyard of his tenement home. His mother is holding out her arms, his little brother is running to meet him, people are looking out of windows, boys in trees are shouting, his girl is standing quietly to one side. The whole neighborhood is surprised and happy. He has come back. The war is over.

Ben Hibbs always liked that cover of the soldier's return, and the original today hangs over his desk in his study at his home. At the risk of appearing immodest I'd like to quote a paragraph he wrote about it: "The homecoming cover has been borrowed many times for art exhibits, including at least one exhibit in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. I have always felt that it is the greatest magazine cover ever published. Many readers, I should add, would not agree with me. A Rockwell popularity poll which we once took among our readers was won hands down by the cover of the little old lady saying grace in the restaurant at the railroad station on Thanksgiving Day."

I've had failures, of

Cont. on following page



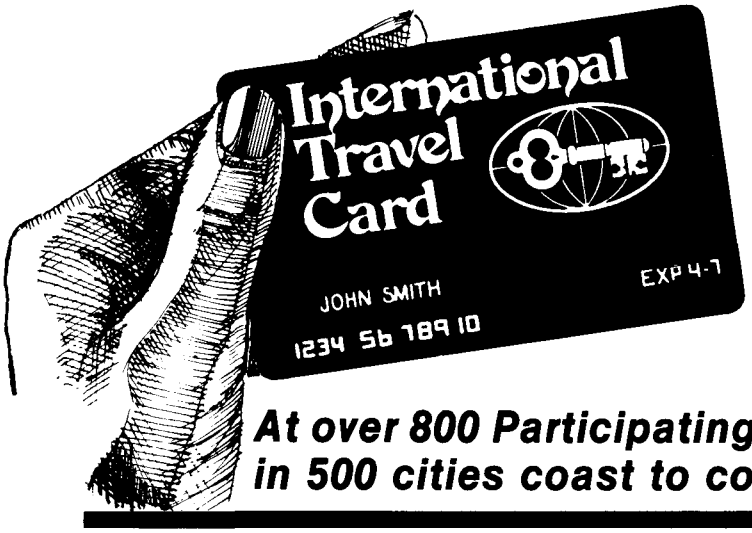
Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 128)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FREE

Hotel/Motel Rooms

Stay 2 Nights for the price of one...

At over 800 Participating Famous name Hotels and Motels in 500 cities coast to coast and 25 foreign countries

Choose from participating Ramada Inns, Sheratons, Holiday Inns, Hyatts, Rodeway Inns, Best Westerns, Hilton Inns, Howard Johnsons, Travelodges, and many others.

With an International Travel Card, you pay for your first night's lodging at regular rates and, you get your second night FREE! Simply make reservations as usual and present your card at check-in. That's all there is to it. Over 800 hotels, motels and resorts are already in the system and more are being added every week.

Originally available only to major corporations.
International Travel Card was first introduced in 1975 as a means of cutting business travel expenses for corporate executives. Now, individuals and families can also enjoy the savings, whether traveling for business or pleasure.

Use it as often as you wish!
Your International Travel Card is good for one full year and you can use it as often as you wish. Use it for weekend trips, vacations, business travel, visiting relatives, etc.

Pays for itself.
American Hotel and Motel Association survey shows that quality hotel accommodations now average more than $30 per night. The annual fee for your International Travel Card is only $25. Use it just once, it pays for itself. Frequent business travelers or vacationers can save hundreds of dollars a year!

Worldwide Expansion.
Over 125,000 cardholders are now using their International Travel Card from Acapulco to New York City and, from San Francisco to Bermuda to London or Rome . . . in more than 500 cities coast-to-coast and 25 countries worldwide!

30 day risk-free trial.
Mail the enrollment coupon today and we'll rush your personalized card and all membership materials. Try the card free for 30 days. Then, if you don't think this is the best travel savings bargain available anywhere, just return the card and directory within 30 days after receipt for a full refund. Keep the Road Atlas as a gift.

Your International Travel Card Membership includes all of these benefits

2. Hotel-Motel Directory and Resort Guide. This colorful, 224 page directory lists all participating hotels, indexed by city and state for easy reference and contains all of these features to help you plan your trips and save you money along the way:
   - Photographs of the hotels.
   - A detailed description of the facilities and rates
   - Nearby attractions.
   - Trip log - includes forms to help you keep a record of your expenses.
   - Mileage chart that quickly shows distances between cities throughout the U.S., Canada and Mexico.
   - Metric Conversion Chart.
   - Holiday dates for 1979 and 1980.
   - Major attractions within each state.
   - Plus many other features.
3. Quarterly Updates to the Directory to keep you informed of all the hotels that are continually being added to the system.
4. Associate Membership cards available to family members at just $10.00 each, so they can also enjoy the same benefits as you do when traveling on their own.
5. "Favored Saver" discounts at over 1,000 Budget Rent-A-Car counters worldwide.
6. Special bargains on travel-related merchandise.
7. Members newsletter with interesting articles and "inside tips" to help travelers save more money.
8. 100% money-back guarantee.

Yours Free... Rand McNally Road Atlas And Travel Guide!
The road atlas and travel guide is yours just for becoming an International Travel Card member. It features 53 pages of full-color maps including all 50 states, Canada and Mexico... plus a handy U.S. mileage chart.

Attention Hotel Owners and Operators:
If you have not yet been contacted by an International Travel Card Hotel Services Representative and would like details about the International Travel Card program and how it will increase your occupancy and bottom-line profits, write for complete details on your letterhead, or call (904) 399-8300, ext. 500, 9:00 AM-5:00 PM EST.

The more you travel, the more you need it.

Please accept this application for International Travel Card Membership and rush my personalized card and membership kit. I may cancel my membership for any reason by returning the card and Directory within 30 days after reciept and my entire fee will be promptly refunded.

Mail to: International Travel Card
1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46206
Or, for express delivery
order Toll-Free 1-800-453-8777 ext. 105
In Utah 1-800-662-8666 ext. 105

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone _____ Signature _____

☐ One Year/$25.00 ☐ Charge my ___ Master Charge Account No. _____
SAVE EVEN MORE!
☐ Two Years/$40.00, plus an additional 3 extra months (27 months total) ___ VISA Account No. _____
☐ Payment enclosed. (Make checks payable to International Travel Card.) Exp. Date _____

(Your International Travel Card is ready for use as soon as you receive it. Please allow 2 weeks for processing and mailing of all materials.)

Copywrite 1979 International Travel Card Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course. Sometimes after a monstrous struggle—sketches made, props gathered, a set constructed, models selected, photographs taken, and then more sketches, new models, more photographs—I find that my picture isn't a picture; it won't go. There was, for instance, the affair of me and the eight movie stars. It seemed a beautiful idea when I roughed it out in 1949. A murder mystery for a *Post* cover! I'd show a murdered man surrounded by friends and relatives, one of whom had done him in. Clues to the solution would be in the picture, and *Post* readers would be invited to solve the crime. For a prize maybe.

A few weeks later I went to Los Angeles and rented a studio. Then I queried 20th Century-Fox: Could they get me movie stars as models for the picture?

"We'll get the greatest cast ever assembled!" a public relations man said. "How many people do you need?"

"It's a parody of an English murder mystery," I said. "The scene's a castle. There's the old lady who owns the castle."

"Ethel Barrymore! O.K.?" shouted the public relations man.

"And a sinister chef."

"How about Boris Karloff?"

"A scandalous, glamorous actress and a demure upstairs maid."

"Linda Darnell—Loretta Young!"

"And a wastrel, holding a ferocious riding crop with a big blunt-instrument head on it."

"Richard Widmark. He's the wastrel type."

"And a haughty butler."

"Clifton Webb."

"And then," I said, "I thought I'd have a dog."

"By George," said the public relations man, "we'll get Lassie. It's the most spectacular cast ever assembled. No movie could afford it."

"Do you think they'll all do it?" I said.

"Ethel Barrymore's the key," he said. "If she'll do it, the others will. I'll call her agent."

"The corpse," I said. "We've forgotten the corpse. Only his feet will show, though, so I don't guess we need anyone in particular."

"We can't let down now," he said. "How about Van Johnson?"

20th Century-Fox provided a set: an oak-paneled, baronial room with a huge marble mantelpiece. Electricians, carpenters, prop men, and a cameraman were assigned to help me. The stars were pulled off pictures they were making to pose for me. Ethel Barrymore swept in, recognizing me from my teen-age days when I had taken her sketching. "Tell me, Mr. Rockwell, *whom* have I *murr*dered?"

"Van Johnson," I said.

"Superb," she said, "I have always wanted to murder that boy."

For four days I worked hard, directing them. They worked hard, posing. The carpenters hammered and sawed, the electricians set up lights, the prop men shifted furniture and hung and rehung drapes, the cameraman took photograph after photograph. In short, everybody toiled away so that everything would be just right.

Then I did the charcoal drawing of the cover and sent it to the *Post* for approval. Well, they wrote back, if you really want to paint it go ahead, but we don't think it's up to scratch. The movie stars kill it. The readers will be so busy recognizing the stars that they'll miss the whole point of the cover.

I went out to my studio, unwrapped the charcoal, and looked at it for the first time with critical eyes. The editors were right. And the murder clues I had planted were too slim. I rolled the charcoal up and put it away in a drawer. It's still in a drawer. Nowadays I avoid Hollywood. Suppose I met Loretta Young on the street? Or Lassie?

That sort of thing happens to me all the time. Not too many years ago, I came up with a cover idea laid in a baseball park. A brawny umpire is daintily dusting home plate with a little whisk broom, while the batter and catcher wait. The contrast between the squatting umpire—big, red-faced, square-jawed—and his finicky housekeeping gesture seemed humorous to me.

I called Philadelphia and told my idea to Ken Stuart, art editor of the *Post* since 1944. Ken suggested that I use actual major league baseball players as models. "We'll run the cover during the first week of the season," he said. "I'll get the catcher and the star of two teams that are going to play each other on opening day, and the umpire who's going to work that game."

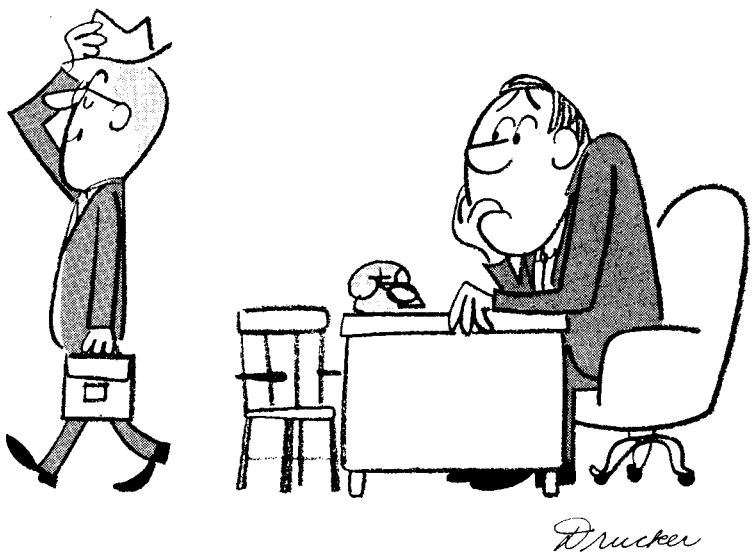
"Fine," I said. "It'll be authentic."

A couple of weeks later I flew to St. Louis. Ken had got me Stan Musial for the batter, Joe Garagiola for the catcher, and Al Barlick for the umpire. We all rode out to the ball park with five or six newspaper reporters and photographers who were coming along to cover the story. It was late fall. The playing field was wet and ragged, but the groundskeeper had groomed it around home plate, marking off the batter's box and the foul lines in white.

"It was quite a job," one of them remarked to me as my photographer was setting up his camera.

"We'll get a *Post* cover out of it," I said.

Cont. on following page



The Perfect Squelch

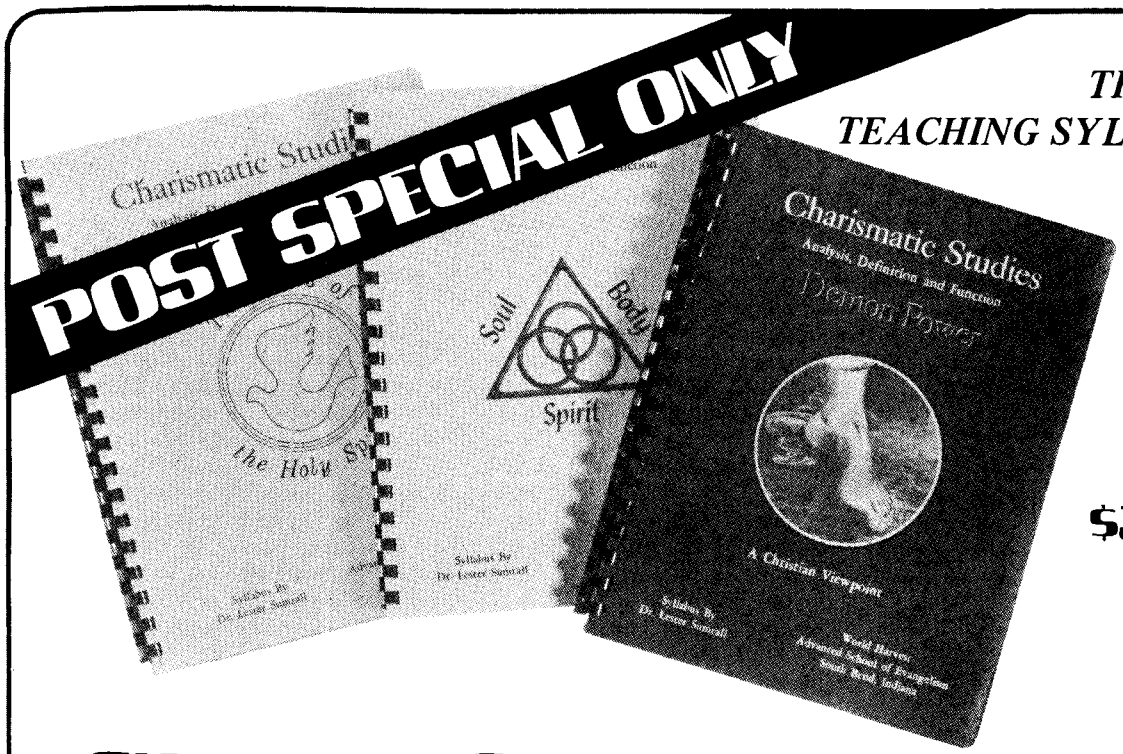
The church canvasser, taking part of his lunch hour, called upon a highly proseperous insurance broker. He quickly and concisely explained the church's budget and needs and asked for a generous contribution. The insurance executive grumpily agreed—and scrawled on his pledge card a promise to pay one dollar a week. Disappointed at the smallness of the pledge, the canvasser gently suggested that perhaps it could be a little larger.

"I'm a businessman who takes a business view of all financial matters," the insurance executive snapped. "What I have pledged is quite enough."

"Well," the canvasser said as he arose to leave, "with such a low premium rate, you can hardly expect much protection."

—*John Joseph*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TREMENDOUS TEACHING SYLLABI WHICH EVERY CHRISTIAN SHOULD HAVE

$30 Value Only $19.95

Gifts of the Spirit

Howard Carter gave the world the modern truth on the Gifts of the Holy Spirit. Lester Sumrall lived with him for a number of years. This syllabus is a treasure. The syllabus has 22 lessons, such as, "The Gifts of the Spirit in the Ministry of Jesus Christ", "The Gifts of the Spirit in the Early Church", etc.

Spirit, Soul and Body

Lester Sumrall studied this subject for 20 years. He was one of the first to minister this truth in America. You can't tell if you are living in your soul or your spirit until you know the difference. This syllabus has 13 lessons, "The Dividing of Spirit, Soul and Body", "The Spirit, Soul and Body of God the Father", "The Communications of the Spirit of Man", etc.

Demon Power

Lester Sumrall has possibly more experience with demonic forces in more than 100 countries around the world than any other minister. This syllabus is a must. It contains 16 lessons, "Where Satan Came From", "Can Christians be Possessed with the Devil?", "Three Areas of Demon Domination", etc.

About Lester Sumrall

- *President of LeSea – Lester Sumrall Evangelistic Association, South Bend, Indiana.*
- *Owner-operator of three Christian TV stations – Indianapolis, and South Bend, Indiana, and Miami, Florida.*
- *Publisher of World Harvest Magazine, with circulation in 80 countries.*
- *Veteran missionary-evangelist, pastor and international authority on faith, deliverance and miracle power.*

• COUPON •

Order now – $19.95 for three (3) syllabi (plus 75¢ for shipping and handling). Enclosed is $_____ for___ set(s).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State_____ Zip _____

Box 12, South Bend, Indiana 46624

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's worth the trouble."

So by now I had involved the art editor of the *Post*, two ball clubs, about five or six groundskeepers, Stan Musial, Joe Garagiola, and Al Barlick in my cover. I had the best intentions, and I had no doubts about this cover; I was sure it was a good one.

I posed Garagiola and Musial, fussing and carrying on until their expressions were just what I wanted. Then I showed Barlick how I wanted him to stand—bent from the waist and facing the pitcher's mound, his rear up and toward the grandstand.

"You know," Garagiola remarked casually, "the ump doesn't generally stand that way."

"Oh, it'll be all right," I said, paying little attention, for I was adjusting Barlick's cap to the correct angle, and it kept slipping over his forehead.

None of the reporters, photographers, or groundskeepers backed Garagiola up. Neither Stan Musial nor Al Barlick said anything. The remark was forgotten. We finished taking the photographs, and later that day I flew back to Vermont.

There I did the charcoal drawing, traced the outlines of the figures on canvas, and commenced painting them. A week or so later, when I was about half done, my neighbor Jim Edgerton came into the studio.

"How do you like it?" I asked him confidently.

"Fine," he said, sitting down on the window seat to watch me paint. After a minute he said, "I don't think an umpire stands like that. Doesn't he turn his back to the field and face the stands?"

I panicked, suddenly remembering Garagiola's casual remark.

"You sure?" I asked weakly.

"Well, I've never seen a major league game," said Jim, "except on television. But as I recollect it, that's not how an ump stands."

I called Ken Stuart. He investigated. Jim was right. There's nothing in the rulebook that says an umpire must face the stands when he dusts the plate, but it's an unwritten law. You watch the umpire sometime. He always faces the grandstand.

So there I was, in trouble again. I tried turning the umpire around, but the cover wasn't funny if you couldn't see the expression on the umpire's face, or the dainty way in which he was dusting the plate. It was no good switching the scene all around and painting it as if I were sitting in the grandstand, because the batter and catcher would loom up larger than the umpire, squatting in front of the plate. Anyway, without the dark, colorful background of the stands, the picture went all to pieces.

So into the dustbin it went. At first I felt like crawling in with it. After I'd lived with myself for a few days and kicked myself a bit, I reflected that it had been an innocent error and, after all, I'd worked hard for nothing, too. Still, nowadays I avoid ball parks. I might meet Stan Musial or Joe Garagiola. What could I say if they asked me about the cover?

I could tell about more flops, but I'd rather not. Instead, I'll jump to a day in 1952, when I had an urgent phone call from Ken Stuart.

"Norman," he said, "you have two and one-half hours with General Eisenhower tomorrow morning in Denver. We want you to paint his portrait for the *Post*."

"Tomorrow morning?" I said. "I'll never make it."

"Get a train to New York," said Ken. "We'll have a man meet you with the plane tickets. Don't let us down. We had a terrible time arranging it. The general has just arrived in Denver from the convention. He's going to take a short vacation before the presidential campaign starts. You won't get a second chance."

"I'll try," I said, rather worried.

The plane landed in Denver at 6:00 in the morning. I had an early breakfast, and at 8:00 sharp I met James Hagerty, General Eisenhower's press secretary, in the lobby of the hotel. He took me up to the room in which I was to see the general. The light was bad—gray and sickly.

"Can't we use another room?" I asked. "One higher up, where other buildings don't cut off the light?"

"No," said Mr. Hagerty. I gathered that he didn't think much of the whole idea of my painting the general. But I insisted. "All right," he said, "if the hotel manager will give you one."

The manager was happy to oblige and showed me to a well-lighted room on the eighth floor. The *Post*'s Denver photographer, who was to take pictures for me, helped arrange the furniture so that the general would be in the best light. Then I went back downstairs, where Mr. Hagerty introduced me to General Eisenhower.

Right off I knew he was going to be a good model. He was smiling as he greeted me, but as we rode up in the elevator to the eighth floor, his face relaxed, becoming almost sad. I wanted to say something to cheer him up, but before I could speak, a woman in the rear of the car said, "Oh, General, will you shake hands with me?" His face lighted up—his eyes sparkling, his

Continued on page 128

You be the Judge

By Eric SerVaas

In the winter of 1947, Mr. Tannen gave Mr. Baum permission to sell Christmas trees on his service station premises for the sum of $20. A Christmas tree customer, Miss Noel, was being waited upon by Mr. Baum when she slipped on a patch of ice. Miss Noel testified that Mr. Baum brought out several trees, shook them and spread them out for her inspection. As she was paying for her choice, she slipped on the ice which she noticed had formed in a pothole and was covered by pine needles from the Christmas trees.

Who's responsible—Mr. Tannen or Mr. Baum?

Both. The court decided that Mr. Tannen, who licensed the use of his service station for pay, failed to keep his premises in a reasonably safe condition for the purpose for which it was licensed. Mr. Baum failed to warn his customer of the dangerous condition he helped cause.

(Based on a 1953 Massachusetts decision.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROCKWELL INTRODUCES PORTABLE STATIONARY TOOLS. NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE ACCURATE.

New Rockwell Bench Tools combine the performance of full-size stationary tools with the convenience of portables–at near-portable prices. Now you can cut corners. Precisely.

Quill feed for accurate drilling. Mechanical variable speed gives full power anywhere from 600 rpm to 2800 rpm. Adjustable depth stop. Weighs 18 pounds.

8" MOTORIZED TABLE SAW.
A big 16" x 26" cast aluminum table. 10¼" rip capacity on both sides of blade. Cuts an accurate 2 1/16" at 90°, 1 7/8" at 45° bevel. Weighs just 35 pounds.

For more information, see your nearest Rockwell dealer or write, Rockwell International Power Tool Division, 400 N. Lexington Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208.

Rockwell International

where science gets down to business

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST PEOPLE

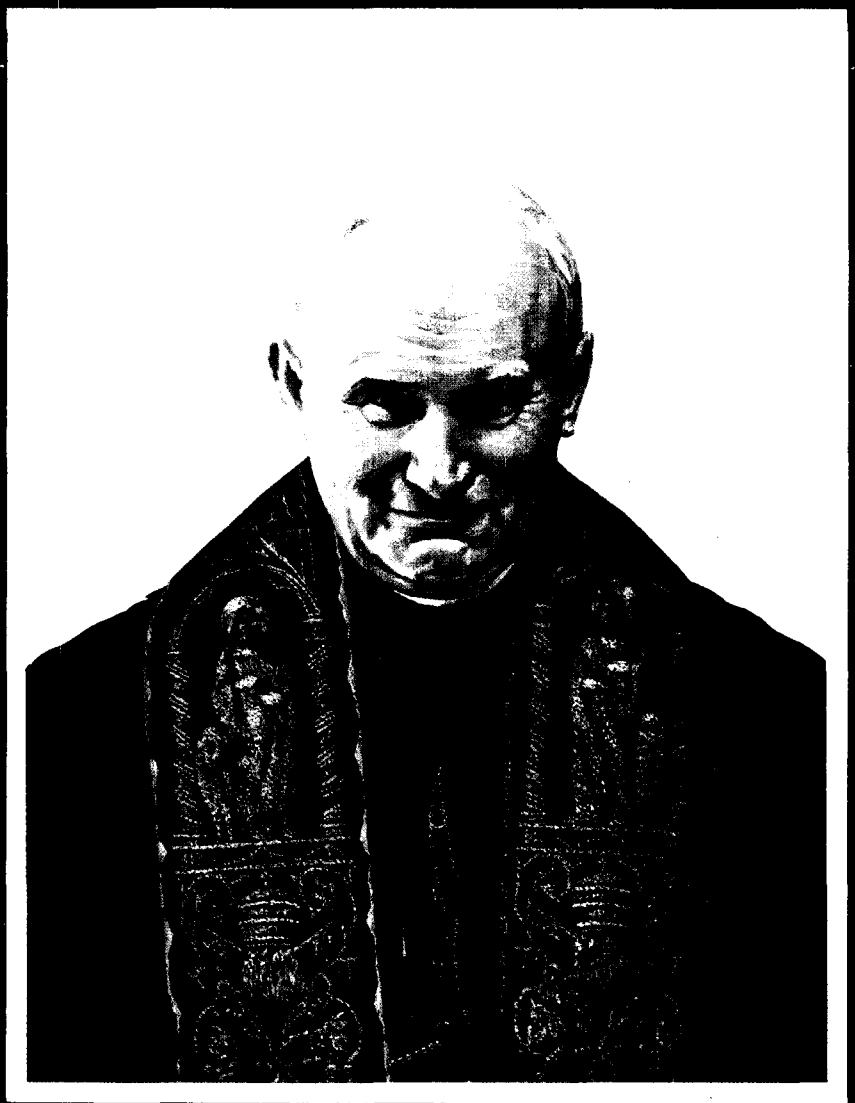
His Holiness Pope John Paul II, a man for the whole world to be proud of, is somehow captured in this photograph in terms of the role he plays today. The photograph was taken during his recent tour of the U.S. but, in substance, it could have been anywhere in the whole world. Here His Holiness, limned against the purity of an infinite sky, is bridging his obligation to mundane things as well as those of the spirit as he descends the plane ramp to the millions who have waited to see him. He brings strength and piety and humanity, and perhaps what the world needs most of all—love.

Would Johannesburg Riesling be the right wine for the lady? No doubt, since wine connoisseurs find this light white variety to be among the most distinguished available to grace a notable moment. She is Ethyl Tebahali, the Mayor's wife, entertaining John Connally in a popular Soweto hotel. John Connally approves the wine selection and the black community of Soweto approves the former Texas governor.

Proud to be a homebody, Girl-Next-Door Jane Pauley is sometimes followed to her home town of Indianapolis by Garry Trudeau of *Doonesbury* fame. The question to ask, of course, is how anybody who rises on the other side of 5 a.m. each day in time to make her appearance on the *Today Show* can stay so cheerful and pink-cheeked all the time. (Even Indiana farmers are known to sometimes snooze until dawn.) Stepping into the slippers of Barbara Walters at NBC had people wondering if Jane's role wasn't going to be too glittering to handle. But it didn't turn out that way—Jane enjoys New York.

Newly elected president of the National Association of Manufacturers, John Fisher, tries a little home canning with wife Janice. A self-admitted workaholic, John has given his company, Ball Corporation, something to celebrate for their centennial in 1980 by catapulting the firm solidly into the space industry. His message to the 12,000 NAM members: "NAM has always sought to support what is right and to correct what is wrong at any time in the economic life of our country. As we consider the plight of individual citizens, business and industry, indeed . . . we have our work cut out for us."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



His Holiness Pope John Paul II

You Will Treasure This Portrait Reproduced on Fine Artist's Canvas.

Artist Lucian Lupinski was commissioned by the Post to paint the portrait of the beloved Pontiff and the triumphant result is shown above. The artist has captured in a moment of truth the rich character of the beloved John Paul II. Spirituality. Strength. Humanity. Humor. Understanding. Resources of the spirit which have won the hearts of the world, of peoples of all religions. Imagine having this moving painting for your very own, reproduced meticulously in fine artist's canvas, 11" x 14", in glowing colors of exact duplication, just waiting to be framed and proudly exhibited in your home. Only modern technology could produce such a treasure for a price of $6.95. Quite obviously, the edition is limited. We suggest you respond immediately to obtain your canvas, in order to be among the lucky ones.

Armchair Shopper /P.O. Box 1144 /Indianapolis, IN 46206

Please send me 11" x 14" unframed canvas reproductions of His Holiness Pope John Paul II at $6.95 each.

☐Check enclosed. ☐VISA ☐MasterCharge

Credit Card No. Expiration Date

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit number appearing above your name:

Signature

Name (print)

Address

City State Zip

(Please allow six weeks for delivery.) Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. 91

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mouth curving in a wide grin.

Later, as I was making a color sketch of his face, I realized that the general's range of expression was appealing. Watching his wide, mobile mouth and expressive eyes is like watching a diamond revolved in the sunlight, flashing colors and light. His face is changing all the time, a real rubber face.

"You know, General," I said, "you're a wonderful model." He laughed and asked me how much I paid my models. When I told him, he said he'd stick to painting, and, say, did I use black on my palette? Somebody had told him not to.

"It's better if you mix it from other colors," I said. "Otherwise it's too strong."

I worked him pretty hard. I wanted to be sure to get everything I'd need. When we began to take photographs, I asked for a series of different expressions. "Could you act as if you're whipping out a command?" I said.

"Forrr-ard HARCH," he barked.

"That's it," I said, thinking, *He likes to act, and he can do it, too.* Then, "Look as though you're worried." His mouth sagged glumly; his brows contracted. "Now laugh," I said.

"Gee," he said laughing, "don't show this gold tooth. Mamie doesn't like it."

"Now," I said, "don't think of anything funny. Think of something pleasant. I want a happy expression. What do you like best? I tell children to think about ice cream. Something like that."

"Well," he said, "I've got some pretty nice grandchildren." His eyes sparkled, the corners of his mouth turned up, and his cheeks seemed to glow. I honestly think he has the most expressive face I've ever painted.

The general and I didn't discuss politics or the campaign. Mostly we talked about painting and fishing. But what I remember most about the hour and a half I spent with him was the way he gave me all his attention. He was listening to *me* and talking to *me*, just as if he hadn't a care in the world, hadn't been through the trials of a political convention, wasn't on the brink of a presidential campaign.

The following year I moved from Vermont to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where I now live. In 1956 I again painted President Eisenhower's portrait for the *Post*. I also painted a portrait of Adlai Stevenson. Painting both candidates didn't exactly clarify my political views, because as it turned out, Governor Stevenson was very likable and charming, too.

I guess my politics are sort of ragged; I'm not rigid either way. In my youth, I could pontificate on my ideas of politics, art, and life. Now I can't. Time has whitened my hair, and experience has made me less dogmatic.

I had an awful shock last August 25th. I had been to my Tuesday Marching and Chowder Club lunch, and Mary had been fine when I left the house. When I returned, my daughter-in-law, Cinny, said Mary was taking her nap. But a friend had called, and as it was then 2:30, I went upstairs to wake her.

She had died peacefully in her sleep.

Even now I still can't believe it. She was so alive and vital and only 51—I'm 66. I realize millions of other people have had this same kind of experience, but you realize what it means only when it happens to you. Everyone loved Mary deeply, and we had been together for almost 30 years. Before her I had my share of friends and acquaintances, but she showed me what joy there is in loving and being loved. Never was anyone more devoted than she to me—and to our sons and our two daughters-in-law.

Then, three months after her going, our first grandchild was born. How she would have loved him!

I was stunned by Mary's death, but I realized that she would want us to go on living and working. A good friend of mine, Katharine Stuart, said a very wise thing to me: "You've got to treat your new way of life as a new adventure." I surely am trying, but there's a hard, tough knot of sorrow and pain that I'll always carry with me.

I no longer believe that I'll bring back the golden age of illustration. I realized a long time ago that I'd never be as good as Rembrandt. But I think my work is improving! I get up early every morning, and I'm at work by 8:00. I start each picture with the same high hopes, and if I never seem able to fulfill them, I still try my darndest. Somebody once asked Picasso, "Of all the pictures you've done, which is your favorite?"

"The next one," he replied.

That goes for me, too.

Editor's Note: *There were many "next ones" in the painting career of Norman Rockwell following the writing of his autobiography in 1960. After his wife Mary died, he became lonely and, when his physician suggested that he attend some classes to meet new people, Rockwell took his advice. Once in a literature class when there was long conjecture on just what the author meant by a passage, Norman, in his usual no-nonsense manner, raised his hand, suggested that he just go to the telephone, call the author and ask him what he had meant. Which he did. Molly Punderson, his teacher, was undoubtedly impressed. They were married in 1961.*

Once more he was on the cover of the revived Post *in 1971; and the paintings kept coming. Norman Rockwell died at his home in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1978, an unfinished painting on his easel.* ☆

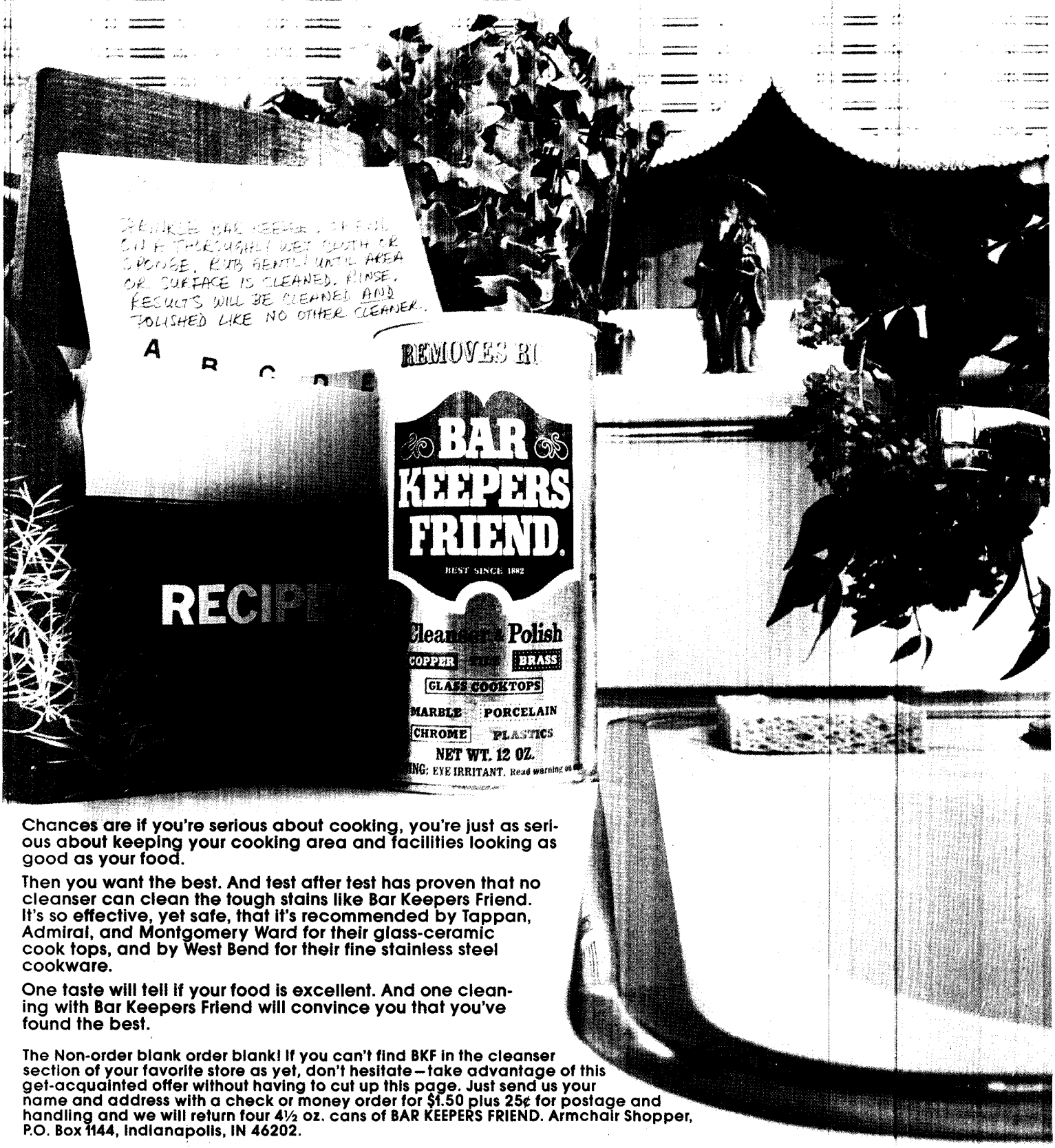
Where Do You Think You Are?

from page 120

1. Arkansas
2. Colorado
3. Rhode Island
4. Georgia
5. Idaho
6. Indiana
7. Iowa
8. Tennessee
9. Maine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The recipe that lets every gourmet really clean up!


SPRINKLE BAR KEEPERS FRIEND ON A THOROUGHLY WET CLOTH OR SPONGE. RUB GENTLY UNTIL AREA OR SURFACE IS CLEANED. RINSE. RESULTS WILL BE CLEANER AND POLISHED LIKE NO OTHER CLEANER.
REMOVES RI
BAR KEEPERS FRIEND
BEST SINCE 1882
Cleanser & Polish
COPPER
BRASS
GLASS COOKTOPS
MARBLE
PORCELAIN
CHROME
PLASTICS
NET WT. 12 OZ.
EYE IRRITANT. Read warning on

Chances are if you're serious about cooking, you're just as serious about keeping your cooking area and facilities looking as good as your food.

Then you want the best. And test after test has proven that no cleanser can clean the tough stains like Bar Keepers Friend. It's so effective, yet safe, that it's recommended by Tappan, Admiral, and Montgomery Ward for their glass-ceramic cook tops, and by West Bend for their fine stainless steel cookware.

One taste will tell if your food is excellent. And one cleaning with Bar Keepers Friend will convince you that you've found the best.

The Non-order blank order blank! If you can't find BKF in the cleanser section of your favorite store as yet, don't hesitate—take advantage of this get-acquainted offer without having to cut up this page. Just send us your name and address with a check or money order for $1.50 plus 25¢ for postage and handling and we will return four 4½ oz. cans of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. Armchair Shopper, P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

We take the other cleaners to the cleaners.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine. FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.
The Vantage Point
Where great taste and low tar meet.
Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich tobacco blend to deliver smooth, satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage 100's. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.
VANTAGE
100's
FILTER CIGARETTES
100's
Also available in King Size: Regular and Menthol

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED